

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXI. — MAY, 1893. — NO. CCCCXXVII.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AND AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

WHEN a few practical men of affairs, capitalists, bank presidents, manufacturers, merchants, lawyers, were deputed, three years ago, by their fellow-citizens of Chicago, to formulate a scheme for the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus in the western hemisphere by an International Exposition of all the arts and sciences, to be held in that city, it is not probable that they had seriously in mind anything so chimerical as the establishment of a great movement of civilization. Common sense is not apt to work upon any such visionary lines. The elements which gave shape and force to the preliminary consultations were not of a kind to dream of a propaganda of social ideas. And yet, if these gentlemen had deliberately contemplated some such revolutionary proposition as this, their action could not have been more wisely directed to the achievement of this very end.

The progress of civilization is by slow processes of development, in which it is difficult to detect any recognizable points of departure, any definite initial force. These processes are usually growths from seed planted at no especial date, at no easily found place, and by no especial person or persons. They are evolutions out of the dark into the light, and their character is controlled by the genius of races, by influences of environment, and by accidents of history. It may not be difficult, however, to prove that in the age of Pericles, in the Italian Cinquecento, in the defection of Luther, in the

court of Queen Elizabeth, may be found four of these points of departure. In the Columbian Exposition we are probably destined to see a fifth, which, for reasons not hard to give, may perhaps be more definite and recognizable than any of the others.

It is now generally conceded that the choice of Chicago, instead of New York, as the seat of this Exposition, has already been fully justified by its results. New York is the commercial metropolis of the country, and, like London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Philadelphia, the seats of previous Expositions, is in the midst of a thickly populated region, enjoying all the fruitions of an elaborate civilization, more or less familiar with and influenced by the best achievements of mankind in every department of human effort, with established institutions of higher culture, with galleries and schools of art, museums, monuments, and all the incitements of a complicated and ordered social life. Under such circumstances, centres like these can hardly be as impressionable as the Western metropolis. The distinction may be clearly drawn that in the former the Exposition was in each case rather emulative than instructive; in the latter it will prove more instructive than emulative.

Chicago is the nucleus of a vast interior country, newly occupied by a prosperous people, who are without local traditions; who have been absorbed in the development of its virgin resources; and who are more abounding in the out-

of-door energies of life, more occupied by the practical problems of existence, more determined in their struggle for wealth and knowledge, than any people who ever lived. This nation within a nation is not unconscious of its distance from the long-established centres of the world's highest culture, but it is full of the sleepless enterprise and ambitions of youth; it has organized power, natural ability, quickened apprehensions, and rapidly increasing wealth; it knows its need of those nobler ideals and higher standards which are of such difficult access to a people engaged in the comparatively coarse work of laying the foundations and raising the solid walls of material prosperity. The new nation is now ready to adorn this great fabric, to complete and refine it, and to fit it for a larger life and a wider usefulness. It is like a machine, which requires only those more delicate creative touches necessary to bring its complicated adjustments into perfect working condition, so that it may become effective as a part of the civilizing energy of our time. Books, lectures, and all the apparatus of schools and colleges are meanwhile doing their work in this field.

The most distinctive social feature of Western town life, as compared with that of the East, is the frank earnestness with which these conscious people are seeking for a higher life, and trying to repair the defects of an education less liberal than their present conditions demand. Every town, every village, has its societies for mutual improvement. Grown men and women, in all the grades of social life, go to school again in their clubs, and study history, art, science, literature, with the same energy and enthusiasm which they apply to the accumulation of wealth. University extension is not a diversion, but a most serious occupation. Their organized efforts to realize and comprehend, by literature, prints, and photographs, what is meant by the great achievements in painting, sculpture, and

architecture — often with most insufficient means — are pathetic, but most significant of the expectant, awaiting condition of the Western mind. The people of the East and of the Old World can have no comprehension of the eagerness and sincerity with which the West is pursuing, under many difficulties, the study of better culture.

All this slow-working machinery would in due time, of course, unaided, and without the interposition of some such great demonstration of the arts and sciences as will be furnished by the Columbian Exposition, accomplish the work of transition, and the West would presently find itself playing its due part in giving not only grain and cattle, but "sweetness and light," to the rest of the world.

If it were possible to include, in a history of the International Expositions, a correct statement of the influences exerted by them over the industries of the world, it would be found that each furnished a forward impetus of its own to all those elements which make up the civilization of the epoch. When any nation on these great arenas of emulation gave evidence of superior attainments in any art or science, in any production of hand or brain, it gave also to the other nations the most powerful incentive to emulate and to surpass the model. If the great Panhellenic festivals served continually to advance the standard of manly virtues among the Greeks, and to keep in constant and productive tension all their best capacities for moral and mental effort, the modern industrial Expositions have done much more for civilization, and on a much higher scale of human endeavor. The intervals between these Expositions have been Olympiads in the history of our times, in which all the energies of the nations have been exerted to secure the solidarity and progress of the race, and, by a constant advancement of the standards of emulation, to keep the various branches of the human family fairly

abreast. The first London Exposition, for example, surprised the English people into a realization of their inferior rank in the fine arts, and in all those industries in which art is an element of production. The whole nation was immediately stimulated by a noble zeal to remedy its proved deficiencies, and subsequent Expositions showed how the wholesome lesson had been taken to heart, and with what success the new standards of achievement were reached.

The Exposition of 1893 will have a similar work to do in this country; but the field over which it has to exert its beneficent influences is a very different field from that of England, France, Austria, Italy, Germany, or even our own Eastern seaboard, of which Philadelphia was the centre in the centennial year. Here it will do far more than merely to supplement the slow but sure and steady function of schools and universities, societies and museums, in the work of civilization; it will not only anticipate this function in time, and give to the progress of the nation, especially of the West, a sudden and mighty forward impulse, which will be felt for generations, but its influence will have an infinitely wider range than could possibly result from the efforts of any number of institutions of liberal or technical training. The Exposition will furnish to our people an object lesson of a magnitude, scope, and significance such as has not been seen elsewhere. They will for the first time be made conscious of the duties, as yet unfulfilled, which they themselves owe to the civilization of the century. They will learn from the lessons of this wonderful pageant that they have not as yet taken their proper place in the world; that there is something far better worth doing than the mere acquiring and spending of wealth; that the works of their hands, their products, their manufactures, are not necessarily the best in the world; that their finer arts are in nearly every respect deficient in finish and in aim;

that, with all their acknowledged ingenuity in the manipulation and manufacture of the coarser staples and products, there are, perhaps, foreign methods more certain, more economical, or productive of better results; that in various departments of finer manufactures, in furniture, in the weaving of cottons, linens, silks, woollens, velvets, and in the designing of the more delicate fabrics, in machinery of all sorts, possibly in implements, certainly in educational appliances, and wherever science or art in its best sense has been adapted to industrial uses, there is much to be learned from the older nations; that tariffs alone and all the other political devices of protection cannot, in another century of exclusion, bring their productions to a parity with those of countries whose industries are governed only by the natural laws of supply and demand. They will discover that in painting, in sculpture, in music, they have scarcely begun to appreciate, much less to produce, objects of fine art; and that, by cultivating the arts which are not practically useful, their lives may be made much better worth living, more fruitful, more full of real enjoyment, and larger in every respect. They will be suddenly confronted by new ideals and inspired by higher ambitions; they will find in themselves qualities hitherto unsuspected, capacities for happiness and powers of production hitherto unknown. They will obtain, in short, a higher standard by which to measure their own shortcomings and deficiencies; and if, in some lines of human effort, they are themselves able to set up standards higher than the rest of the world, and find that in these things the world must come to them to be taught, they will realize that in most other respects they are in a position of pupilage.

Such a realization by such a people will bear fruit, not in the apathy of mortification and defeat, but in that condition of noble discontent which carries with it its own speedy correction. Every me-

chanic who, on visiting the Exposition, discovers that his fellow-workers in England, or France, or Germany, or Italy, or Turkey, or China, or Japan, have shown, with the same materials, better workmanship, or accomplished nobler results of beauty or fitness, than he has yet dreamed of, will no longer be satisfied with his old ideals. Every workshop, factory, laboratory, and studio in the land will be conscious of a new impulse. It will be impossible for any man, woman, or child, capable of receiving impressions, to visit this great treasury of all the industries of hand and brain without being quickened with new energies. The low routines of life will be broken by a spirit of reform. New shoots will be grafted on the old homely but vigorous stock; and the fruitage should have a larger and more vigorous growth, if there is any virtue left in that native force of character which is making a family of commonwealths in the wild prairies of the West.

We may, indeed, in the midst of these surprises, comfort ourselves with the assurance that the most remarkable of all the exhibits to be shown the foreigner in this year will be the spectacle of the new nation, in the midst of which is placed its precious but transient jewel, the Columbian Exposition. And yet, in a vast region of this wild country which it is subjecting to its uses, — a country already with abundant population, increasing wealth, and vast resources as yet undeveloped, — there are practically no museums or galleries of art equipped to teach great lessons in a great way, and but few public libraries, none of the higher manufactures, little to stimulate imagination or refine life, no high ideals, no standards of delicate or difficult workmanship in products of art. Daily life here is narrowed and imagination is sterilized by the dreary repetitions of mercantile or agricultural employment. Education, among the greater part of the population, is limited to the elements which may be acquired in the common

schools, and to the doubtful influence of newspapers and periodicals. Many lives are begun and finished without seeing a work of good art, in painting, sculpture, or architecture; without being aroused from the apathy of a dull and colorless existence by any object lesson in the higher regions of human effort. The farmers and their families, the ranchmen, the stock-raisers, who form so large a part of the population, are isolated from the centres of moral and intellectual life, and are so engrossed in the occupations of the soil that they are unconscious of their higher capacities, and have absolutely nothing to stimulate their mental energies or awaken their dormant faculties. When they have gathered wealth, they have no idea how to use it to the best advantage. They are hungry for knowledge.

Thus the field is fallow, but full of immense possibilities. In the midst of it, the managers of the Columbian Exposition are gathering together from the wide world examples of the best and noblest results of thought and workmanship in every department of activity and enterprise, and establishing ideals and standards far beyond the dreams of most of their fellow-citizens; they are, in fact, creating a university, open to all, where the courses of instruction cover all the arts and sciences, and are so ordered that to see is to learn. They are installing the objects which are to illustrate these courses, not within mere shelters or sheds, devised only to facilitate classification and arrangement, but in monuments of art, representing in themselves, individually and collectively, the best and highest uses of the art of architecture. No university was ever so majestically housed. The courses relating to mechanics, agriculture, manufactures, and the liberal arts, electricity, mining, transportation, horticulture, the fisheries, the fine arts, the science of government, history, and all the other branches of learning, are each set forth in a palace, in

which architecture, sculpture, and painting have combined to make it fit for its high service. In its adornments every artisan will find his own occupation idealized, and will read in its friezes the names of those of his fellow-workmen who have, in the practice of his own art or trade, made themselves illustrious in the history of the world. When the visitor enters the great Court, he will find himself cloistered as never scholar was cloistered before. No philosopher or disciple of the Academy ever walked and meditated in such porches. The great Basin in the midst, with its tributary canals, the terraces and balustrades which surround it, the statues, the monumental fountains, the vases, the bridges, the standards, the rostral columns, the gardens, the kiosks and shelters, are arranged to show that order is heaven's first law. To walk in these grounds will be in itself an education, as well as a pleasure of the most ennobling sort. The whole is on a scale of beauty and magnificence far beyond what the greatest masters of art have provided for emperors and kings. The gateway and vestibule of this university introduce the scholars to a new world.

When Congress settled the question of the location of the World's Fair by preferring Chicago to New York, it was feared that, among a people so little accustomed to demonstrations of high art, the enterprise would take upon itself some of the characteristics of "the greatest show on earth," and that our refined taste would be shocked by a vain display of cheap and vulgar pretense in the buildings. Our reputation as a worthy member of the great community of civilized nations was at stake before the world, and Chicago as yet had done little to give confidence in its ability or desire to make such a use of its great opportunity as would reflect credit and honor upon the republic. Our natural tendency to outdo all other nations by bigness and height rather than by quality of art, to

astonish them with novelties of structure and audacities of design rather than to challenge them with carefully studied and scholarly compositions in the academic field, where they had ever been our masters, would here, apparently, have the fullest demonstration. That the Fair would in any respect of art compare with the last Exposition at Paris was hardly to be expected. Of course, it was inevitable that we should have a tower to overtop the masterpiece of Eiffel, a dome to cover a far wider area than that of Vienna, an egg of Columbus bigger and uglier than that of Genoa, and other unspeakable devices of audacious ingenuity, to astonish the vulgar and make the judicious grieve. But the managers of the Exposition, supported by the sympathy and indomitable public spirit of the youngest, most energetic and ambitious of the great capitals of the world, and by the official sanction of a powerful nation, and, more especially, in the use of these aids and of the wealth which was poured into their treasury, being wisely guided by the counsel of the ablest available specialists in the choice and the laying out of the grounds, in the design and construction of the buildings, in their decoration and completion by sculpture and painting, in the innumerable difficulties of engineering presented by the drainage, the water and gas supply, and the distribution of power and light by electricity, in the sanitary and police equipment, and in all the other complicated services of this enterprise, — these putative Philistines of the New World have developed and carried into execution a scheme which, not only in scale, but in those qualities of artistic excellence and refinement which were least expected of them, is acknowledged to surpass even the great triumphs of the Exposition of 1889. The cost of the vast structures of the "White City" has been more than doubled by their architectural form and decorative envelopes. If these forms of art had been called into existence simply as visible

manifestations of the wealth, pride, and culture of the country, and as expressions of its noble and lavish hospitality to the nations of the world, it would have been well to count the cost with nicer economy; but, as object lessons to the people, raised to educate them and to arouse their higher consciousness, the managers, without hesitation, considered that they should not withhold their hands until the ideal had been made concrete and palpable in the buildings at Jackson Park, at whatever expenditure of treasure and thought. They have done more: they have successfully resisted the introduction upon the grounds of every device of mere astonishment, — of any feature, indeed, not commended by its practical character or by its quality of art. The irrepressible crank has laid before them a hundred monstrous schemes, but has obtained no foothold within the limits of the Exposition. He must be content to expatiate with his wild vagaries outside the inviolate boundaries.

Possibly, the very best and noblest lesson given to the New World by the Fair is the spectacle presented of the happy results secured through the concert of the fine arts in its great buildings. It is due largely to the indomitable zeal of Mr. D. H. Burnham, the Chief of Construction, to his enthusiastic love of art, to his wide experience in architectural enterprises on a large scale, to the force of his personality, and to his sound judgment, that, setting aside all personal interests and all local prejudices, men of the highest ability in every department of art, summoned from all parts of the country, gladly came to his assistance, and that these men worked together in a spirit of mutual concession, — a spirit never vitiated or weakened by any shadow of jealousy, in all their trying and complicated collaboration, from the beginning to the end. Architects, sculptors, painters, and engineers have all been ready and eager to direct their best efforts to a common end of exalted art;

to sacrifice their most cherished ideas, if the development of them was found to conflict with harmony and unity of result. For the first time in our country, architects have enjoyed the inestimable advantage of completing their works by sculpture and painting of a high order, adjusted to the exigencies of the original design. In no single case has a sculptor hesitated to modify the sentiment of his composition so as to conform to the idea of the structure, or to change its outlines so that they might take their proper share, and no more, in the architectural scheme. The best painters in the country have gladly forsaken their easels and their profitable commissions to play a noble but subordinate part in the decoration of the walls and vaulted ceilings of the great peristyles and porches. They have labored, one and all, joyously and sincerely, with eager but most friendly emulation, in this monumental task. Mr. F. D. Millet, the Director of Color, with admirable energy and tact, and with astonishing executive ability, has controlled and harmonized the difficult work of his brother painters; so that over all this department has presided a spirit of *bonhomie* and fellowship which could not fail to have the best results. The necessity for prompt decision and rapid workmanship seemed to spur these artists to their highest endeavor, and to inspire them with a fine enthusiasm. This friendly emulation presented a scene rarely witnessed in the history of art. At the midday rest, painters and sculptors would assemble around their table at the commissariat, compare notes, exchange advice and chaff over the social pipe, after the manner of the studios; and then, with new zeal, each would take his electric boat, and, over the waters of the canals or the Lagoon, find his way to his distant field of operations, disembark at the broad water-stairs of his palace, as if he had been in Venice, climb his rough scaffolding, and resume his difficult and dan-

gerous labors upon the panels of his particular dome or wall surface. In this way they have all lavished their efforts, cheered by the consciousness that they were doing their honest part in this great concert of the arts.

Among the architects this spirit of mutual concession has been especially remarkable. Those concerned in the designing of the buildings surrounding the great Court and Basin, where it was peculiarly necessary that a magnificent unity of sentiment should prevail, and where it was important that each building should assist its neighbors with a sort of high courtesy, avoiding every feature which by rivalry or contrast should bring into the general composition any elements of discord or disproportion, sacrificed themselves to this end with admirable self-denial. If, in any building, a dome was proposed so large as to challenge comparison or suggest rivalry with that of the central Administration Building, which it was agreed should always be predominant, it was cheerfully suppressed, as was the case in the earlier studies of the Manufacturers' Building. If, as in the Agricultural Building, a porch was designed, admirably accentuating the centre of the principal façade, but interfering with the continuity of the terrace surrounding the great Basin, it was removed without a murmur of discontent. If the campaniles of the Electricity Building seemed to introduce an element too lofty in comparison with the element of height in the other designs, they were gladly reduced. In short, every one of the greater buildings of the Exposition, with the possible exception of the Illinois pavilion and that of the United States, which were developed independently, has yielded something to the spirit of harmonious conformity, without sacrifice, however, of any essential point of individuality. Thus, wherever the conditions of dignity and unity have required it, each of the great architectural façades has been

studied so as to compose well with its neighbors, and give to the dullest comprehension an impression of monumental harmony. In this vast orchestra, no individuality forces itself into undue prominence to disturb the majestic symphony.

No student of architecture who visits the great Court of the Exposition, and sees there how the fundamental principle of variety in unity has been carried into practice on a vast scale, with no unsympathetic censor to check the free developments of art, can fail to take away with him a lesson far more impressive and abiding than can possibly be furnished by examples on any less restricted and less noble field. To the practitioner of this art, who has never enjoyed the advantages of education in the schools, this scene must inevitably prove a revelation of the possibilities of architectural composition in pure style, and an admonition to aim, in his future practice, at the virtues of repose and self-repression, to avoid loading his designs with the conceits of undisciplined invention, and to produce his effects by the careful study and refinement of a few established motifs rather than by crowding his composition with ill-digested novelties. It is sufficiently evident that to architecture, at least, the Exposition will bring a message of civilization which cannot be misunderstood, and which inevitably must have immediate and enduring effects upon the general practice of the art. This practice has always shown itself peculiarly sensitive to the influence of good examples; it is risking little to prophesy that in this country architecture in especial, and the decorative arts in general, will, after this Exposition, be inspired by an irresistible impulse for reform, and for a greater unity of effort in the establishment of style. Certainly, the practical value of thorough training in the art has been amply proved, so that hereafter no aspirant can be content with less.

"There is a solidarity in the arts," said Mr. Norton; "they do not flourish in isolated independence." Painting and sculpture, in the highest sense, cannot flourish when architecture is in a state of depression. Architecture cannot succeed when it is not sustained and completed by its sister arts. To decorate architecture has ever been, and must ever be, the highest function of sculptor or painter. To make architecture fit to receive such decoration is the noblest impulse of that art. Painting, sculpture, and architecture are in their best estate and are enjoying their highest opportunities when they are working together.

But in the monuments of the Exposition still another fine art has played a most conspicuous part in this great concert. There is one man, and, so far as we know, none other, capable of conceiving and carrying out the work of the landscape architects as it has been done at Jackson Park. To Frederick Law Olmsted, assisted in the practical and administrative part of this work by his partner, the late Henry Sargent Codman, is to be credited the brilliant idea of converting the hopeless sand-dunes and intervening marshes of this district into a series of low and broad terraces, intersected by the Basin, the canals, and the Lagoon, which form the most distinguishing and characteristic features of the Exposition. It was mainly by his fine artistic sympathy, in counsel with the advisory architect of the Department of Construction, the late John Welborn Root, that these terraces were adjusted to receive a great architectural demonstration, illustrated by a series of tentative schemes in block for the locating of the great buildings. This long series finally culminated in one which met all the conditions of architectural arrangement and convenience so completely, and with such fine forethought for all the future exigencies of the Exposition, that the Board of Architects, who were subsequently summoned to distribute among themselves the de-

signing of the buildings, and to whom this final project was submitted, could agree upon no material modifications of it. Never was a combination of monumental buildings, contrived for a specific and monumental purpose, more carefully and ingeniously studied for the production of preconceived effects of order and magnificence. It is with no little astonishment, therefore, that we read in the otherwise most laudatory report of the Marquis Chasseloup-Laubet to the Société des Ingénieurs Civiles that his first and final impression of the group was affected by the absence of a *plan d'ensemble*! This judgment can be accounted for only by the fact that he must have viewed the grounds when they were encumbered by building materials, and must have entered upon the scene at some accidental point, so that the general scheme did not develop to his eye in the proper order, and in the manner provided by the plan. At that time, the monumental railroad entrance at the west end of the Court was hardly accessible. To the visitor entering here, the architectural scheme of the Exposition must necessarily unfold itself with harmonious dignity; the carefully provided vistas cannot fail, as he advances, to have their due effect upon the mind, and leave upon it an indelible impression of unity and order. A glance at the latest plans of the grounds will explain how this impression is produced. The fine sentiment of fellowship in a common cause, which, as we have seen, marked the relations between the other artists, was especially felt by the architects in working with Messrs. Olmsted and Codman. The architects of building and of landscape were animated by a mutual zeal, and each aided the other with loyalty and enthusiasm. In fact, without the constant exercise of these qualities of brotherhood in art, the general result of harmony, which the French marquis apparently did not see, but which every visitor to the completed grounds will have forced upon him, what-

ever may be the degree of his susceptibility to emotions of art, would have been impossible. This adjustment of architecture to its environment furnishes still another lesson, which cannot be lost to a people who, by this experience, obtain the highest possible standard of performance in the laying out and adornment of their public parks and pleasure grounds, their boulevards and city squares, and the location of their public buildings.

But if, in the making of the grounds of Jackson Park, and in the location of the palaces of art and industry thereon, there has been achieved a result of conformity and mutual adjustment more admirable than one might see even in the gardens of Versailles or of Marly, and on a scale far more colossal, and if the peristyles, kiosks, fountains, bridges, statues, columns, arches of triumph, and other subordinate features, distributed among the greater buildings, have served to lighten the prevailing effect of majesty and order without disturbing it, it must be frankly admitted that a note of confusion and discordance has been introduced in a comparatively small area at the northern end of the park by the emulation of the States of the Union in their pavilions. The parklike aspect formerly presented in this part of the grounds by the lawns, driveways, and fairly grown trees has quite disappeared, and its avenues, crowded with the ambitious and incongruous structures of the rival commonwealths, have taken upon themselves the heterogeneous characteristics of boulevards in a prosperous town. Here the architects have not been able to enjoy the advantages of concerted action. Several of these structures are beautifully designed, and are contrived with great success to recall the historic memories of the States, respectively, which have erected them. But no attempt at harmony has been made. They are too large for their purposes, and are crowded far too closely for any dignity of effect. Each one, instead of being isolated in its

own pleasance, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, where its reminiscences of English colonial dignity, or of the Spanish missions, or of any local quality of Eastern or Western civilization might be independently expressed without challenging comparisons, elbows a neighbor "in contact inconvenient" on either side. Some of them, indeed, are frank examples of our own outworn vernacular architecture, with all its offensive and ungoverned crudities of detail. Perhaps it is well that this element should be expressed somewhere at the World's Fair, for the sake of local color, and that, in comparing these huddled incongruities (which, by the bye, possibly had something to do in affecting the precipitous judgment of the French *marquis*) with the ordered grandeur and beauty of the main part of the Exposition grounds, the spectator may find the best sort of admonition as to the supreme value of art not only in designing buildings, but in designing combinations of buildings in towns, squares, and streets, so that every structure in them shall have some relation of harmony with its neighbors.

Every block in our large cities is made up of a series of independent, uncompromising individualities, each struggling to distinguish itself by obliterating its neighbors; and if any one of these discordant members succeeds in the greedy emulation, it is generally by virtue of some superior audacity in height or vulgar pretense. True beauty, which loves quiet and peace, is apt to shrink and hide itself for shame at being caught in such quarrelsome company. By this great object lesson at Chicago, any thoughtful mind may learn that order and congruity in the architecture of our city streets are not necessarily monotony and wearisome iteration, but may be obtained by mutual concessions, resulting in an effect of concord without detriment to any desirable quality of individual distinction. To the apprehension of an artist, the earliest existing perma-

nent building in a block, whatever may be its quality as a work of design, has earned its right to give a keynote to those which follow, the observance of which need not embarrass the freedom of their development; for true art is flexible to every local condition. In this way are built the streets of Utopia, perhaps, and the heavenly mansions, but the ideal is not inaccessible even to us in our lower estate. It is simply a question of mutual concession, and

"It bleaseth him that gives and him that takes."

There is yet another lesson — a lesson of color — which the Exposition will inculcate in a manner not readily forgotten. It has been found, after numerous experiments, that the most effective surface treatment of the large masses, both of the exterior and interior in the greater buildings, is one of nearly pure white, modified, so far as the interiors are concerned, by screens of translucent fabrics, stretched beneath the skylights, in combinations of tints varied to suit the especial conditions of each building. This device furnishes to each an atmosphere of faint rainbow color tones, which is felt as a pervading spirit of refinement throughout the interiors, but is so contrived as in no case to compete with or to influence the stronger local colors of the exhibits. In some of the buildings painted friezes and cartouches have been added, to confer upon them large decorative effects of especial character and significance.

The white marble exterior treatment of the architecture is relieved by a system of awnings, shades, banners, and flags, of fabrics especially woven, and of devices especially contrived, to offset the serious purity of the architectural lines, to supplement the local color embellishments of the painters in the shadows of porches and peristyles, and to confer upon the whole scene a festival aspect, full of joyous animation, but without those harsh contrasts which have hitherto converted

our holiday decorations into riotous discords of crude and conflicting colors.

The sudden death of Mr. Root, and later of Mr. Codman, both of them on the threshold of the greatest achievements in their respective fields, is felt not only as a personal bereavement by those comrades in art who were associated with them in the study and execution of this vast enterprise, but as a loss to the whole nation, whose interests they served to the end of their bright careers with entire devotion and unselfish enthusiasm. No story of the Exposition can be complete without an honorable recognition of the great service which they rendered to it.

We are already hearing loud and frequent expressions of regret that, after the brilliant six months of pageantry are over, the vast collections of the Exposition will be scattered to the four winds; the great arches and trusses of steel, and the other merchantable portions of the structures of these palaces of art, will be sold to the highest bidder; the majestic ordonances of columns and arches, pavilions, domes, and towers, with their statuary, their bas-reliefs and paintings, will disappear from the face of the earth; the fountains will be dried up, the bridges destroyed, the gardens absorbed; the Indians, the Algerians, the Japanese, the Egyptians, and the Esquimaux will "fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away;" and in a few short months nothing will be left but a vacant area of land, and the memory of the greatest function of the century. The productions of the photographer, the medals of award, and whatever of new life and higher endeavor may follow in the practice of all the arts will perhaps be needed to assure ourselves that the Exposition of 1893 was not a dream.

So far as the architectural designs of the buildings are concerned, as much thought and study have been bestowed upon them as if they were intended for all time. The sculptors and painters have embellished them as they would have

embellished permanent monuments. Yet it is not difficult to prove that all this will be no waste of treasure or effort, and that even the ephemeral character of the pageant will make it all the more precious to those who read its purpose aright.

If it is true

"That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and
lost,

Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours,"

it is equally true that we never value a precious thing so highly as when we know that it will soon pass from our possession forever. The appreciation and enjoyment of such a thing are quickened and magnified by its transiency. The touch of regret in our emotions not only softens, but sweetens our judgment. The "White City" by the lake, which seems to have arisen almost

"like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,"

will disappear as it came, like an enchantment, leaving not even a mound, a broken column, or a mouldering capital to mark its place; and every spectator who walks in its porches or gazes upon its mighty fronts will instinctively feel as if, while the unsubstantial pageant lasts, he should make the most of it, and leave no point of its beauty or grandeur unstudied. Every great work of art, whether it presents itself merely as an incident of travel, or whether it is staled by daily contact, has its influence, more or less undefined and unsuspected, upon mind and character. But if the stranger is conscious that to-morrow he must leave it behind forever, it makes upon his intelligence an ineffaceable image. He analyzes it with eager eyes and senses all alert. He instinctively desires to make it his own, a part of himself. The slow work of years is for him done in a day, and for him the conquest of art over the imagination is at once completed. If it is a work of architecture, this conquest is accomplished by the

unity of its organism, by its simplicity and wholeness of scheme in general outline, and by the harmonious subordination of its details. This unity impresses the object upon the mind at first view, and engages the attention and interest of the spectator, who is flattered by his ability to comprehend it. Its complications charm him as he is charmed by a strain of music, though in each case the technique may be far beyond his reach. This interest is confirmed if the monument of art is so devised that its finer meanings unfold themselves to his intelligence gradually, its details presenting themselves in the order of their importance to the general scheme. A less harmonious and less symmetrical organism perplexes his mind by the disorder of its composition; its parts are not so subordinated as to appeal to his eye in proper succession. He sees details before he sees the general idea; and the mental impression conveyed to him is blurred and indistinct, if in this way he is constrained to make an effort to understand its motive of design and the message which it brings, — if indeed it has any message except one of warning against false art.

It would seem, therefore, that, in view of the ephemeral character of the Exposition, nothing has been really wasted, and everything has been gained, by that expenditure of means and effort which has been necessary to make it beautiful. Its great function would have been but poorly fulfilled if the spirit of mere utility and common sense had controlled the enterprise, had cheapened it as a demonstration of art, and, because it was to be merely temporary, had made it palpably economical. "A thing of beauty is a joy" not only while you look at it, but "forever." The collections of the Exposition would have been installed as safely and as conveniently in buildings which cost five or six millions as in buildings which cost ten or twelve; but the work of civilization possible to it at the larger

price would have been but half done at the lower. The alabaster box of precious ointment was not broken in vain at the feet of our Saviour, though it might have been sold for three hundred pence, and the money given to the poor.

Not only to the practice of all the industrial and liberal arts, but to that of the fine arts, the Exposition will have a bequest of the utmost value; a bequest which could come from no source less exalted; a bequest which, as regards the fine arts in especial, will ever be associated with the assurance of the triumphs to be achieved in the future by their co-operation in a spirit of cordial unity.

Whatever may have been the causes which finally culminated in the brilliant solidarity of the arts in the Italian Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from which has developed all the best that has been done in art since that time, it can hardly be doubted that, if a new and equally brilliant era shall presently be begun in the New World of Columbus, upon a far larger field, with nobler opportunities and without embarrassment of traditions and prejudices, it will date its initial movement and inspiration in the last decade of the nineteenth century, when the Exposition at Chicago taught its great lessons of civilization.

Henry Van Brunt.

"TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE" IN CHICAGO.

At a time of life when I can look back over more than two generations of men, I sit down to write my random notes on the growth and expansion of Chicago. To some it is given, in the leisure of age, to rehearse journeys taken into all quarters of the globe. I also have traveled, but my journeys have been vacation jaunts, as it were. I might fairly say that I have spent my days in this place, and have seen the world come to me, in that series of inflowing tides which have brought humanity to the lonely shore of Lake Michigan, and now in the flocking of many nations to see what the men and women of Chicago have to show after their sixty years of city-building.

Until 1833 Chicago had practically no existence except in name. True, for many years it had been a place where furs had been bought from the Indians and trappers, and goods such as their simple wants required had been sold; but, beyond this, what we call commerce did not exist. A fort had been established in the early part of the century,

and had been occupied by a few United States troops; but it had been abandoned in 1812, and it was still remembered by the first settlers that those troops and their families had been fallen upon and slaughtered by the Indians before they had gone two miles from the fort, and while they were still within the heart of the present city of Chicago. I am now writing on the very spot where that slaughter took place, on the very soil which drank the blood of the women and children who fell by the tomahawks and knives of the "braves," while their husbands and fathers were being shot down from behind the sand-hills bordering the beach of the lake. This event had made Chicago known and talked about more than a score of years before 1833, but had been practically forgotten by a new generation; and probably not one in a hundred, even of Americans, remembered the name of the place.

The Congress of 1832-33 made a small appropriation to commence the construction of a harbor at the mouth of the Chicago River. This gave occasion for

newspaper discussion in the Eastern States, in the course of which the old stories of Chicago, with descriptions of the surrounding country, were hunted up and republished; and thus was a new interest awakened, which spread among the people of the other States, and a tide of immigration set in, including people of all classes, agriculturists, professional men, and mechanics. The early part of 1833 saw this migratory wave begin to roll westward. It scattered most of its volume in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, so that when it reached Illinois it had dwindled to small proportions. This migration has continued its widespread westward flow, with constantly increasing numbers, up to the present time, when the Pacific Ocean is the frontier.

When I started from Utica, New York, to seek a new home in the West, I had not determined where I should establish myself; nor did I fix upon Chicago as my final objective point till I reached White Pigeon, Michigan. There I made the acquaintance of Dr. John T. Temple and his family, who were then on their way to Chicago. White Pigeon was the terminal point of a line of stages from Detroit; from there a road was laid out through the woods as far as Niles. Thence there was no road; only an Indian trail, which could be followed with teams to the place where Michigan City now is. From that point travelers could journey on the lake beach, crossing the streams, or rather avoiding them by driving into the lake, and following the bars which form in front of the mouths of all the watercourses which run into Lake Michigan. On these bars the water is very shallow, and may readily be traversed in calm weather. It was scarcely a foot deep, at that time, on the bar over which the waters of the Chicago River passed into the lake, about where the foot of Madison Street now is.

At White Pigeon I learned much from Dr. Temple of the condition and prospects of Chicago and the surround-

ing country, and, in accordance with his advice, I determined to make that place my destination; but as there was no public conveyance thence to Chicago, I accepted an invitation to take passage on a raft then lying in Saint Joseph's River, four miles away. It was composed of lumber for the doctor's dwelling in Chicago. We were five days floating down the river to its mouth, where there were a few small dwellings, situated on a high bluff on the south side of the stream. Here I was surprised to observe, seated along the bank of the river, what seemed to me a great multitude of men, women, and children, all seeking their passage to Chicago. Where they came from, or how they got there, I could not conceive. A schooner, the *Ariadne*, lay at the little wharf, and was loading with lumber from a raft which lay alongside; and in her I soon engaged a passage across the lake to Chicago, the distance by water being about sixty miles.

Late in the afternoon the loading was completed, and we went on board, as many as could find foothold. Lumber was placed on the decks as high as it could be piled and allow the sails to be worked. The little cabin was stowed full of women and children, and the deck-load was fairly black with men holding on as best they could. The wind was very light all night, and we made but little progress. It freshened in the morning, but we did not come to anchor in front of Chicago till afternoon. This boat-load of men and women formed the first distinct wave of the immigration which was soon to flood the town and the surrounding region.

We need to consider the physical features of the country, if we would understand the exceptional growth of the town and city, as well as the character of the inhabitants who have made that growth possible. All of the central and northern part of the State is occupied by what was then, and is still, known as the "grand prairie" of Illinois. This

prairie covers the whole district from the Wabash to the Mississippi. At its northern extremity it impinges upon Lake Michigan for a distance of four miles, extending from the Chicago River south to a body of timber called the "oak woods." This prairie was interspersed by belts of timber which grew on the east and north sides of the running streams, and by isolated groves of greater or less extent. The situation of these belts and isolated groves of timber was determined by the streams and by springs whose waters lodged in ponds, which waters, whether running or stationary, served to keep back the fires which were driven by the prevailing westerly and southerly winds that every autumn swept over the prairie. All the first settlers in the country established themselves on the borders of these forest belts and groves, and inclosed their cultivated fields in the adjoining prairie. When I came to the State, not a single farmer had built a house in the open prairie; but the fertility of the prairie soil had long been demonstrated by actual results.

The immigrants who first settled in Chicago were mostly young men from the Eastern States, imbued with that spirit of ambition and enterprise necessary to stimulate one to seek distant fields of activity on the very borders of civilization, and filled with a cheerful courage which forbade them to repine at privations unknown in the places of their birth. It was these men who laid the business foundations of Chicago, and they were followed by others of the same disposition. Thus was added force to the spirit of enterprise already existing. So it has continued ever since. Fire augments so long as there is fuel to keep up the flame.

The cities have not made the country; on the contrary, the country has compelled the cities. If the class of immigrants who came to this city were such as would necessarily realize the possibili-

ties spread out before them, the agriculturists who came and settled these great prairies were fully equal to their urban neighbors. Without the former the latter could not exist. Without farmers there could be no cities. To the agriculturists, therefore, at least as much credit is due for the progress of the city. He who has seen both from the beginning can most readily appreciate this.

When the only mode of transportation was by wheel vehicles over the common roads of the country, the agricultural products could be brought from but short distances, and it was quite as difficult to get the farmers' supplies from the city; so that the growth of the latter was necessarily limited to the extent of the country upon which it could rely for its support. The farmers would naturally seek the most accessible markets for their products, and there, too, would they obtain their supplies. Sixty years ago, there were so few farmers in the country that but little produce was raised; so little, indeed, within any reasonable distance, that but an insignificant mercantile business could be supported by exchanges. In 1832, salt from the State of New York had begun to come, by way of the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes, to Chicago, and this had become known by the farmers who had settled upon the Wabash River, who, to obtain this salt, came distances of from one hundred to two hundred miles to Chicago; bringing with them those articles of produce which they thought they could sell, such, for instance, as lumber, bacon, eggs, live chickens, and apples. The beasts of draught in the country were almost exclusively oxen, which could do good work upon prairie grass alone, while horses needed grain to keep them in condition. This transportation was done in what were called "prairie schooners," which were large tilted wagons drawn by from four to six yokes of oxen. The travelers carried their own provisions, consisting largely of bacon, corn bread, and po-

tatoes, with apples when in season. They journeyed in companies of from two to ten teams, and stopped for the night in the prairie or on the edge of the groves, — wherever darkness overtook them and they could find water. When journeying across the prairie on horseback, I sometimes stayed with these caravans over-night. At such times I was uniformly well received and hospitably entertained. Each party would make a fire on the prairie, around which the ox-yokes would be laid, each furnishing a seat for one or two persons, as occasion might require. At this fire supper was cooked. Each man was furnished with a tin plate, from which he ate his supper while he held it on his lap, depending on his fingers and pocket-knife to do duty for other table utensils. All of a party slept under the canvas tilt which covered the wagon, and I observed that they took particular pains to furnish a good bed for “the stranger,” as he was universally called. The oldest man of the party would hitch along on the ox-yoke to make room for him, and the patriarch was usually very sociable. I have spent many hours pleasantly and profitably, while sitting on an ox-yoke, beside the leader of the caravan, from whom I learned a good deal about the country on the Wabash in both Indiana and Illinois.

These men were mostly emigrants from Kentucky and Tennessee, and I was especially interested in some peculiarities of their dialect, several of the words of which were new to me. Some words, too, that I was familiar with they used in senses peculiar to themselves; for instance, the word “which” was always used in place of “what,” when they wanted an inquiry repeated, or when they wished some occurrence explained. About the time of which I am now speaking, I saw, in an Eastern paper, a communication from some Yankee who had come West, and was writing back information of what he had seen and

heard here. In order to emphasize the mode in which this word was used by these prairie-schooner men, — these Hoo-siers, as they were called, — he used the following language: —

“When the last trump shall sound,
Were I as Cræsus rich,
I’d give it all to see him jump,
And loudly answer ‘Which?’”

Not only were oxen employed on the roads; the farmers were equally dependent upon them for work on the farm. The first task for the new settler was to build himself a log cabin; the next, to break up a piece of prairie on which to cultivate a crop. The work of settling this country was very different from that undertaken by our forefathers in the heavy-timbered regions of the East. There, before they could plant a crop, they were obliged to clear away a portion of the forests, — a necessity which involved great labor and considerable time; and if the settler depended on his own hands (which was frequently the case), he could add but very few acres each year to his clearing, and then the stumps remained obstructions to cultivation until they were removed by natural decay. This delay and expense did not occur on the great prairies. All that was necessary was to “break” them, as it was called. This could be done in the spring of the year, and a crop raised upon the ground the same season. A breaking-team consisted of several yokes of oxen, usually five or six, and a very heavy, strong plough which cut a furrow from eighteen to twenty-four inches wide. The roots of the grasses and weeds that covered the prairies were very tenacious, and the share of the plough was of steel, kept sharp by the frequent use of a large file. Though there was little sand or gravel in the soil, it was found necessary to sharpen the plough after running it four or five hundred yards. Experience showed that it was better to plough very lightly; not more than two inches deep, in fact. It was not desirable to

turn the furrow over flat, but it was laid in ruffles, so as to permit the air to reach it on both sides, in which condition decay took place more rapidly. The wild vegetation which covered the prairies was very easily subdued. The roots of the vegetation, once cut off by the plough-share, even if they fell back into their original places immediately, were absolutely killed.

The first crop usually depended upon was corn. With an axe the planter cut a gash in the broken sod, into which he dropped a few grains of seed, and then stepped upon it as he passed along. No subsequent cultivation, that season, could be made, and about half a crop could be expected the first year; but as a single team could plough from forty to fifty acres in time to plant corn, this half-crop would commonly furnish bread for a goodly family for the year. After the corn crop was put in, the breaking-team could be kept running as long as it was thought advisable, although the prairie sod broken after the first of July would not decay as readily as that broken earlier. A breaking-plough was usually rigged with wheels, having a lever to raise it out of the ground, a device which did away with the necessity of a man to hold the plough.

After 1834, settlers began to encroach upon the prairies, miles away from the timber. There they built their little huts or shanties; and it was astonishing how men, even those starting very poor, got along, and finally prospered. When, in 1838 and 1839, operations on the Illinois and Michigan Canal were suspended, the laborers on that work each bought a sack of corn meal, which they placed in their wheelbarrows, and, followed by their wives and little ones, started out into the broad prairies, selected places which suited them, and with their spades cut up sods, with which they built little shanties, dug holes in neighboring sloughs for water, spaded up a place for a garden, where they planted a variety of vegetables which grew in the same season, so

as to supplement their corn-meal diet. In this way was a considerable portion of La Salle County first settled by hundreds of men, whose acquaintance I formed when hunting grouse in the prairie, and with whom, and their descendants, that acquaintance has ever since been kept up. Some of the most wealthy and respected citizens of that county had been the little boys who, led by their mothers on foot, followed their fathers out into the unbroken prairie.

Twenty years later, he who traveled through that country where those sod huts were first built would find neat farmhouses, painted white, surrounded by flower gardens, fine barns, herds of cattle and horses in the pastures, and great crops of grain in the fields, or being harvested with reapers drawn by horses; roads laid out and worked, bridges across the streams, and white schoolhouses at convenient distances. If the first settlers were somewhat clannish, so that separate localities were known as the Norwegian settlement, the Irish settlement, the French settlement, or the Yankee settlement, the new generation became so intermingled that these names signified only a geographical location. All now have become simply Americans, speak only the English language, and are thoroughly imbued with the principles of our institutions.

In the absence of modern means of transportation, it was impossible for the immediate neighborhood to furnish enough business to build up a great city. Railroads and canals came along and extended the area which could reach Chicago and contribute to its trade. As these artificial avenues spread far and wide, to the same extent the commerce of the city increased, and in the same ratio has the city grown. I repeat that the tributary country has made the city, and not the city the country.

As the radius of the accessible circle extended, the contributory area was augmented approximately in the proportion

of the circumference to the radii; and when the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, with their long lines of productive coast, were reached, millions of square miles contributed their quota to swell the volume of interchange between the East and the West, the North and the South, much of which commerce found itself centring here. Of all this Chicago can boast nothing, except that she has afforded facilities for this interchange, and she has taken good care to be well paid for doing so.

The topography of the country where this city and its environs stand must be understood in order to comprehend the difficulties experienced and the expense incurred in its construction. When I came here, sixty years ago, the surface of the ground along the river was so low as to be but little above the level of the water. When the latter was frozen over, in the winter season, we were in the constant habit of driving in a sleigh from the ground on to the ice, experiencing no more trouble in the descent than is very frequently encountered in the common roads; and the ice on the river was universally used for pleasure-riding on runners. In times of high water, the land was overflowed.

There have always been observed what are called tidal waves, rising to the height of several feet, when the water rushes in from the lake and flows up the river, so as to raise it out of its bed, after which it recedes as suddenly as it rose. I recollect that, in 1838, as I was passing down Lake Street, near Franklin, a tidal wave swept up the river, and overflowed its banks to the extent of two feet, at least; passing over the grade in the middle of the street, and filling the ditch on the south side of Water Street. It receded immediately; and when I pursued my way down the street, I observed a large fish which had been left by the recession of the water, which fish I captured and took home, and used on my own table. This tidal wave acted

much like the artificial wave produced by the rapid passage of a side-wheel steamer in narrow waters. No periodicity has been observed in these tidal waves, and no explanation of them has ever been given which is satisfactory to me, though they have occurred several times each year. One, in 1870, was estimated to have a height of five feet. It overflowed the wharves on the river banks, and penetrated to a considerable distance beyond the river forks up the north and south branches. These waves have been the subject of frequent discussion in scientific circles.

Beside this sudden upheaval and recession of the waters near the head of Lake Michigan, a more staid and stately change in the level of the lake has always been noted. We have periods of high water and periods of low water, not limited to certain seasons of the year, but extending over several years. In 1881, the water in the lake, in front of the window where I am now writing, was more than six feet lower than it was in 1886, five years afterward, and periods of high and low water have repeatedly occurred since my first arrival here; and the oldest Indian chiefs with whom I became acquainted assured me that it had always been so.

The soil upon which the city is built, near the shores of the lake, consists largely of sand, which has evidently been thrown up by the winds and waves. This is higher than the surface back of it, which is composed largely of a tenacious clay intermixed to a limited extent with sand, and frequently with crystallized gypsum in small quantities.

In the spring of the year, when the frost is coming out of the ground, this subsoil becomes very soft, and approximates the consistency of a semi-fluid; and when the streets had been trampled sufficiently to break up the turf which originally covered them, they became, by continued use, like a bed of mortar, and in them I have often seen teams of

horses and oxen mired. A few days' warm sun would dry off the surface, and form a crust over the softer material below; soon sufficiently strong to sustain men in walking over it, and later strong enough to sustain teams. It was not uncommon for people who ventured upon this treacherous ground to break through the crust soon after its formation, and find themselves sinking into the soft mud below, from which they would have some difficulty in extricating themselves without assistance. At such times, one standing upon this crust could, by a little effort, shake the surrounding ground for a rod or more. Then, of course, streets were not used as ways for passage; the adjoining prairie, where the sod was not broken, was resorted to. In these circumstances underground cellars were out of the question; nor was the soil suitable, without piling, for foundations for very heavy structures, although many large buildings were constructed. Higher grades were established from time to time, beginning with 1855, when almost the whole business section of a city of eighty thousand inhabitants was raised, in some cases a height of nine feet at one time. Another important change of grade took place after the great fire of 1871; and now the streets are generally from five to fourteen feet above the original soil. The elevation of structures in 1856 was a remarkable sight. Whole brick blocks were raised by means of thousands of jackscrews, by imperceptible gradations, without the cracking of a wall or the breaking of a pane of glass, and without interruption to the business within. Temporary steps gave the public access to hotels and stores as they were being elevated. These large structures were not only raised, but actually moved considerable distances. When this elevating process was commenced, the area covered by the business part of the town was limited; but as the town expanded, and even in anticipation of its growth, the streets had to be filled up

to the established grade, and now there are places where paved streets are on a level with the second story of the houses adjoining.

The natural surface of the ground rose gradually as it receded from the river, sufficiently to allow the water to run off slowly; but from the town westward to the divide near the Des Plaines River the elevation was so slight that the rank grass which covered the prairie held back the water, so as to constitute a real swamp or marsh except in the driest parts of the year. I have often crossed it on horseback when the water stood several inches deep upon the whole surface; when the earth beneath was honeycombed with the holes made by crawfish, from which streams of water were ejected by the pressure of the horses' feet as they traveled over the prairie. I have frequently had jets of water thrown into my face in this way. When the tall grass had been removed and the prairie settled, roads and streets made, the water allowed to run off, and the surface subjected to the action of the sun, the country became dry and habitable. All the swampy character disappeared thirty or forty years ago, and for many miles around what was early Chicago is now a densely built city.

I have deemed it necessary to say thus much in order to indicate the difficulties which had to be overcome to build a city where Chicago now stands, and to enable the reader to draw a contrast between former days and these. The magnitude of the work can be understood only when one remembers that the area which has thus been improved extends for a distance of from ten to fifteen miles from where the little hamlet stood sixty years ago, which still maintains its central position, and constitutes the most active business part of the city. It was a long time before the farmers could produce enough food to supply the town and the country immigration. For a number of years, flour,

butter, eggs, and the like were brought to us by way of the lakes from the shores of Lake Erie, and more than once I have known scarcity of food in Chicago. At the time of the land sales here, in 1835, when there was a considerable influx of visitors from the East, the flour in the place gave out, or ran so low that at the public tables a small piece of bread was placed on each plate, as the portion allowed to each guest. For several years milk was a scarce article; none was brought in from the country for sale, and the householders had to depend for their supply upon cows which they themselves kept. Those who owned cows furnished their destitute neighbors with what they could spare, giving preference to those who had young children, while the public houses did not pretend to supply their tables regularly with milk. Then it was that we learned how good a substitute is butter for milk in coffee. We were rarely short of meat, for good beeves were driven up from the South and slaughtered here, and with them cows were brought along; but it was many years later before milk came in from the country to be sold in the streets.

The business of packing pork and beef did not begin here till about 1840, and then in a very small way, when the farmers began to raise a surplus above what was required to supply the domestic demands. As early as 1837, a few pigs could be bought in the streets of Chicago from farmers' wagons, which were taken for family consumption; but for some time afterward our main supply of pork came from Ohio and Indiana. Pork-packing for export was established on the Illinois River long before it became a business in Chicago. Jabez Fisher, from Boston, did a large business at Lacon, in Marshall County, packing pork for Boston consumption, which he sent out by way of New Orleans; and he alone did more in that line than was done in all Chicago. It would be interesting to trace the growth of the packing business

in this city from that time till now, when it has assumed such enormous proportions.

Not inferior to the packing of meat in this city has been the market for cereals. The growth of the business done here in these two articles alone would afford figures incredible in former times. It is not very many years since Chicago was behind several other cities in the Mississippi Valley in the business of packing meats, and also in the sale of cereals. Now it probably exceeds any other city in the Union, if not in the world, in the volume of business done in these lines. The lumber business of the city is also very great. When I came here, no pine was sold in this market; the only lumber then was whitewood, mostly brought across the lake from Saint Joseph's River in Michigan. The first pine lumber was imported in 1835, and but very little in that year; but in 1836 several mills were started along the shores of the lake, and pine lumber in this market became abundant, and the trade in it grew rapidly.

The first steam engine used in Chicago came in 1834, when a steam sawmill was built by a Mr. Huntoon, on the north branch of the river, which furnished oak lumber; and this, with the whitewood lumber from Michigan, constituted the only wooden building material used in Chicago for some time thereafter. The quantity of lumber required in the country for settling the great prairies was simply enormous, and while but a limited proportion was brought through Chicago, that trade made this one of the greatest lumber markets in the world.

To specify the growth of the different branches of business which have forced this city to its present dimensions would be both tedious and unprofitable. The task which I had proposed to myself was to speak of my earliest recollections of Chicago and its environment so far as to afford such explanation of its subsequent growth as these might tend to give.

I must not neglect to refer to my own profession, to which I have been ardently

devoted through a long and laborious life. As I have said, sixty years ago Chicago was but a little hamlet, with a very limited local business; not without law, by any means, but without lawyers, and without anything for lawyers to do. The machinery of the law was here, but, in the absence of commerce and crime, that machinery could not be set in motion. There were in the county a sheriff, a constable, and three justices of the peace, at least nominally; and one of the three justices, Squire Isaac Harmon, kept an office. He practically did all the judicial business which the quiet little community required to be done, and did it so well that no one seemed to appreciate that his judgments were not conclusive. The county had been organized in 1829, and provision had been made for holding a circuit court in this county every year thereafter; but as no case had arisen, either civil or criminal, to be brought in judgment before that court, none had been placed upon its records; so the presence of the judge had not been required, and up to the time of my arrival here in June, 1833, he had never appeared to open the court. In ordinary times, the amount of litigation is a safe criterion by which to judge the amount of business done in a community. This quiet in the legal machinery was a very sure indication that commercial transactions of any considerable amount were not occurring, and that crimes of the graver sort had not been known here. Certain it is that nothing had thus far arisen which could not be dealt with by the justice of the peace and the constable. If some person should choose to ascribe the absence of litigation to a want of lawyers to foster it, I might correct him by the assurance that such want did not exist. Russell E. Heacock, who was really a very good lawyer, — he knew more law than my associate, Giles Spring, and myself put together, when we reached Chicago, — had resided here for several years; but, in the absence of all professional busi-

ness, he had opened a carpenter shop in a log building, and practiced the trade he had learned before he studied law, and by that means earned a living. He was one of the three justices of the peace in and about Chicago, but he did not court official business, and rarely exercised his official functions. As soon as we settled here, both Spring and I gave ourselves out as lawyers; but we had been here more than two weeks, and still nothing of a litigious character, even before a justice of the peace, had occurred to encourage us. One morning, as I was walking along Water Street, almost in despair, since my two weeks' board bill must be paid, a gentleman stepped up to me and inquired if I was a lawyer. At this inquiry I am sure my countenance must have brightened very much. I quietly answered that that was my profession, and asked what I could do for him. He informed me that, the night before, somebody had stolen all the money he had, amounting to thirty-six dollars in Bellows Falls bank bills, and desired my assistance to catch the thief and recover the money. I took him to Squire Heacock's carpenter shop, drew up a complaint and procured a warrant for a young man whose name I did not know, but who had slept in the same bed with my client the night before, and had disappeared before the latter had awakened in the morning. I assisted the constable in hunting for the young man all day, and just at dusk the officer arrested him and brought him in. The money as described in the complaint was found secreted on his person. Spring was retained to defend him. Then it was that both Spring and I had an opportunity of first appearing before a Chicago audience, and we made the most of it. We spoke more to the people than to the magistrate. Of course the prisoner was bound over to the circuit court. That was the first case ever entered upon the records of a court of record in Cook County. About two weeks later, I was retained to commence an action by at-

tachment, and that was the second case which was placed upon those records. And so am I enabled, from memory, to go back to the very beginning of the judicial history of Chicago.

Several other cases were begun in the circuit court during the year 1833, but how many I do not remember. Spring and I were engaged in them all. In that year, the population of Chicago was largely increased relatively; but I do not recollect that any other lawyer arrived here in 1833 except Edward W. Casey.

The first circuit court opened in Chicago was held by Judge Young, in May, 1834. Nominally, it was in session four days, but the actual time consumed in the dispatch of business was only three days. By the fall term of that year, the business of the court had so increased that it was barely possible to conclude it within the four or five days allowed by law. During the year 1834, the Chicago bar was augmented by the arrival of a considerable number of lawyers, but how many I cannot state from recollection, nor can I remember the names of all; nor have I the means of determining the increase of the number of the members of the bar from that time on till the great fire of 1871, when all the court and municipal records

were destroyed. Suffice it to say that in numbers they have kept pace with the increase of population in the city, and now exceed twenty-five hundred.

At the May term, 1834, but three days were needed to dispatch the business of the court, while now it requires the labor of more than a score of judges, constantly engaged in exercising the same jurisdiction wielded by Judge Young in three days in May and four or five days in October. And still the courts are, on the average, more than a year behind.

To me it has been a pleasing task to trace the chain of events which connects the present with the far distant past, and to select such incidents and facts as may enable others to appreciate the beginning and the advancement of a country and a city whose history contains some useful lessons to him who would study the progress of civilization. I have been compelled to pass over much that might be interesting, such as the state of society, the progress of its growth, amusements among the young people (nearly all were young), the condition and growth of educational facilities, religion and morals, and many other kindred subjects. To treat of these properly would require greater space than is at my disposal.

John Dean Caton.

AN ISLAND PLANT.

IN THREE PARTS.

I.

THE ROOTS.

WHEN Nantucket town was called Sherburne, the houses of the first settlement at Maddekett were left isolated upon the western end of the island. There they stood staring, with the chagrined expression of things conscious of

having been left; toned at length into apparent resignation and serenity by a soft washing-in of gray; and brought finally to complete agreement with their setting of sea and sand by being propped up here and eked out there with the remnants of wrecks.

Most isolated, most lonely of all these was the abode of Phebe Nichols; yet more apart than the house itself

was the soul within it. Daniel and Eunice Nichols, following the lead of other persecuted Quakers, had come to Nantucket, seeking peace and pursuing it. There they brought Phebe, their sole offspring, the child of their middle life, to womanhood, and left her for the eternal peace; left her to evolve such a case as she might from the conditions of more than a century ago on the Mad-deket plains.

Though she knew nothing of sacraments, there was, in truth, something of the sacredness and solemnity of a sacrament in those mute observances by which Phebe took up her inheritance,—accepted her loneliness with her patrimony. Loneliness, indeed, was by far the more considerable portion; for, beside their Bible, “a few strong instincts and a few plain rules,” Daniel and Eunice had brought hardly more than their pewter mugs and platters from the mainland. On the sands and poverty grass of Nantucket, where their humility of desire agreed with nature’s grudging moods, they had gathered together only such appointments as would protect and support their lives of duty, and, departing, had left these concretions of their virtues to bind Phebe to a hallowed spot.

In the rectitude and sincerity of her cherished furniture her father still expressed himself, for it was the work of his own hands. Her neat, sweet bedding, her mats of husks, and even her brooms of beach grass were the results of her mother’s patient industry; and in a pieced “comforter” and a braided woolen mat Phebe treasured the relinquished garments of both her parents. There was hardly a suggestion of beauty in all her precious store, yet Phebe feared there was too much splendor of adornment in some baskets of stained withes, and woven ribbons of thinly-split soft wood, which she herself had achieved by barter with the Indians.

The indefinite matter of happiness can hardly be entered upon an inven-

tory of Phebe’s possessions, but there was something akin to it in her unconsciousness of the tediousness and poverty of her life. She was unaware, for example, that she lacked diversion, for she had never heard of the singular cases of persons who expected to be diverted. To her understanding, the daughter of Herodias pleased Herod by the skillful execution of some rarely difficult work.

On sunny days, Phebe knew the hour by the marks her father had made on the window-sill; on cloudy days, she guessed it; and the variations of dividing her monotony into portions or accepting it entire were her vicissitudes. She could not know that she needed a change when, after a week of storm, the sun came out, and she saw that it was twelve o’clock!

Now and then some matron of Sherburne gave her spinning and weaving or quilting to do; in spring she gathered herbs, in summer berries, to take to town with her more regular merchandise of eggs and chickens; but there were times when all her resources failed to consume the many hours of the long days of her still young life. When the great storms had come; when her linen and worsted were spun and woven and fashioned into sheaths for her body; when her stockings were knitted, her fish dried, her pork pickled, the autumn’s little harvest and her medicinal herbs gathered in; when she had fed herself and her hens, and so arranged matters that life would continue to go on, Phebe would often have sat idle, with folded hands, but that she remembered the final account she must give for every moment during which she sat gazing dreamily into the fire.

Her only means of devoting these remnants of time to duty was that of spelling a few paragraphs in the old sheepskin-covered Bible, which had been a parting gift to her grandfather from one of the martyrs to their common opinions, in those bitter days when

the Quakers were sorely hated in Plymouth colony. Because these words were slowly spelled and separately considered, they were well remembered. Sometimes they vaguely pleased, sometimes they puzzled and alarmed, the girl; for the Friends left these matters to be interpreted by the Spirit, and poor Phebe, waiting in silence for the voice of the Spirit, perceived only the literal word. It is true that she might have given her thought to such portions of it as were plain and comforting. Ah, it is precisely what might have been, and was not, which is mournfully conspicuous in the lot of Phebe Nichols. In the multiplicity of her needs, she needed somebody to tell her what she needed; but everybody's duty was systematically planned and performed on the island of Nantucket, without reference to Phebe Nichols or her needs.

Clearly, Phebe was a woman without a vocation; but she had had her little aspiration. She had timidly dreamed it would be happiness to be loved of the herb-doctor's youngest son. But such a thought in regard to her had perhaps never occurred to the herb-doctor's son, whose destiny was otherwise fixed; so that eventually this one dream of the little wild-eyed Quakeress was raised to the height of sacred experience by the magical power of three words. These words were "lost at sea."

Other sons of Nantucket came from time to time wooing Phebe: one from town, one from the North Shore, and one from the Head of the Plains. But that which had been lost in the sea, the unattainable, made it impossible to satisfy those rudiments of poetic imagination which appear to have been a rather useless and inconvenient adjunct to Phebe's mind; so the young men from town, from the North Shore, and from the Head of the Plains went their ways, and Phebe lived on alone.

That is, to use a common form of speech; but who does live alone? "This body in which we journey across the isth-

mus between the two oceans," says Dr. Holmes, "is not a private carriage, but an omnibus."

They feel their multiple identity more than others, these solitaires, and so they have a habit of speaking out, called "talking to themselves." To Phebe Nichols this esoteric comradeship was not all. The longer she maintained her apparent solitude, the more populous were her borders. Not only her rigid father and meek, submissive mother seemed more actually there, in their old, sober, silent habitudes, than they were in their unmarked graves, but there were, moreover, less homely and welcome indwellers and visitants. What was it that cried to her out of the night, what besides the wind? What stealthy forms were those that came across the plains from the foot of Trot's Hills, on the margin of Long Pond, in the gray of the morning? What busy feet and whispering voices waked her when the nights were cold and still?

Strange are the creatures that crowd upon mortals in moral solitude! Unseen and unheard where humanity draws together, how they press upon and startle helpless beings who are alone!

When Phebe sat up to the little round deal table of an evening, with her Bible and her tallow dip, and spelled out those visions of the Apocalypse to which she always turned, it was to add still another element to the mixed assembly which thronged upon her fancy. Her finger moved slowly, often tremulously, from word to word. Her vivid face, absorbing the wavering light, was a rare commentary upon the text. Gradually all things were colored, and just beyond the simple scenery of her world, bounding it closely, like a lurid atmosphere, was the wondrous phantasm of creatures full of eyes and terrible with horns; a beast that made fire to come down upon the earth; awful vials poured out to scorch men; and especially a great red dragon, with seven heads and ten horns, whose

tail swept a third part of the stars down upon the earth, who stood ready to devour a child at its birth.

There was no kindly counsel to dispel her confusions and illusions. "Be still, and know that I am God," was the invariable and only answer vouchsafed to perplexity by the Quakers of those days. But Phebe could not be still. The neighborly visitor from a mile or two away paused, before reaching her threshold, to listen to a voice raised to a clear note of subdued intensity, or dropped to a murmurous undertone; broken into short, incisive phrases, or running smoothly on in an eager stream of words. If the visitor advanced, and, perceiving the leathern latchstring outside, lifted the latch and entered without knocking, in the custom of the time and place, Phebe was found to be quite alone, or with no visible auditor, her hands perhaps outstretched in an attitude of exhortation or pleading; or, it might be, quietly and thoughtfully bunching up her yarrow and motherwort, her archangel and "sparemint," for drying; or simply standing upon the hearthstone, erect and slim, giving a turn to her bit of pork that hung roasting before the fire, and speaking or responding as in friendly conversation, so low that one could plainly hear the boiling of the sap in the burning logs. Or perchance she would be stooping to put her paste of salted meal and water into the baking-kettle, and heaping upon the kettle's lid the live coals that gave a flush to her white cheek, and intensified the startled look which she turned upon the incomer.

But sometimes those who paused to listen to the earnest voice looked suspiciously upon the desolate dwelling, which stood sidewise, in an evasive, ungracious attitude, with its thin coil of smoke writhing away like a mystical kind of serpent, — an unblest-looking house, with no tree, no flower, in its company, but only the wind-bitten,

reluctant herbage of the desert to save the naked poverty of the sands from exposure. They looked suspiciously, and turned away. The neighborly visits ceased, and strange things began to be whispered of Phebe and her invisible communicants.

That, however, was Nantucket, not Salem; the eighteenth, not the seventeenth century: so, instead of hanging or burning Phebe, they left her to the "daily dying" prescribed by the Quaker discipline.

Some relief there was from this condition of things. There were the First Day and Fifth Day meetings, when Phebe sat among the living, looked upon human faces and listened to human voices. There, Phebe was simply herself to the simple meeting-folk. Nothing in her life was so sweet as the pressure of those warm, friendly hands, and the "How 's thee do, Phebe?" — nothing so comfortable to look at as the clustered bonnets nodding at each other in the doorway of the little meeting-house after meeting, unless the appearance of those same bonnets within her own walls, which occasionally happened; for the Friends are conscientious in their attendance upon the needs of their lonely and sick and poor; yet it is not given to them — it is not given to human insight — to know all the needs of the simplest mortal life. With them, to whom silence and loneliness of spirit were duties, there seemed nothing calling for relief in those conditions clearly arranged by the Divine Will.

But there were other occasions of contact with her fellow-beings less welcome than those visits of the friendly nodding bonnets. These came of the necessity of carrying her herbs and berries, her chickens and eggs, to town, and bringing back the small requirements of her incomprehensible life; for life is a premise that must be supported to some kind of a conclusion.

Phebe shrank like a young doe from entering the precincts of man; for man

himself is so fearless, and looks under a white sunbonnet, or even a brown Quaker bonnet, with such freedom. The old men thought of their lost youth, at the sight of her comely, intense face and slender, swaying form; the young men looked at her tender, unknissed lips with longing, — lips that moved with a sensitive quiver under that ordeal of eyes. Even the involuntary glance that roved beyond the steelyards, when Josiah Coffin weighed her out two pounds of dark brown sugar, and the regard he fixed upon her instead of the two shillings she laid on the molasses barrel, or the sixpence he returned to her shrinking palm, were painful experiences to Phebe. Her light feet moved quickly as she retreated up the crooked street, and out upon the paths that led to her lair on the Maddekett plains.

It was in one of these retreats that fate followed and fixed new conditions for her. She was moving with the smooth buoyancy of slender, unfettered wild creatures, and swaying like a young palm-tree in the wind. Her face, which bore the mark of solitary living in its intensified sensibility, was bent downward; her tawny eyelids drooped; their heavy lashes hid the dark line of weariness beneath them; her long fingers, clasping one another upon the handle of her basket, made sudden convulsive starts without unclasping; her thin, sweetly-curved lips moved incessantly, or trembled with the oncoming tide of words.

"It may be, for so it hath been from the beginning," she was saying; and her language had a touch of nobleness which she had caught from the sublime book. "Some he will help, and some he willeth not to help, as he hath said in his word, — 'I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy.'" And after a pause, with a shuddering moan, "It may be true, what these evil beings whisper to me. — that *I* am of those upon whom he will not have mercy; for why should he have respect unto me?"

The buffeting wind, driving her faster, seemed only to consent with her distracted impulse to hurry away. The bristling heads of everlasting, the rusted yarrow, and the bleached golden-rod of November, that had moved with agitated shivers when she passed on her way to town, were bending headlong, with frantic strain, south and westward, and straightening themselves for more determined plunges, like enchanted sprites vainly struggling to break the spell which held them rooted. The commotion in the air blended with Phebe's own disturbance, and was lost to her. She neither heard nor saw with her physical senses, until at length, pausing abruptly, her thin nostrils dilated with deep breathing, her dark eyes kindling like smouldering embers in a sudden blast, she turned as if to face some invisible pursuer, her hands outstretched to appeal once more.

But no words came. Phebe stood dumb before the strange appearance of things. There was a diffusion of dull redness, which, having its source in the heavens, immersed the plain and the low hillsides, changing the mournful browns and withered drabs of the hitherto murky, monotoned scene to a solemn pageant of color under smothered light.

To a mind perpetually overwrought and verging closely upon madness, which saw sinister and mysterious appearances in the commonest things, that sudden angry flush was not without its portent. There were strange meanings always, to Phebe, on sea and sky; the very ground beneath her was solid and secure only by some temporary armistice with the powers of evil. It was as if she had discovered a hidden and horrible significance in things, and, daring not to reveal it, bore the awful weight in her single, isolated soul.

She pushed on, however, panting and palpitating, until she reached the height above and beyond Maxey's Pond, — the topmost point of the island, probably,

from which the eye can sweep the almost unbroken horizon, follow the island's outlines, and travel far over its surrounding waters. There she recoiled with a low cry from the majesty of the spectacle which burst upon her. Across the sky, from south to north and down to the western sea, stupendous sweeps of angry red trailed from limit to limit of the horizon zone; and the sea was a field of blood, bounded by a far-away outer gloom, — a purple gloom, as of the death coincident with fields of blood. It was no common gorgeousness of sunset, but a monstrous phenomenon, to be remembered during a lifetime, which neither painting nor language can portray.

The girl stood paralyzed, gazing upon the solemn splendor, her scant garments pressed and moulded upon her long, slight limbs by the wind, her bonnet blown back, the dark locks lifted from her brow, enhancing its breadth and palor. Such an exposed and defenseless figure, so raised and sharply vignettied upon the awful sky, could not have been overlooked by the maleficent spirits of the air.

In Phebe's distorted mind, this appearance of sea and sky had its indubitable explanation. It was the second advent of the red dragon; a new revelation of the "great mountain burning with fire," which "was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood; and the third part of the creatures which were in the sea, and had life, died; and the third part of the ships were destroyed." She made no doubt that the invincible monster was there, wallowing in the waters, which he suffused with his color, and that those mighty sweeps of sullen red were the result of those same lashings which had swept the stars from the sky. She heard, indeed, his horrible roar, sounding and resounding over land and sea, and, drowned in awe and dismay, sank down upon the field moss, and covered her head with her cloak.

Time marked by suffocating heart-throbs has an exaggerated standard of computation, and Phebe awaited the dubious possibilities during long, nameless periods, soul and body bowed together in mutual sufferance. She dreaded with a capacity which admits no comparison with the cause of her dread, though that might well have overwhelmed the coolest philosopher with awe. But at length, emboldened or numbed to indifference by the delay of doom, she lifted her piteous face. Behold, the red dragon was innocently retiring. Far down the western slope of the heavens, and on the utmost border of the visible sea, his latter portion was sliding away, — dropping over the confines of the earth back into the nether pit again, — and the stain of his touch was already being wiped out of the sky.

Completely down upon the sparsely covered sand, prostrate, Phebe drooped then, like a bird overwearied by too great a flight, and there were hard, dry sobs among the sounds flung along by the gale. With all else, in the weakness of the moment, the desolation of her separated life presented itself boldly to her recognition, like a skeleton unmasking.

It is not the fact of lonesome, but the realization of it, which is appalling. This sudden perception came to Phebe, as she lay cold, forlorn, strengthless and defenseless, watching the home lights shine out here and there in the dusk of the plain. They seemed to her as the lights on shore to one who perishes at sea. She pressed in fancy, eager and trembling, to firesides where men and women were allied, and so, fearless; where one soul was born of another, and eye met eye with the satisfaction and assurance of kinship. She thought, with a new longing, of that sweet community of human interests which makes families and homes.

But in answer to that pain of lonesome and longing there followed the taunting recollection of one and another

and another who would have placed her in the bosom of a home like those which bestarred the plain. She remembered Simeon Coleman, the farrier's son, who had such a tender heart. She thought of Ira Paddock, with the laughing blue eyes, who battled with whales, and would have fought the red dragon for her sake; and of the grave and manly young farmer and miller, Philip Foulger. He was wise. He owned five books, and had read them all. He would have led her safely. That was his light in the farmhouse below; but it was another woman who sat by it, offering Philip his steaming tea, or laying his baby in its cradle.

Her empty home at Maddekett — empty save for those invisible, unearthly intruders — became suddenly a place of dread to her, as she rose at last, feebly, to go to it, in the deepening dusk. To rest there upon the hillside, in sight of warm human homes, seemed better. She turned towards Maddekett, and, wavering, returned to the home lights. Shivering, tossed and driven, she sank upon the mossy turf again, and gazed upon the lost Eden, — an exile, self-betrayed and self-banished, — her lips pressing each other closer and closer in the generation of resolve, as the remorseful delusion dawned upon her that, since hitherto she had not accepted her allotment of mercy, she was of those to whom mercy was denied.

"But," she murmured, in the humble, tremulous tone of a punished child promising obedience, "I would not say nay again. I was not clear; but now I see it was for me to take what the Lord sent me. I will not say nay again, whoever is sent."

It was, to her, a vow. She repeated it, — "I will not say nay again," — a vow as irrevocable to her as Jephthah's vow to him: for she was a Quaker maiden of more than a hundred years ago, with a conscience that laid a measure to every thought and word.

The wind-storm was increasing. It held its breath to press more cruelly

upon her. She was driven down under the lee of the hill for shelter. In a quiet hollow she paused to rest, and was again startled by a sea bird, blowing across the broad neck of the island, which dropped into this refuge, too, and flapped away before the wind again with sharp, anxious cries.

Across the plain came a human cry; and presently a tall white object revealed itself, approaching slowly. It wavered, sank, and disappeared. This was no mystery to Phebe. It was, indeed, a familiar sight to everybody on the island, and Phebe welcomed it.

"There comes James Newbegin," she said. "I'll ask him to take me home."

The white object was the sail with which James rigged his two-wheeled cart when voyaging across the island, navigating the land with as much attention to the wind as if his cart had been a schooner; luffing and keeping off, jibing and tacking and reefing, as he changed his course. The severity of the wind obliged him to take in sail altogether, and scud under bare poles, if such a hyperbolical verb may be made to refer to the remaining motor power, an old and self-willed animal, over which James flourished a harmless whip with great appearance of violent intent, shouting, "Come, come, come! Dum thee! I'll hit thee!" But the good-natured, simple fellow had, in fact, never struck a blow upon anything in his life, unless we except the useful blows of his hammer and hatchet. The sight of him was a solace to Phebe. He never gazed at her with the offensive eagerness of the younger men, but simply as he looked at all things, with his amiably foolish smile. "Only James Newbegin" was what she thought; yet it was a human being, whom she dreaded as little as if he had been a friendly old woman, and it would seem more cheerful and comfortable to go home in his company.

Still trembling and tottering, still

shuddering from the nearness of the awful possibilities she had escaped, she went on to meet him, for fear he should leave her and veer off into some farther one of the straggling tracks that rutted the plains in every direction which the varying purposes or caprices of the islanders had determined. He saw her coming, and Phebe could hear the peculiar laugh with which he celebrated an agreeable impression. It came to her with the roar of the wind, and she tasted the salt which the wind had also brought to her, crystallized upon her lips, and thought of the tears of her childhood.

That laugh of James's, one short note with a downward inflection, — "Huh! huh!" — to the unaccustomed sense needed the accompaniment of his expanded visage, to be understood as a laugh. It sounded strange and incongruous, like the ill-timed entrance of a buffo into an act of tragedy; and following it, a piping, clownish voice called, "Whoy, Tim'thy! Why, Phebe, thee ain't goin' to town to-night, em thee?"

"I was going home, and turned back to ask thee to let me ride with thee, James, if thee's going over to Maddek-*ket*," answered Phebe.

"Certain, certain. Give me thy basket. Now hop in. Heave-yo! Up she comes! There, now, set thee down here behind the canvas, out o' the wind. Hei-gh, Tim'thy!"

Phebe crept in behind the shelter of the sail, and resigned herself thankfully to the floor of the jerking cart. With such power of wishing as remained, she wished to forget the awful hour upon the hilltop, yet almost as much longed to ease her soul of its burden by speaking out to some partaker with her in the terrors and dangers of mortality — and immortality.

Two singular beings they were: that intense, half-mad young creature, — a soul of pent-up flame, — and the ruddy, middle-aged simpleton, white-eyed, comfortable, invertebrate, the resources

of whose nature were invested in inane kindness and unreasoning impulse, — just the germ of a soul, a mere register of dim sensations.

"Cur'ous sky, wa'n't it, Phebe?" drawled the shrill harlequin voice, — "like stewed blackberries; black, thee knows, with red juice over 'em. Huh! I wished it *was* stewed blackberry, an' I could reach it."

Phebe shuddered. "Thee don't understand," she murmured, her voice deep with the awe of her own stupendous conception.

"No, I dun know 's I do, Phebe. I don't und'stand what 't *is* I don't und'stand."

"Thee's read in the word of God, James" —

"Stop a bit! I can't read."

Then Phebe, with eyes solemnly closed, uttered her first annunciation to human ears. She used her opportunity to pour out all the stored-up results of her strange conceptions and lonely imaginings, and James listened to the overwhelming recital, half aroused, half stunned.

"Thee don't say so, Phebe! I want to know!" he reiterated, in a confusion of childish interest and dismay; and when Phebe had finished, and sat trembling with the intense agitation of that unique abandon, and the effect upon herself of her own graphic delineations, — of *seeing* that she had a hearer, and of hearing the mystical words of the Apocalypse (which she quoted with slow impressiveness, even in her excitement) taken up and borne grandly on by the bold wind, — he turned upon her a look of purblind wonder mixed with dull but kindly pity. "I'm sorry for thee, Phebe," he said. "I be, truly. Ain't it lunsome for thee, livin' alone out there to Maddek-*ket*? It comes to me to ask thee to marry me, an' come" —

"No — no — don't, *don't* ask it, James!" Phebe interrupted, with a repressed shriek, the very repression of

Quaker habit giving strength to the passion of her prayer.

"Wait a bit, wait a bit," James responded, with unruffled moderation. "It's give' me to ask it, an' I must foller the leadin'. Thee ain't forced to say yes, if thee ain't clear about it, but thee ain't right to hender the leadin'. Will thee?" —

"*Don't* say it! James, James Newbegin, *don't* thee ask me that!"

With this outcry, Phebe rose upon her knees, her outspread, outstretched palms upraised as if to defend herself.

"There, there; thee keep quiet, Phebe," said James, with stolid fixity of

purpose. "I'm a-goin' to foller the leadin', an' then thee can say no as soon as thee likes. Will thee stand up in meetin' with me?" —

"James Newbegin, I tell thee don't thee *dare* to ask me that!"

"Will thee stand up in meetin' with me next Fifth Day, an' marry me, Phebe? There! I've said it, an' thee's only to answer no."

But Phebe answered nothing. The great cry that could not escape her stiffened lips rang through desolate inner chambers, and only died away with years, — "*I am* of those upon whom he will not have mercy!"

Mary Catherine Lee.

ADMIRAL SAUMAREZ.

"THESE were honourable among the thirty," says the ancient Hebrew chronicler, "yet they attained not unto the first three." Since that far-away day, when the three mighty men broke through the host of the Philistines that they might bring their chieftain water from the well of Bethlehem, to how many fighters, land and sea, have these words been applicable! — men valiant in deed, wise in council, patient in endurance, yet lacking that divine somewhat, which, for want of a better name, we call genius. Of such an one now, and hereafter, perhaps, of certain of his peers, we propose to give an account; one of those ocean warriors, whose pennant flew through many of the wild scenes where England's flag was called to brave the battle and the breeze,

"Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return."

James Saumarez was born on the 11th of March, 1757, in Guernsey, one of the Channel group of islands that still remain attached to the English crown, — the sole remaining fragment of that

Norman duchy to which the kingdom itself was for a while but an appendage. In Saumarez's childhood, French was still so generally spoken there that, despite the very early age at which he went to sea, he always retained a perfect mastery of that language; and it is recorded that one of his uncles, being intended for the sea service, was sent to school in England when ten years old, in order to acquire the use of English. From such a stock, whose lineage among the gentry of the island can be traced to the fourteenth century, sprang three distinguished officers of this name, destined to illustrate the British flag by their deeds in several wars, in which their chief opponent was the French navy. Among these, the subject of this article attained the most brilliant renown. Eighteen months older than Nelson, not even Nelson saw more or harder fighting than did James Saumarez, nor bore himself more nobly throughout their day and generation.

Having early shown a taste for the navy, his father, who had six sons and

a restricted income, obtained of a naval captain to have his name borne on the books of a ship of war at the early age of ten; a curious custom of that day allowing such constructive service to be counted in the time prescribed for attaining a lieutenant's commission. The boy did not actually go afloat until 1770, when a little over thirteen. This first employment kept him from home continuously for five years, a period spent wholly in the Mediterranean, and for the most part in the Levant; the active naval war then existing between Turkey and Russia, in the waters of Asia Minor, necessitating a special protection to British interests. It is a singular circumstance that this sea, esteemed so important to Great Britain, was never again visited by him, with the exception of the few brief months from May to October, 1798, when, as second in command, he followed Nelson's flag during that pursuit of Bonaparte's fleet which ended in its destruction at the battle of the Nile.

Returning to England in 1775, his actual and constructive service permitted Saumarez to appear for examination for a lieutenantcy. This he passed, but was not at once promoted. The troubles with the American colonies had now become open hostilities, and he was appointed, as master's mate or passed midshipman, to the Bristol of fifty guns, selected as flagship for the expedition against Charleston. This duty, which, by bringing him immediately under the eyes of the naval commander in chief, placed him also on the highway to advancement, he owed to Admiral Keppel, then one of the leading flag officers of the British navy. His uncle, Philip Saumarez, and Keppel had shared the perils and sufferings of Anson's well-known expedition to the South Seas in 1740. Together they had buffeted the wild weather off Cape Horn, with ships' companies more than decimated by scurvy; together they had spread terror among the Spanish colonies of the Pacific; to-

gether they had captured the great galleon off Manila; and Keppel still retained an affectionate interest in the kinsman of his old shipmate, who had long since fallen gloriously on the deck of his ship, in close action with a French vessel of far superior force.

The squadron, which was commanded by Commodore Sir Peter Parker, assembled at Cork, whence it sailed in January, 1776. Embarked on board the Bristol was Lord Cornwallis, afterwards so closely, and for himself disastrously, associated with the course of the American Revolution. Struck by Saumarez's activity and efficiency, he offered him a commission in his own regiment, with the position of aide-de-camp to himself; and the young seaman, swayed probably by the prospect of a powerful patron, in the days when patronage had so much to do with men's careers, was on the point of accepting; but his messmates chaffed him so mercilessly, upon adopting a profession which habitually supplied them with derisive illustrations and comparisons, that he finally declined. Many years later, when Saumarez was among the senior captains of the navy, the two gentlemen met as guests at the table of the head of the Admiralty, who, upon hearing the incident from Cornwallis, remarked that he would have deprived the navy of one of its best officers.

Owing partly to delays inseparable from sailing vessels, and partly to the dilatoriness with which war was most often waged before the days of the French Revolution, the British expedition did not appear off Charleston until the beginning of June, 1776. To Americans who know their own history, the stirring story of Fort Moultrie and its repulse of the British fleet has been familiar from childhood. Few are the American boys to whom the names of Jasper, of Marion, and of their brave commander, Moultrie himself, are unknown. But while all honor is due to the band of raw provincials who at this critical moment — one

week before the Declaration of Independence was signed — withstood the enemy, and for the moment saved the province, the steady, obstinate valor shown by the seamen of kindred race, who contended with them, was no less brilliant, and was even more severely tested. The loss of the fort was thirty-seven killed and wounded; that of the Bristol alone was one hundred and eleven out of a crew of three hundred and fifty; and during much of the action, which lasted thirteen hours, she was, through the severing, by shot, of the ropes that kept her broadside in position, powerless to return the raking fire of the enemy. Saumarez was here for the first time engaged, and had two narrow escapes. Once, when pointing a gun, a shot, entering the port, swept away seven of the eight men who served the piece; and somewhat later, another shot struck off the head of a messmate by whom he was standing, covering him with blood.

In this, his maiden action, Saumarez gave full proof of the steady courage which ever distinguished him; and it is worthy of passing remark that, in the doggedness of the fighting and the severity of the slaughter, the battle was typical of a great part of his after experience. Several death vacancies resulting among the officers, he was promoted to be lieutenant a fortnight later; and when the Bristol went north was again actively engaged in the operations on Long Island, and along the East and Hudson rivers, up to the evacuation of New York by the Americans. His conspicuous activity at length obtained for him the command of a galley, with which he was sent, in February, 1778, to Rhode Island. The judgment of the illustrious Rodney, as well as the repeated efforts of the Americans to regain control of Narragansett Bay, may be cited against the opinion expressed by Bancroft, that the seizure of this important naval centre by the British was a mistake. The tenure of the island, however, depended upon the

control of the surrounding waters, and upon the active destruction of the American means of transport. Saumarez's galley was one of the force stationed in the eastern, or Seakonnet passage; and in the five months thus employed it is recorded that he was forty-seven times under fire.

Sullivan was at this time preparing for his attack upon the British lines, expecting coöperation by the French fleet. This arrived on the 29th of July, and six days later Seakonnet Channel was entered by a detachment superior in force to the British there. The latter burned their ships and retreated to Rhode Island. There the officers and seamen, Saumarez among them, continued actively engaged in the defense of the works. Meanwhile, the main French fleet, under the Count d'Estaing, had run the batteries of the principal channel, and anchored off the north end of the island, seriously increasing the perils of the defenders; but the appearance of Lord Howe with an inferior squadron lured the French admiral out of the bay; his vessels were crippled by a storm, and he abandoned the coast. Sullivan, deprived of an essential factor in his scheme, had then to fall back; and the British captains, with their crews, being no longer needed, returned to England to seek other ships.

Both by fortune and by choice, Saumarez's lot throughout life was thrown with the line-of-battle force of the navy, that body of heavy fighting ships which constitute the true backbone of a sea service, because their essential function is to fight, not singly, but in masses, coöperating with others like themselves. In that respect they correspond to the solid masses of infantry, which, however disposed tactically, form the strength of armies. The aptitudes of brilliant officers differ. Some are born frigate captains, partisan warriors, ever actively on the wing, and rejoicing in the comparative freedom and independence of their movements, like the cavalry raider and

outpost officer. But, while occasionally so occupied, and always with great credit, Saumarez's heart was with the ship of the line, whose high organization, steady discipline, and decisive influence upon the issues of war appealed to a temperament naturally calm, methodical, and enduring. Accordingly, he is found, whether by his own asking or not, serving the remaining three years of his lieutenant's time upon vessels of that class; and in one of them he passed through his next general action, a scene of carnage little inferior to the Charleston fight, illustrated by the most dogged courage on the part of the combatants, but also, it must be said, unrelieved by any display of that skill which distinguishes scientific warfare from aimless butchery. This, however, was not Saumarez's fault.

Towards the end of 1780, Great Britain, having already France, Spain, and America upon her hands, found herself also confronted by a league between the Baltic states to enforce by arms certain neutral claims which she contested. To this league, called the Armed Neutrality, Holland acceded, whereupon England at once declared war. Both nations had extensive commercial interests in the Baltic, and it was in protecting vessels engaged in this trade, by a large body of ships of war, that the only general action between the two navies occurred, on the 5th of August, 1781, in the North Sea, off the Dogger-Bank, from which it has taken its name.

At the time of meeting, the British, numbering six ships of the line, were returning from the Baltic; the Dutch, with seven ships, were bound thither. Despite the numerical difference, no great error is made in saying that the two squadrons were substantially of equal force. Each at once ordered the merchant vessels under its protection to make the best of their way toward port, while the ships of war on either side began to form in order of battle between the enemy and

their own convoy. The lists being thus cleared and the lines ranged, the British vessels, which were to windward, stood down together, after what was then the time-honored and stupid practice of their service, each to attack one of the Dutch, disdaining to attempt doubling upon any part of the hostile line. Their ideal appears to have been that of the tournament, where every advantage of numbers and combination was rejected in order to insure that the test should be that of individual courage and skill. So strong was this tradition in the British navy that its ablest contemporary chronicler, James, has sought to explain away, half apologetically, the advantage gained by Nelson in doubling on the French van at the Nile.

The Dutch, equally quixotic, refrained from taking advantage of the enemy's inability to use his broadsides while thus approaching nearly head on. Arrayed in a close column, the ships about six hundred feet apart, the crews at the guns, and the marines drawn up on the poops, they waited in silence until the English, at eight A. M., were in position at half musket shot. Then a red flag was hoisted by each admiral, and all opened together, the conflict raging with fury for nearly four hours. It was the first time since the days of the great De Ruyter, more than a century before, that these kindred people had thus met in fair fight upon the sea. Equal in courage and in seamanship, and each neglecting to seek a tactical advantage, the usual result followed. Many men were killed and wounded, no ship was taken, and the combatants separated after a drawn battle; but as one Dutch ship sank the next day, and their convoy could not proceed, the British claimed a victory. Their own merchant vessels, being on the return voyage, were able to complete it.

Saumarez had shown his usual gallantry, and was again promoted. On the 23d of August, eighteen days after the action, he was made commander, and

given the *Tisiphone*, a small but fast cruiser, technically called a fireship, and attached to the Channel fleet. In December, the British government learned that a large number of transports and supply ships were about to sail from Brest for the West Indies. These were to carry troops and stores to the fleet of Count de Grasse, who, after the surrender at Yorktown, had returned to Martinique, and was now about to undertake the conquest of Jamaica. It was imperative to intercept an expedition so essential to the success of the French plan, and Admiral Kempenfelt — the same who afterwards, in the *Royal George*, “went down with twice four hundred men” — was sent in pursuit with twelve ships of the line. The *Tisiphone* accompanied them as lookout vessel, and on the 12th of December, 1781, being then well ahead of the fleet, she was able to signal the admiral that the enemy was in sight to leeward with seventeen of the line; but that the latter, instead of being between the British and the transports, were on the far side. Kempenfelt, an able tactician as well as seaman, seized his advantage, pushed between the men-of-war and the convoy, and captured from this some twenty sail, carrying several thousand troops. More could not be done without risking a battle with a much superior force. It was essential, therefore, to apprise the British commander in the West Indies of the approach of the French reinforcements as well as of Kempenfelt’s successes, and the *Tisiphone* was the same day dispatched on this errand.

Saumarez, though he knew it not, was now being borne by the tide which leads on to fortune. The next step in promotion then fixed, and still fixes, the seniority of a British officer, and the *Tisiphone*’s mission led him straight to it. Easily outsailing the unwieldy mass of enemies, he reached Barbadoes, and there learned that the British fleet, under Sir Samuel Hood, was anchored off the

island of St. Christopher, then invaded by the French army supported by De Grasse’s fleet. The tenure of the island depended upon a fort on Brimstone Hill, still held by the British; and Hood, though much inferior in force, had, by a brilliant tactical move, succeeded in dislodging De Grasse from his anchorage ground, taking it himself, and establishing there his fleet in such order that its position remained impregnable. The French, however, cruising to the southward, off the adjoining island of Nevis, interposed between Hood and Saumarez, and the latter could reach his commander only by threading the reefs lining the passage between the two islands, — a feat considered hazardous, if not impracticable. Nevertheless, by diligent care and seamanship, the *Tisiphone* effected it and joined the fleet.

Saumarez was now in the midst of the most active operations, at the opening of a campaign which promised to be of singular and critical importance. But, while rejoicing at the good fortune which had transferred him from the comparative inactivity of the Channel fleet, a momentary reverse befell. Called by signal on board the flagship, he received a bag of dispatches, with orders to sail that night for England. As he went dejectedly down the ship’s side to his boat and was shoving off, the gig of a post-captain pulled alongside. “Hallo, Saumarez,” said its occupant, “where are you going?” “To England, I grieve to say.” “Grieve!” rejoined the other. “I wish I were in your place. I have been wanting this long time to go home for my health. Hold on a moment; perhaps it can be arranged.” The newcomer, named Stanhope, went at once to the admiral, who, a few minutes later, sent for Saumarez. Hood had learned to value the active young officer who had taken a forward part in the guerrilla enterprises of the fleet. “Captain Saumarez,” he said, “you know not how much I wish to serve you. Captain

Stanhope shall go home, as he desires, and you shall have command of the Russell." The same night the *Tisiphone* sailed, Saumarez remaining as an acting post-captain, with a ship of seventy-four guns under him.

Thus it happened that, two months later, at the age of twenty-five, Saumarez commanded a ship of the line in Rodney's renowned battle of the 12th of April, with one exception the most brilliant and decisive action fought by the British navy in a century. This circumstance alone would have insured the confirmation of his rank by the Admiralty, even had he not also eminently distinguished himself; but it was for him one of those periods when inconstant fortune seems bent upon lavishing her favors. Saumarez was near the head of the British column, as the hostile fleets passed in opposite directions, exchanging broadsides. As his ship cleared the French rear, a neighboring British vessel, commanded by one of the senior captains, turned to pursue the enemy. Saumarez gladly imitated him; but when the other resumed his former course, because the admiral of the van, his immediate superior, had not turned, the *Russell* kept on after the French. At this moment, Rodney in the centre, and Hood in the rear, favored by a change of wind, were breaking through the French line. The *Russell's* course carried her toward them, and consequently, in the *mêlée* which followed, she had the distinguished honor of engaging *De Grasse's* flagship, and of being in action with her when she surrendered. Saumarez, indeed, though he refrained, with characteristic modesty, from pressing his claim, always, when questioned on the subject, maintained that, although the enemy's vessel struck to Hood's flagship, she did so immediately upon the latter joining the *Russell*.

However regarded, this was a most brilliant achievement for so young a captain, less than a twelvemonth having

elapsed since Saumarez was but a lieutenant. Rodney, who had meanwhile signaled his van to go about, was somewhat perplexed at finding a single ship in the direction whence the *Russell* appeared; and, upon being informed that she belonged to the van squadron, declared that her commander had distinguished himself above all others in the fleet. This was Saumarez's third general action, at a time when Nelson, although three years a post-captain, had commanded only frigates, and had never seen a battle between fleets. But, if Saumarez used well the opportunities with which fortune favored him, it was characteristic of Nelson that his value transpired through the simplest intercourse and amid the most commonplace incidents of service. Men felt, rather than realized, that under the slight, quaint, boyish exterior there lay the elements of a great man, who would one day fulfill his own boast of climbing to the top of the tree; and he had been made a full captain in 1779, when not quite twenty-one. According to the rule of the British service, already mentioned, this assured for life his precedence over Saumarez, promoted in 1782.

The latter, however, if outstripped by a younger competitor, who was to become the greatest of British admirals, had secured a position of vantage for that great war which then lay in the womb of the future. Returning to England in 1782, he passed in retirement the ten years that preceded the outbreak of hostilities with the French republic. In 1788 he married; a step that did not, in his case, entail the professional deterioration with which the cynical criticisms of St. Vincent reproached it. During this period, also, he made a trip to France, upon the occasion of sinking the first cone of the great Cherbourg breakwater, intended to give France a first-class naval port upon the Channel,—a purpose which it now fulfills. Louis XVI. was present at this ceremony, and treated Saumarez

with much attention. This was the only time that the latter ever set foot upon French soil, although he lived in sight of the coast and spoke the language fluently.

When war with France began, in 1793, Saumarez was given a frigate, with which he served actively in the Channel, near his home. Here he captured a French vessel of equal force, in fair fight, but with a disparity of loss which proved the discipline of his ship and his own consummate seamanship. For this exploit he was knighted. Faithful to his constant preference, he as soon as possible exchanged into a ship of the line, the *Orion*, of seventy-four guns. In her he again bore a foremost part, in 1795, in a fleet-battle off the Biscay coast of France, where three enemy's ships were taken; and two years later he was in the action with the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent, of which an account has been given in a preceding number.¹ After this engagement Saumarez remained on the same station, blockading Cadiz.

In the following year, 1798, it became necessary to send into the Mediterranean, and off the chief arsenal of the enemy, Toulon, a small detachment, to ascertain the facts concerning a great armament, since known as Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition, which rumor said was there in preparation. The hazardous nature of the duty, which advanced three ships of medium size, unsupported, in the very teeth of over a dozen enemies, many of superior strength, demanded the utmost efficiency in each member of the small body so exposed; a consideration which doubtless led Lord St. Vincent to choose Saumarez, though one of the senior captains, for this service, of which Nelson, the junior flag officer of the fleet, was given charge.

It seems scarcely credible that, when it was afterwards decided to raise this detachment to fourteen ships of the line, sufficient to cope with the enemy, both

¹ See *The Atlantic* for March, 1893.

St. Vincent and Nelson wished to remove Saumarez, with his antecedents of brilliant service, so as to allow Troubridge, his junior, to be second in command. The fact, however, is certain. Nelson had orders which would have allowed him to send the *Orion* back, when thus proceeding on a service pregnant with danger and distinction, to the immeasurable humiliation of her brave commander. After making every deduction for the known partiality for Troubridge of both St. Vincent and Nelson, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Saumarez, with all his undoubted merit, did not, in their eyes, possess the qualities adequate to succeed to chief command, at a juncture which called for the highest abilities of a general officer. The moment was too critical to permit mere favoritism to sway two such men against their judgment. As it was, however, Nelson felt he could not part with so efficient a ship; and he therefore contented himself with giving Troubridge and Saumarez each a subdivision of four vessels, keeping six under his own immediate direction.

As all know, the French, when found, were at anchor. Thus surprised, the British fleet was hurled at them in a single mass; nor was there any subordinate command exercised, by Saumarez or any other, except that of each captain over his particular ship. Nelson's first expectation was to overtake the unwieldy numbers of the enemy, amounting to over four hundred sail, at sea, and there to destroy both convoy and escort. In such an encounter, there would be inestimable tactical advantage in those compact subdivisions which could be thrown as units, under a single head, in a required direction.

The warm family affection that was among the many winning traits of Saumarez's symmetrical and attractive character impelled him to copious letter-writing. Hence we have a record of this pursuit of the French fleet, with al-

most daily entries; an inside picture, reflecting the hopes, fears, and perplexities of the squadron. Bonaparte's enterprise has been freely condemned in later days as chimerical; but it did not so appear at the time to the gallant seamen who frustrated it. The preparations had been so shrouded in mystery that neither Nelson nor his government had any certainty as to its destination, — an ignorance shared by most of the prominent French officials. When, after many surmises, the truth gradually transpired, the British officers realized that much time must yet elapse before the English ministry could know it. Two months, for instance, passed before news of the battle of the Nile reached London. Then, if India were the ultimate object, to which Egypt was but the stepping-stone, four months more, at least, would be needed to get a naval reinforcement to the threatened point. What if, meanwhile, the ally of France in the peninsula, Tippoo Saib, had been assembling transports with the secrecy observed at Toulon and the other ports whence the divisions had sailed? "I dined with Sir Horatio to-day," writes Saumarez on June 15, nearly four weeks after Bonaparte's starting, "and find that his intelligence extends only to the enemy's fleet having been seen off Sicily; but we have reason to suppose them gone for Alexandria, the distance from which to the Red Sea is only three days' journey. They may soon be transported thence by water to the East Indies, with the assistance of Tippoo Saib; and with their numerous army they expect to drive us out of our possessions in India. This profound scheme, *which is thought very feasible*, we hope to frustrate by coming up with them before they reach the place of their destination." A week later, Nelson received news of the surrender of Malta to the French. "We are now crowding sail for Alexandria; but it is very doubtful if we fall in with them at all, as we are proceeding on the

merest conjecture, and not on any positive information. If, at the end of our journey, we find we are upon the wrong scent, our embarrassment will be great indeed. Fortunately, I only act here *en second*; but did the chief responsibility rest with me, I fear it would be more than my too irritable nerves would bear." Nelson, in truth, was passing these hours in a fever of anxiety, scarce able to eat or drink. Yet at that very moment the British were crossing the enemy's wake, unseeing and unseen, and barely fifty miles separated the two fleets.

The perplexity foreshadowed by Saumarez actually fell upon the English admiral, through his reaching Alexandria three days before the French. Harassed out of his better judgment, he hurried back to the westward, touched at Sicily, and thence once more to Egypt. Meantime, the French had landed successfully. On the 1st of August the British fleet again sighted Alexandria; saw the French flag on the walls, but no ships of war. "When the reconnoitring squadron made the signal that the enemy was not there," wrote Saumarez, "despondency nearly took possession of my mind, and I do not remember ever to have felt so utterly hopeless or out of spirits as when we sat down to dinner. Judge, then, what a change took place when, as the cloth was being removed, the officer of the watch hastily came in, saying, 'Sir, a signal is just now made that the enemy is in Aboukir Bay, and moored in a line of battle.' All sprang from their seats, and, only staying to drink a bumper to our success, we were in a moment on deck." As the captain appeared, the crew hailed him with three hearty cheers, a significant token of the gloom which had wrapped the entire squadron through the recent ordeal of suspense and disappointment.

It is only with Saumarez's share in this renowned battle that we are here concerned. As is generally known, Nelson's tactics consisted in doubling upon

the van and centre of the enemy, who lay at anchor in a column head to wind, or nearly so. The rear French ships, being to leeward, were thus thrown out of action. The French had thirteen ships of the line, of which one was of one hundred and twenty guns, and two eighties. The British also had thirteen, all seventy-fours, and one of fifty guns; but one of the former going aground left them equal in numbers and inferior in force. There were two successive acts in the drama. In the first, ten British ships engaged the eight leading French; in the second, the fifty and two of the seventy-fours, which had been belated, came upon the field and strengthened the attack upon the enemy's centre. The *Orion*, being third in the order, was one of the five vessels which passed within the French, and fought on that side. In so doing, she described a wide sweep around her two predecessors. While thus standing down to her station, an enemy's frigate, the *Sérieuse*, opened fire upon her, wounding two men. It was then part of the chivalrous comity of fleet-actions that frigates should not be molested by the ships of the line, so long as they minded their own business, — an immunity which of course ceased if they became aggressive. Saumarez was urged to return her fire. "No," he replied, "let her alone; she will get bolder and come nearer. Shorten sail." She did draw nearer, and then the *Orion*, swinging sharply towards her, let drive her broadside of double-shotted guns. All the masts of the unlucky frigate went overboard, and she shortly sank, nothing but her poop being visible the next day. The helm of the British vessel was then shifted, but so much ground had been lost that she could anchor only abreast the fifth French ship; the interval left being filled by those who followed. In this position the *Orion* silenced her immediate opponent, the *Peuple Souverain*, which, being in an hour and a half totally dismasted, cut her cables and dropped

out of the line; the contest being then continued with the sixth in the French order, the *Franklin*, next ahead of the flagship *Orient*. The *Orion* was thus near by the latter when she blew up, but the few burning fragments which fell on board were quickly extinguished.

In this engagement Saumarez received the only wound that ever fell to him throughout his numerous meetings with the enemy, being struck on the thigh and side by a heavy splinter, which had killed two officers before reaching him. The total loss of his ship was forty-two killed and wounded, out of a crew of six hundred. Ten days after the battle he was ordered to take charge of six of the prizes, which had been partly repaired, and with seven of the fleet to convoy them to Gibraltar. At the same time he was notified that the *Orion* was to go home as soon as this duty was performed. A more charming prospect can scarcely be imagined than this returning to his family after a long absence, fresh from the completest achievement ever wrought by the British navy; but even his tranquil temper, whose expressions never lapse into the complaints of Nelson or the querulousness of Collingwood, was tried by the slow progress of his battered and crippled squadron. "The prizes get on very slowly," he writes; "but I am endowed with unparalleled patience, having scarcely uttered a murmur at their tardiness, so perfectly satisfied am I with the prospect before me." Some time later he notes: "We have been three weeks effecting what might be accomplished in two days. This extraordinary delay makes me more fractious than can be imagined, and I begin to lose the character for patience which I had given myself, by so tiresome a situation." It was still the season of westerly winds, and the voyage from Alexandria to Gibraltar occupied sixty-nine days.

The *Orion* was now completely worn out, having been continuously in commis-

sion since the war began in 1793. Besides the three general actions in which Saumarez commanded her, she had borne a valiant part in Howe's great battle of the 1st of June. "This last business has so shattered the poor *Orion*," wrote Saumarez, "that she will not, without considerable repairs, be in a state for more service." On reaching England she was paid off; and in February, 1799, Saumarez was appointed to the *Cæsar*, of eighty-four guns, one of the finest ships in the navy, which was to bear his flag in the last and most brilliant episode of his hard-fighting career.

A year later, Lord St. Vincent, having returned from the Mediterranean, took command of the Channel fleet, and at once instituted in its methods, and particularly in the blockade of Brest, changes which gradually revolutionized the character of the general naval war; baffling beyond any other single cause the aims of Napoleon, and insuring the fall of his empire. One of the new requirements was the maintenance of a powerful advanced squadron, of six or eight ships of the line, within ten miles of the harbor's mouth. It was a service singularly arduous, demanding neither dash nor genius, but calmness, steadiness, method, and seamanship of a high order, for all which Saumarez was conspicuous. From either side of the Bay of Brest a long line of reefs projects for fifteen miles to the westward. Far inside their outer limits, and therefore embayed by the westerly winds which blow at times with hurricane violence, was the station of the advanced squadron, off some well-marked rocks known as the Black Rocks. On this spot, called *Siberia* by the seamen, during fifteen weeks, from August to December, Sir James Saumarez kept so close a watch that not a vessel of any force entered or left Brest. "With you there," wrote Earl St. Vincent, "I sleep as sound as if I had the key of Brest in my pocket." No service ever done by him was more meritorious or more use-

ful. He there demonstrated that what had before been thought impossible could be done, though involving a degree of anxiety and peril far exceeding that of battle, while accompanied by none of the distinction, nor even recognition, which battle bestows. "None but professional men who have been on that service," says his biographer with simple truth, "can have any idea of its difficulties, — surrounded by dangers of every kind, exposed to the violence of storms, sailing amidst a multitude of rocks and variable currents in the longest and darkest nights, and often on a lee shore on the enemy's coast, while the whole of their fleet is near, ready to take advantage of any disaster."

There was one man, however, who could and did recognize to the full the quality of the work done by Saumarez, and its value to those sagacious plans which he himself had framed, and which in the future were to sap the foundations of the French power. That man was St. Vincent. "The merit of Sir James Saumarez," he said, "cannot be surpassed;" and again, to Saumarez himself, "The manner in which you have conducted the advanced squadron calls upon me to repeat my admiration of it." Succeeding soon after to the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, he gave him an opportunity for distinction, which resulted in an action of singular lustre and striking success.

Bonaparte, long before returned from Egypt, and now, as First Consul, practically the absolute ruler of France, had overthrown all enemies on the Continent. Peace with Austria, after her disasters of Marengo and Hohenlinden, had been signed in February, 1801. The great objects of the French ruler now were to compass a maritime peace and to retain Egypt, a conquest in which his reputation was peculiarly interested. To compel Great Britain to peace, he sought, by diplomacy or force, to exclude her commerce from the Continent, as well as to

raise up maritime enemies against her. Thus he had fostered, if not actually engendered, the Baltic league of 1801, shattered by Nelson at Copenhagen; and for this purpose he intended to occupy both Portugal and the kingdom of Naples. A powerful British expedition against Egypt had entered the Mediterranean. It was essential either to attack this directly, or to cripple its communications. Unable to do the former, and persistently thwarted, in his attempts to reinforce his own troops in that distant dependency, by the close watch of the British navy, of which Saumarez gave so conspicuous an illustration before Brest, Napoleon resorted to the common and sound military expedient of collecting a threatening force upon the flank of his enemy's line of communications. He directed a concentration of the Spanish and French navies at Cadiz, which, by its nearness to the straits, met the desired requirement. Among others, three French ships were ordered thither from Toulon.

The British ministry was informed that at Cadiz were collecting Spanish vessels, said by report to be intended against Portugal. This is unlikely, as Bonaparte could have subdued that country from the land side by the assistance of Spain; moreover, the object of the concentration is stated in his letters. A squadron of five ships of the line was accordingly formed, and placed under the command of Saumarez, who, on the 1st of January, 1801, had been made a rear admiral. His orders were to go off Cadiz, where he would find two more vessels, and to prevent the enemies within the port from sailing, or from being joined by any from outside. Whatever Bonaparte's object, it would be thwarted by a force thus interposed, in a position to meet either one or the other of the converging detachments before they could unite.

Saumarez sailed on his mission June 16, 1801, and on the 28th arrived off Cadiz. On the 5th of July he was in-

formed that three French ships had anchored off Algeciras, the Spanish port on the west side of Gibraltar Bay, confronting the British fortress on the east side. This was the division from Toulon, which, upon reaching the straits, first learned of the British squadron that effectually prevented its entrance to Cadiz.

Saumarez at once started for Algeciras with six of his ships of the line, the seventh being out of recall to the northward. The following day, July 6, he entered the bay, and found the French moored in a strong position, under cover of Spanish land batteries, and supported by a number of gunboats. Still, though difficult and doubtful, the enterprise was not hopeless; and, as the breeze allowed his vessels to head for the enemy, he steered to engage at once. Unfortunately, the wind fell as the squadron drew nigh, and only four ships were able to take their intended places; the other two had to anchor outside their consorts, and fire as they could through the intervals. This mishap lessened by one third the fighting power of the British, and, coupled with the acknowledged superiority of guns on a fixed platform over those afloat, reduced them to inferiority. Their disadvantage was increased by the arrangements of the French admiral, carefully elaborated during the two preceding days. Had the preparations of Brueys at the Nile equaled those of Linois at Algeciras, Nelson's task must have been harder and his victory less complete. Nevertheless, after an engagement of an hour and a half, the British fire so far prevailed that the enemy resorted to a measure for which precautions had been taken beforehand. Lines had been run from each French ship to the shoal water lying close inside them; and by means of these they were warped away from their opponents until they took the ground. This increase of distance was in every way a gain to the party standing on the defensive, and a corresponding loss to the assailants.

Saumarez ordered the cables cut and sail made to close once more; but the light and fickle airs both baffled this effort and further embarrassed the British, through the difficulty of keeping their broadsides in position. Here happened the great disaster of the day. One of the outer ships, the *Hannibal*, tried to pass inside the headmost of the French, not realizing that the latter had moved. In so doing she ran aground close under a battery, to whose fire she could make no reply. After a brave and prolonged resistance, in which she lost seventy-five killed and seventy wounded out of a crew of six hundred, and had many of her guns dismounted, she hauled down her flag. By this time another ship, the *Pompée*, was dismasted, and success was plainly hopeless. The British admiral, therefore, ordered the action discontinued, and withdrew to the Gibraltar side; the *Pompée* having to be towed away by the boats of the squadron.

Saumarez had failed, and failure, however explained, can scarcely be carried to a man's credit; but his after course, by wresting success out of seemingly irretrievable disaster, has merited the highest eulogium. Maintaining both courage and energy unimpaired, every effort was instantly made to get the ships once more into fighting condition, that the attack might be renewed. "Tell the Admiralty," said he to the bearer of his dispatches, "that I feel confident I shall soon have an opportunity of attacking the enemy again, and that they may depend upon my availing myself of it."

The opportunity did come. On the morning of July 9, the *Superb*, the seventh ship, which had not been in the action, was seen rounding the west point of the bay under all sail, with a signal flying that the enemy was in pursuit. A few moments later appeared five Spanish vessels, two of which, the *Real Carlos* and the *Hermenegildo*, carrying each one hundred and twelve guns, were among the largest then afloat. On board them

had embarked a number of the *jeunesse dorée* of Cadiz, eager to join the triumphal procession which it was thought would soon enter the port, flushed with a victory considered by them to be rather Spanish than French, and escorting the rare trophy of a British ship of the line that had struck to Spanish batteries. Besides the two giants, there were a ninety-gun ship and two seventy-fours; and the next day a French vessel of the latter class joined, making a total reinforcement of six heavy ships.

To these Saumarez could oppose but five. The *Hannibal* he had lost. The *Pompée* could not be repaired in time; her people were therefore distributed among the other vessels of the squadron. Even his own flagship, the *Cæsar*, was so injured that he thought it impossible to refit her; but when her crew heard his decision, one cry arose, — to work all day and night till she was ready for battle. This was zeal not according to knowledge; but, upon the pleading of her captain in their name, it was agreed that they should work all day, and by watches at night. So it happened, by systematic distribution of effort and enthusiastic labor, that the *Cæsar*, whose mainmast on the 9th was out and her rigging cut to pieces, was on the 12th able to sail in pursuit of the foe.

During the forenoon of the latter day the combined squadron was seen getting under way. The wind, being easterly, was fair for the British, and, besides, compelled the enemy to make some tacks to clear the land. This delay was invaluable to Saumarez, whose preparations, rapid as they had been, were still far from complete. Not till one in the afternoon did the headmost Spaniards reach the straits, and there they had to await their companions. The *Hannibal* was unable to join them, and reanchored at Algeciras. At half past two the *Cæsar* hauled out from Gibraltar mole, her band playing, "Cheer up, my lads, 't is to glory we steer!" which was answered

from the mole-head with "Britons, strike home!" At the same moment, Saumarez's flag, provisionally shifted to another vessel, was rehoisted at her masthead. The rugged flanks of the rock and the shores of Algeciras were crowded with eager and cheering sight-seers, whose shouts echoed back the hurrahs of the seamen. Rarely, indeed, is so much of the pride and circumstance, if not of the pomp, of war rehearsed before an audience which, breathless with expectation, has in it no part save to admire and applaud.

Off Europa Point, on the Gibraltar side, there clustered round the Cæsar her four consorts, all but one bearing, like herself, the still fresh wounds of the recent conflict. Four miles away, off Cabrita Point, assembled the three French of Linois's division, having like honorable marks, together with the six new unscarred arrivals. At eight P. M. of the summer evening the allies kept away for Cadiz; Linois's division leading, the other six interposing between them and the five ships of Saumarez, which followed at once. It was a singular sight, this pursuit of nine ships by five, suggestive of much of the fatal difference, in ideals and efficiency, between the navies concerned. Towards nine o'clock Saumarez ordered the *Superb*, whose condition alone was unimpaired by battle, to press ahead and bring the rear of the enemy to action. The wind was blowing strong from the east, with a heavy sea. At half past eleven the *Superb* overtook the *Real Carlos*, and opened fire. Abreast the Spanish vessel, on her other side, was the *Hermenegildo*. The latter, probably through receiving some of the *Superb*'s shot, fancied the ship nearest her to be an enemy, and replied. In the confusion, one of them caught fire, the other ran on board her, and in a few moments there was presented to the oncoming British the tremendous sight of these two huge ships, with their twenty hundred men,

locked in a fast embrace and blazing together. At half past two in the morning, having by that time drifted apart, they blew up in quick succession.

Leaving them to their fate, the hostile squadron passed on. The *Superb* next encountered the *St. Antoine*, and forced her to strike. Soon afterwards the wind died away, and both fleets were much scattered. A British ship brought to action one of the French ships which had been in the first battle; indeed, the French accounts say that the latter had fought three enemies. However that may be, she was again severely mauled; but the English ship opposed to her ran on a shoal and lost all her masts. With this episode ended the events of that awful night.

The net results of this stirring week completely relieved the fears of the British ministers. Whatever the objects of the concentration at Cadiz, they were necessarily frustrated. Though the first attack was repulsed, the three French ships had been very roughly handled; and, of the relieving force, three out of six were now lost to the enemy. "Sir James Saumarez's action has put us upon velvet," wrote St. Vincent, then head of the Admiralty; and in the House of Peers he highly eulogized the admiral's conduct, as also did Nelson. The former declared that "this gallant achievement surpassed everything he had ever met with in his reading or service," a statement sufficiently sweeping; while the praise of the hero of the Nile was the more to be prized because there never was cordial sympathy between him and Saumarez. Closely as they had been associated, Nelson's letters to his brother officer began always, "My dear Sir James," not "My dear Saumarez."

In this blaze of triumph the story of Saumarez fitly terminates. He was never again engaged in serious encounter with the enemy. The first war with the French republic ended three months after the battle of Algeciras. After

the second began, in 1803, he was, until 1807, commander in chief at the Channel Islands, watching the preparations for the invasion of England, and counteracting the efforts of cruisers against British commerce. In 1808, in consequence of the agreements of Tilsit between the Czar and Napoleon, affairs in the Baltic became such as to demand the presence of a large British fleet, — first to support Sweden, then at war with Russia, and later to protect the immense British trade, which, under neutral flags and by contraband methods, maintained by way of the northern sea the intercourse of Great Britain with the Continent. Of this trade Sweden was an important intermediary, and her practical neutrality was essential to its continuance. This was insured by the firm yet moderate attitude of Sir James Saumarez, even when she had been forced by France to declare war against England.

In the course of the conflict between Russia and Sweden, however, an occasion arose which seems to show how far Saumarez fell short of that inspiration which distinguishes great captains from accomplished and gallant generals. The Russian fleet, after an engagement with the Swedes, had been forced into a harbor in the Gulf of Finland. Soon afterwards, on the 30th of August, 1808, Saumarez arrived with part of his fleet. He had six ships of the line, and the Swedes ten, the Russians having but eight. The remainder of the 30th and all the 31st were spent in consultation. On the 1st of September, the admiral reconnoitred the enemy, satisfied himself that the attack was feasible, and issued orders for it to be made the next morning. That night, the wind, till then favorable, shifted, and for eight days blew a gale. When this ended, the Russians had so strengthened their position as to be impregnable.

It is very probable that to this disappointment of public expectation, which

had in England been vividly aroused, is to be attributed the withholding of a peerage, eagerly desired by Saumarez in his latter days, — not for itself merely, but as a recognition which he not unnaturally thought earned by his long and distinguished services. Yet when we compare his deliberate consultations with Nelson's eagle swoop at the Nile, under like difficulties, or with the great admiral's avowed purpose of attacking the Russian fleet, in 1801, at Revel, in the Baltic, — a purpose which would assuredly have received fulfillment, — it is impossible not to suspect in Saumarez the want of that indefinable, incommunicable something we call genius, which, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth: we hear the sounds, we see the signs, but we cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.

"True," said Nelson, speaking of Revel, "there are said to be some guns on shore; but it is to be supposed that the man who undertakes that service will not mind guns." Nelson himself was not more indifferent, personally, to guns than was Sir James Saumarez; yet what a contrast in the conduct of the two, when face to face with the great opportunity! For cool, steady courage, for high professional skill, for patient sustained endurance, Saumarez was unsurpassed; nor is there on record in the annals of the British navy a more dazzling instance of unflinching resolve than was shown by him at and after Algeciras, when a double portion of the master's spirit for the moment fell upon him.

Seeing these things, one is tempted to say that the power of genius consists in that profound intuitive conviction which lifts a man to the plane of action by the sheer force of believing — nay, of knowing — that the thing to others impossible can and will be done. "If we succeed," cried Nelson's flag captain, as night approached amid the unknown waters of Aboukir Bay, "what will the world

say!" "There is no *if* about it," replied the hero; "we shall certainly succeed. Who will live to tell the story is another question." To such inspiration, when it comes, nothing is impossible; for the correspondence between the facts and the intuition, however established, carries within itself the promise of fulfillment. Here, perhaps, we touch the borders of the supernatural.

Saumarez held the Baltic command through five eventful years, — from 1808 to 1812. After Napoleon's disastrous Russian expedition, affairs in that sea no longer required a force adequate to his rank, and he then finally retired from service afloat, still in the full maturity of a healthy prime, at the age of fifty-five. The remainder of his life, with brief exception, was passed in his native

island of Guernsey, amid those charms of family affection and general esteem which he had deserved by his fidelity to all the duties of the man and the citizen. Though so far removed from the active centres of life, he kept touch with it by the variety of his interests in all useful and benevolent undertakings, to which an ample fortune allowed him freely to contribute. "The hopes entertained of his assistance and sympathy," observes his biographer, "were never disappointed." Among naval biographies, there is none that presents a more pleasing picture of genial and dignified enjoyment of well-earned repose. In 1831, upon the accession of William IV., the long-coveted peerage was at last bestowed. Lord de Saumarez died on the 9th of October, 1836, in his eightieth year.

A. T. Mahan.

INDIVIDUALITY IN BIRDS.

EARLY in the bright, still September morning, as I lie hidden among the bushes which fringe the shores of my lonely lake in the birch wood, watching the mists moving over the surface of the water and rising to obscure the trees on the farther shore, I hear a sudden creaking of wings in the air, and see shadows passing swiftly across the water. Then there is a splash, the lake breaks into ripples, frogs give startled croaks, and the gray squirrels in the oaks cease frolicking, and hide themselves in the armpits of great limbs, waiting for fresh signs of danger. A fleet has been launched upon the lake, and, in proud array, it stands away across the mist-hung ripples. Six trim little craft in close order plough the deep. Why is it that I have to lie very still, as I watch this energetic squadron at its sunrise manœuvres? Why can I not stand upon the sand and wave my friendly welcome to the beautiful wood

ducks which have come to my lake? I should love to call them to me, feed them, caress their exquisite plumage, and marvel at the play of color in their lustrous feathers; but were I to move a hand so that their keen eyes saw it, or to snap a stick so that their keener ears heard it, their wings would pound the water into foam, and in one brief moment all their grace and beauty would have vanished from my sight.

When the first snow falls upon the frozen November pastures, burying the dry grass and brown ferns, and leaving only the ghost-flowers of goldenrod, aster, and fireweed, fox-tracks are many upon the telltale carpet of winter. They begin upon the flanks of Chocorua, or away to the west among the boulders on Great Hill and Marston Hill, where the battle of the wolves was fought long ago, and come southward or eastward through birch wood and pasture, larch grove and

swamp, to the lakeside and meadow. Many a mile every hungry son of Reynard travels over that first snow, searching for mice or a plump blue jay to pounce upon. If, as I lean upon a great gray boulder in the middle of the wide upland pasture, I see a slender, sharp-eared fox trotting towards me, can I whistle to him as to a dog, and tempt him to me by holding up to him the mouse I have just taken from my trap? With the speed of a thought he will dash from me towards yonder beech wood; at its edge he will pause for one last look of hatred and terror, and then silence and the snow will seem to deny his ever having been within their dominion. Why does he shun me, when I have never harmed him, and would not have harmed him had he come to me?

If I steal ever so softly to the mossy bank of the meadow brook, and peep through the ferns into the deep pool overhung by the thick turf, the wary trout which lies poised in the cool current, with filmy fins pulsating, will see me, and, seeing, strain every muscle of his marvelous form to hurl himself from me into some hidden grotto far down the stream. If a butterfly, opening and shutting its yellow wings on the milkweed flower, sees my shadow creeping towards it, the golden wings will move with vehement power, and, high above me in the August sunlight, the distrustful insect will linger, bidding me by its restless unhappiness depart from its milkweed.

By night, as by day, the life of the forest, the field, and the water shuns me. The bat, which flits back and forth with crazy flight above the lake, avoids me; the hare, leaping lazily through the grass where the moonlight sparkles in the dew, bounds from me, panic-stricken; the owl, with silent wing, floats from me down the forest aisles, and hoots no more. What have I done that creation should spurn me as a leper, and that all which is most beautiful in animal life should hasten from me as from death?

The answer is plain: my crime is that I am a man.

There are hundreds of intelligent men and women in New England who do not know a bluebird from a blue jay, a chickadee from a junco, a catbird from a cow bunting. They know them all as birds, and love them as such, after a vague fashion, but of the racial or specific characteristics of these charming creatures they know nothing. What, then, will they say to the avowal that not only do species of birds differ from one another, as Irishmen differ from Swedes, and Spaniards from Chinese, but that individual birds of the same species have, in proportion to the sum total of their characteristics, as much variation as individual men? Of course, there is not nearly the same chance for individuality in birds as in men, for their methods of life and their mental qualities are simple, while those of men are complex.

To the wood ducks, the fox, the trout, and the butterfly I am merely a man, one of that horrible race of gigantic destroyers which occupies the land and the water, and, with merciless hand, traps, maims, or kills with indiscriminate cruelty. For centuries, all that dwells within the woods or beside the waters has held firmly to life in direct proportion to its distrust of man and its ability to elude him. No wonder that, to the bird, a man is merely a man. The preponderance of evil in man's treatment of the lower animals makes it impossible for wood duck, fox, or trout to delay flight to determine whether the individual man who appears by the lake or in the pasture is impelled by kindness or by a desire to commit murder.

Those who know birds only as birds, without separating them into races, species, or individuals, have no such excuse to offer for their failure to distinguish and appreciate. They are not hunted to death by the fair creatures which people the wild world around them. They

have ample time and more than ample provocation to learn something of these shy, sweet neighbors. No lifetime is long enough to learn all about even one bird; but there are few men who do not sometimes pass beyond the limits of brick walls and cobblestone pavements, and whenever they do pass such limits the birds are with them. In our own Boston, gulls, crows, and several kinds of ducks are constantly present along the water's edge, between late autumn and spring. The Common and weed-grown vacant lots are not owned by house sparrows alone, conspicuous as those immigrants are. A Sunday afternoon in May spent in the groves and fields of the suburbs gives acquaintance with more species than there are hours in the day, and close watch for an hour of any one bird may yield a fact which no naturalist has ever recorded.

I have a friend who lives alone, summer and winter, in a tiny hut amid the woods. The doctors told him that he must die, so he escaped from them to nature, made his peace with her, and regained his health. To the wild creatures of the pasture, the oak woods, and the swamps he is no longer a man, but a faun; he is one of their own kind, shy, alert, silent. They, having learned to trust him, have come a little nearer to men. I once went to his hut when he was absent, and stretched myself in the sunlight by his tiny doorstep. Presently two chickadees came to a box of birdseed swinging from the pine limb overhead, and fed there, cracking the seeds one by one with their bills. Then, from the swamp, a pair of catbirds appeared, and fed upon crumbs scattered over the ground just at my feet; a chipmunk ran back and forth past them, coming almost within reach of my hand; soon after a song sparrow drove away the catbirds, and then sang a little *sotto-voce* song to me before helping itself to the crumbs. When my friend returned, he told me the story of this song sparrow;

how he had saved its life, and been rewarded by three years of gratitude, confidence, and affection on the part of the brave little bird. He seemed fearful lest I should think him over-imaginative in his recital, so he gave me details about the sparrow and its ways which would have convinced a jury of the bird's identity and strong individuality. The secret of my friend's friendship with these birds was that, by living together, each had, by degrees, learned to know the other. A man had become *the* man, and in time he had developed into protector, provider, and companion. They, from being chickadees, catbirds, and song sparrow, had separated themselves from their several species, and, by little habits and peculiarities of color, had made themselves plainly recognizable as individuals, having characteristics not common to all their species.

It is easier to feel sure that these individual peculiarities of a bird are real if the bird is a captive, or if, as a wild bird, it is marked in some unmistakable way. My chief experience with birds of whose identity I could feel no doubt while watching them, hearing their voices, or seeing their pictures has been with a number of owls which I have retained as captives for various terms of months or years. To a stranger, these birds would be quite indistinguishable both from one another and from wild birds of the same species. He would notice only the points of resemblance, the marks by which he determined their species. I should notice only their points of difference; and I should find among such points color, size, posture, gesture, expression, and manner. Not only would these points make it impossible for me to mistake one owl for another, but they would give me some passing impression as to the bird's temper at the moment; for a placid, sleepy, well-fed owl is a very different bird from the same owl irritable, wide awake, and starving, after a three days' fast.

We distinguish members of our fam-

ily or of our circle of acquaintances one from another by the differences in their figures, features, and dress; the motions they make, the sounds they utter; their conduct, opinions, tempers, appetites, virtues, and failings. I distinguish my three barred owls from one another by slight differences in size, in coloration, attitude, motions, notes, temper, appetite, and degrees of intelligence. They are not always in the same plumage; their appetites vary; they make different sounds under different conditions; and the one which is most docile in midwinter may, when moulting, be most irritable and prone to bite. One of them almost always whines when I approach his cage; the other two never whine unless unusually hungry. One comes to me when I call him, provided he thinks he is to be fed; the other two have never learned their names. One is a coward, and always seeks safety in swift escape when any danger threatens, while his original nest companion is as brave as a lion. I once placed the latter in a small room with two hounds. The dogs advanced towards the owl with faces expressive of great curiosity. The owl spread his broad wings, ruffled the feathers upon his back, snapped his beak, and then, as the dogs came nearer, darted at them, drove them under a sofa, and held them at bay until they were thankful to be allowed to slink out by a back door. Nothing would induce either dog to return to the room that day.

These three barred owls were reared in the same nest, two in 1888, the third in 1891. They were all taken from the nest before they could fly, and they have been subjected to the same conditions while in captivity. So far as I know, they are of the same sex. In spite of these facts, they are no more alike than three dogs raised in the same kennels, three horses pastured in the same field, or three urchins starved and whipped in the same tenement house. They are not equally hungry, sleepy, or skillful in striking liv-

ing game; they are not equally fond of sunlight or darkness; they select different perches, and look at life and their master in three very different ways. In fact, they are individuals, not three dittos to the name "barred owl."

One summer I caught and caged three young sap-sucking woodpeckers, as they were preparing to fly from their ancestral castle tower in the Chocorua forest. It might fairly be presumed that three birds just out of the nest, and that nest a dark hole far up in a poplar trunk, would be as nearly alike as three dimes from the same mint. The opposite was true. Number One was a hardy bird, which flew the moment the axe was struck into the poplar's bole. Number Three was a weakling, that stayed in the hole until pulled out by hand. So it was later, as they grew older and larger. One was a bully, with a loud voice and too much animal spirits for the size of his cage. Another was quiet, meditative, and fond of a sunny corner of his box. In the autumn, when I let the birds out to frolic in a barn chamber, this quiet bird was always the last to quit his perch in favor of half-freedom. Number Three continued to be the smallest, weakest, and least hungry of the three birds; but she was quicker than Number Two, and seemed to get more out of life than he did. From the hour when I took these little birds away from their nest, I never failed to recognize each of them as having individual characteristics not possessed by the others.

The wild sap-sucking woodpeckers in the New Hampshire forests derive the chief of their diet from the sap of the common deciduous trees. Attacking the trees in April, often before the snow has wholly disappeared from the shady hollows and north slopes, they riddle the bark with dozens of small holes, from which the sap flows freely. Red squirrels, downy woodpeckers, and humming birds like this flowing sap quite as well as do the sap-suckers, and they frequent

the "orchards" more or less persistently. No stronger proof of individual differences in bird character has come to my notice than that afforded by the opposite kinds of treatment accorded the pilfering humming birds by various families of sap-suckers. At some orchards, it is only necessary for a humming bird to be heard approaching the trees for the woodpeckers to be on the watch, ready to drive the intruder away. Fierce attacks are made upon the little birds, and they are never permitted to drink at the sap holes if woodpeckers are on guard. At other orchards the opposite is the rule, and a favorite humming bird is allowed to drink when and where he pleases, provided he does not actually buzz in the face of his host, and attempt to sip from the cup in use. This difference in the treatment of the humming birds is not a matter of daily whim, but is the rule throughout successive seasons. I say this after having, by close watch of certain orchards, convinced myself that not only the same woodpeckers, but the same humming birds, return to particular groups of trees year after year.

Once, on an August day, as I sat working at the north door of my big barn, near the foot of Chocorua, a small bird came hopping and fluttering towards me. As it drew near I saw that it was a young redstart, somewhat raggedly clad. The little creature was catching tiny flies and other insects, and seemed completely absorbed in its occupation to the exclusion of fear or even ordinary caution. Presently it entered the barn, and hopped back and forth between the horse's heels, as he stood and stamped in his stall. Then it crossed the floor to me, and perched for a moment on my foot. I caught it, and it sat upon my hand fearlessly, going because a passing fly drew it from me. Finally it continued its course through the south door into the wide sunshine beyond, and so away forever. Truly, that tiny redstart was unlike all others of its species which I have seen, or ever expect to

see. Daft it may have been, but it did me more good than fifty sane warblers.

Less clear evidence of individuality in birds comes in the way of every observer many times during each year. Spring after spring birds return to favorite nesting places, and autumn after autumn migrants appear on favorite hunting grounds: sometimes we feel sure that the robins which return to the apple-tree, the bluebirds to the box on the post, the orioles to the trailing elm branch, are the same birds which built in those spots in preceding summers; but, as a rule, positive evidence to this effect is lacking, and our moral certainty is not capable of justification to others. Generally, the fact which makes us most sure in our own minds that the birds in question are old friends is some hint of individuality on their part. They arrive on a fixed date in the spring, build their nest in a particular spot or in a particular way; and the exactness of the coincidence induces us to believe in individuality, rather than in the nature of all birds of a species to do precisely the same thing under similar circumstances.

Where there is a wide variety in the nesting ways of a species, the ability to fix upon certain birds and feel confident of their identity is increased. For example, I have known the song sparrow to build upon the ground in the middle of a dry field, or close to a tussock of grass at a brookside; a few inches from the ground, in a pile of brush in a meadow; in a dark pocket in the hollow trunk of a willow; two feet from the ground, in a spruce; and finally, eight feet above the ground, in a cup-shaped hollow in a birch stump. It is evident that a species which varies the location of its home as widely as this must contain individuals which have their power of selection highly developed. The kingfisher's instinct takes him to a gravel bank, in the face of which he digs a hole. He is satisfied with one set of conditions, and those conditions are sim-

ple in kind. The song sparrow, which builds in a hollow willow, or in a depression in a high stump, has not been satisfied with simple conditions, but has exercised her power of selection to a remarkable degree in finally choosing very unusual surroundings for her home.

Much as birds of a species resemble one another, every collecting ornithologist knows how rare it is to find two individuals whose coloration and measurements correspond exactly. In series containing hundreds of specimens of the same species, it is almost impossible to find two skins which agree so closely as to be indistinguishable. Moreover, in such extended series, it is common to find specimens which vary in a radical way from the average. Not only does albinism occur, but other unusual features appear in color and form in a way to suggest reversion to some earlier stage in the development of the species. For example, I have seen several specimens of the cedar bird which had white markings of a kind to suggest at once a common ancestor to both cedar bird and Bohemian waxwing. Differentiation increased the white plumage in the Bohemians, and allowed it to disappear in the cedar birds.

So sharp are the distinguishing lines of color between desert races of birds and mammals and races living amid verdure that it is natural to surmise that habits and conduct may also be considerably modified by arid surroundings. Taken as a great group, birds which live upon the sea are certainly very different from typical forest birds. Sea birds' voices, when they use them, are harsh and shrill, and they can scarcely be said to have a suggestion of song in their vocal performances. Nearly all land birds have music in their natures. If they cannot sing, they at least try to play. The grouse, the woodpeckers, the snipe, the woodcock, the bittern, are all instrumentalists. Land birds which sing, like the thrushes, the purple finch, fox spar-

row, ruby-crowned kinglet, orchard oriole, water thrush, and other brilliant performers, are well known to vary in the individual success of their efforts. Now and then I hear a song sparrow or a hermit thrush which sings so much better than its fellows that I return to it day after day, to listen to it as to a Nilsson or a Scalchi.

If I, with dull human ears, can detect the differences in birds' songs, how much more quickly can the birds themselves distinguish one another's voices! Watch a nestful of fledgelings whose eyes are incapable of distinct sight, and one of the first facts to be noted will be the sudden excitement of the young when the parent bird, in returning, comes within a few rods of the nest. The clamor of the young can be instantly silenced by a note of alarm from the parent, while no other sound in the neighborhood will check their glad uproar. Among full-grown birds, similar notes of warning are wonderfully effective. Crows chortling together in the woods will be quieted and called to wing by a single hoarse "caw" from their sentinel. A flock of blue jays, feeding in the oaks, will scatter like leaves in the wind at hearing a cry of alarm from one of their number. I never see or hear a crow "caucus" without feeling sure that certain individuals have more weight in the assembly than others, and that their cawing means something to their fellows. Of course, these indications of the appreciation of individuality by some birds in dealing with their mates are vague and unsatisfactory as compared with the more direct evidence afforded by personally watching captive birds until their characters are thoroughly learned.

Two great horned owls which I owned for a few months were so radically different in temper that every one who came near them recognized the fact. One was quiet, dignified, and comparatively tractable; the other was belliger-

ent, cross, and untamable. To my eyes, the expressions of their faces were as different as they would have been in two persons of opposite temperaments. That this difference in bird faces is real, and not based upon the circumstances of the moment, accidents of position and color, or my own state of mind, seems to me to be established by the fact that, in a series of photographs of my barred owls, taken at different periods, the identity of each owl in a picture is as evident to me, and to others who know the birds intimately, as though they were men and women instead of birds.

With me, belief in the individuality of birds is a powerful influence against their destruction. Like most men familiar with out-of-door life, I have the hunting instinct strongly developed. If a game bird is merely one of an abundant species, killing it is only reducing the supply of that species by one; if, on the contrary, it is possessed of novel powers, or a unique combination of powers, and can be distinguished from all its fel-

lows, killing it is destroying something which cannot be replaced. No one with a conscience would extinguish a species, yet I already feel towards certain races that their individuals are as different from one another as I formerly supposed one species of bird to be from another. At one time I should have shot a barred owl without a twinge of conscience; now I should as soon shoot my neighbor's Skye terrier as kill one of these singularly attractive birds.

Sentiment aside, bird individuality, if real, is of deep scientific interest. If we knew more of the influence of individuals, we might have a clearer perception of the forces governing evolution. Serious science is now so fully given up to laboratory as distinguished from field study that but little thought is given to problems of this kind. This fact makes it all the more possible for amateurs to work happily in the woods and fields, encouraged by the belief that they have innumerable discoveries still to make, countless secrets of nature still to fathom.

Frank Bolles.

TEAM-BELLS AT DUSK.

FAINT, faint, vibrating through the tender gloom
 With pulse of sound still firmer at each beat,
 I hear, beyond the quiet village street,
 A bell-team steadily returning home.
 Above, the sky is but a half-lit dome,
 And all the fields lie darkened at my feet,
 Stayed suddenly to hear this music come,
 Nearer, still nearer; sweeter, and more sweet.

It has gone by,—a shadow and a sound:
 The hollow murmur of the empty wain,
 The carter's voice and horses' footfalls drowned
 By that wild peal, whose melody again
 Slowly, 'mid deeper gloom, with softened swell,
 Sinks till it seems itself the echo of a bell.

Alfred Wood.

THE OLD HALL AND THE PORTRAITS.

As we opened the porch door, on coming back from a walk, we heard the sound of music. The children were dancing in the hall, — the squire's grandchildren, — led by their young aunt, not many years older than the eldest of them, while their mother played the piano. The hall still kept the main features of the old manor place which Leland had visited. Along the minstrel's gallery were hung breastplate, steel cap, sword, and other pieces of armor, — not, indeed, of Henry VIII.'s time, but of that of the Commonwealth. The dais was now level with the rest of the floor, and the bay window had become a porch; but the squint through which the lord could look into the hall, after he had withdrawn to the solar or parlor, might still be seen, though closed by the paneling on the other side, supposed to be the work of Building Bess; and the lines of a huge Tudor arch showed where the old fireplace had been. The walls were hung with portraits within a range of nearly three hundred years, as the squire had informed me. There was a solemn brightness in his look as he watched the dancers, and then glanced round the walls; and he remarked, half to himself, "This makes an old man feel young; or indeed, not so much young as undying, while the past and the future are centred in the present, in one common life."

Foster. How many generations are there now here?

Squire. Living, there are, as you see, three, including myself; in portraits of our family, seven more. That small portrait on panel, of William, Earl of Pembroke, Shakespeare's W. H., is perhaps rather earlier.

Foster. How does it come here?

Squire. There was some link of friendship between the Herbert family

and that man in Puritan bands and cloak, who was again connected with us.

Foster. I see the Puritan, and also a Cavalier with lace and velvet and flowing locks, while each has by his side a lady, the two being sisters, apparently.

Squire. He was no Cavalier, in spite of his dress, which indeed, as you know, was not peculiar to the Cavaliers even in Charles I.'s days. He is John Strachey, the friend to whom Locke writes from Holland with expressions of affection, and the prospect of talking over many things in "the parlour at Sutton." He died young, but the letters between the friends, which are still extant, show him to have been as enlightened as Locke himself. And I like to fancy that the armor still hanging there may have been worn by his father, who was serving with Locke's father in the regiment of Popham, their near neighbor in those parts. Strachey's grandfather framed, or helped to frame, the laws of the then newly settled colony of Virginia; wrote verses prefixed to Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*; and his account of the shipwreck of Sir George Summers, with whom he was at Bermuda, suggested some of the incidents of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, taken either from his narrative, or, as the learned Mr. Furness thinks probable, from his own lips. The ladies are the great-granddaughters of Thomas Hodges, whose monument in the parish church of Wedmore, famous for King Alfred's treaty with the Danes, tells how he, "at the seige of Antwerpe, about 1583, with unconquered courage, wonne two ensigns from the enemy, where, receiving his last wound, he gave three legacies: his soule to his Lord Jesus; his body to be lodged in Flemish earth; his heart to be sent to his dear wife in England."

"Here lies his wounded heart, for whome
One kingdom was too small a roome;

Two kingdoms, therefore, have thought good
to part
So stout a body and so brave a heart."

The old ladies with prayer-books are the mother and the grandmother of the young ladies and of their husbands. And there, too, is one whose name we know, but nothing more, except that she died unmarried, while her portrait shows a true lover's knot, and a ring hung round her neck. If the story was one of disappointment and sadness, let us hope that there were peace and contentment in the end.

Foster. Did you keep up your connection with Virginia?

Squire. Yes. Two migrations are recorded in the family pedigree. And though the male line has ended, I still correspond with a worthy representative through the female line. This gentleman opened a communication with me after the war of 1861-65, in the troubles of which he had lost his family pedigree, and asked me to help him to supply its place; and in token of his claim he sent me photographs of the pictures of several of our common ancestors, of which the counterparts are now hanging before you.

Foster. I remember the name of Henry Strachey in Mahon's History of England and Bancroft's History of the United States, and in a publication of the New York Historical Society, called *The Treason of General Lee*. Who was this Henry Strachey?

Squire. There is his portrait, — a good one, by Northcote. When Lord Howe and Admiral Howe were sent out to put down the American patriots, Henry Strachey was sent with them as secretary to the commission. General Lee, a soldier of fortune, was the next in command under Washington, having so great a reputation that there had been some thought of giving the first command to him instead of to Washington. He was surprised and taken by Colonel Harcourt, and during his imprisonment proposed a scheme to the

English commissioners for bringing back the country into complete submission to England, which Mr. Moore justly calls by the name of "treason." Although many important papers relating to American independence have been carried off from this house, we have still a large number of interesting documents connected with the period, as also with the negotiations for peace in 1782, the calendars of which fill several pages of the appendix to the sixth report of the Historical MSS. Commission of 1877. It was the same Strachey who negotiated the Peace of Versailles, which recognized the independence of the United States. I have all the papers, from the secret instructions of Lord Shelburne to the bills for post horses between Calais and Paris.

Foster. Why did Lord Shelburne send another envoy, when Oswald was already representing the British government in the negotiations?

Squire. He had been instructed by Fox; and after Fox had retired from the ministry, on the death of Lord Rockingham, Shelburne, now become prime minister, sent Strachey to strengthen the hands of Oswald, whom he thought hardly a match for Franklin, Gay, and Adams, and who, in his anxiety for peace, "went before" the American commissioners, as Lord Shelburne expressed it. We have a story that Oswald had his papers ransacked while he was at the opera, and that Strachey, to avoid such a risk, always carried his in his pocket. In the archives at Washington there is a once secret diary of John Adams during these negotiations, in which he says, "Strachey is as artful and insinuating a man as they could possibly send; he pushes and presses every point as far it can possibly go; he has a most eager, earnest, pointed spirit." But the rivalry or hostility between Fox and Shelburne may have had something to do with the double negotiations. Fox was ready to give Shelburne the character portrayed in the caricature of the Rolliad: —

"A noble Duke affirms, I like his plan :
 I never did, my lords, I never can ;
 Shame on the slanderous breath which dares
 instill
 That I, who now condemn, advised the ill.
 Plain words, thank Heaven, are always understood.
 'I could approve,' I said, but not 'I would.'
 Anxious to make the noble Duke content,
 My view was just to seem to give consent,
 While all the world might see that nothing
 less was meant."

We have a tradition that when Lord Shelburne was forming his ministry, Fox met Strachey one Sunday afternoon at Hay Hill, and asked him what he expected for himself, he being then secretary of the treasury. On his replying, "Lord Shelburne says I am to keep my office," Fox rejoined, "Then, by God, you're out." But Fox was wrong, for Shelburne made Strachey an under-secretary of state, and sent him, as I have said, to carry forward the Versailles negotiations.

Foster. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, in his *Life of Lord Shelburne*, has clearly shown, and history now recognizes, that Shelburne's uncertain political action was not dishonesty, but a Hamlet-like habit of looking too much at all sides of every question. It would be harder to justify Fox's coalition with Lord North. But was not this Strachey also the Indian secretary of Clive, whose fine portrait by Dance you have here, and that seems to me to be the original, of which I think there is more than one replica? I remember that Clive, in his defense before the House of Commons, said that, of the many services which George Grenville had done him, none was greater than that of recommending Henry Strachey to him.

Squire. Yes. And Dance's portrait corresponds with what we otherwise know of Clive. He was coarse, unscrupulous, intolerant of opposition, and, I think we must say, somewhat rapacious, though he himself "wondered at his own moderation" when he looked back on the treasures of Moorshedabad, of which he did

not appropriate the whole. But he was also of far-seeing as well as military genius; and he did not hesitate to set public above private interests, as when he declared war against the Dutch in India, at a moment in which they held the bills which represented his whole fortune; and he was capable of warm and faithful friendship. He was a sort of Bismarck.

Foster. What a number of false accounts of his death there have been, from the contemporary letters of Horace Walpole and the sayings of Dr. Johnson down to Notes and Queries, only a year or two ago, which I think you have more than once written to set right!

Squire. I took down my account from the mouth of the late Sir Henry Strachey, who had it from his mother, who was in the house at the time. Clive suffered, till he would endure it no longer, from a painful disease, of which he says, in a letter which I have: "How miserable is my condition! I have a disease which makes life intolerable, but which my doctors tell me will not shorten it one hour."

Foster. You spoke of Clive's political genius; you attribute to him the foundation of our Indian empire, the expansion of which has been equaled by its stability, — a stability which could, at the end of a hundred years, stand such a test as the mutiny of 1857.

Squire. After Clive had defeated Suraj-oo-Dowlah, and set up Meer Jaffier in his place, he left the East India Company's factory at Calcutta to carry on their trade, as before, under a native, though now not only friendly but subservient prince. But the sudden acquisition of such enormous wealth by Clive and his colleagues in that war had excited a mad lust for a like acquisition of wealth by the company's servants left by Clive in the management of the Bengal factory. The East India Company in Leadenhall Street allowed each of its servants in Bengal to carry on some private trading for himself, and now, in de-

fiance of the opposition of the governor, Vansittart, who was, if I remember rightly, supported by no one but young Warren Hastings, they converted this private trade into a system of mere extortion and robbery of the Nawab and his subjects. Meer Jaffier was superseded by Cossin Ali, whom they hoped to make a more subservient tool; but he, too, after efforts at conciliation which it is quite pathetic to read of, was obliged to make a stand for the rights of his people. War began, and the directors at home, alarmed at the danger of a return to a state of things like that from which Clive's victory at Plassey had saved them, sent him out again, in 1765, to restore order. He reinstated Meer Jaffier in the Nawabship; but he saw that the relations of the company to the native rulers of Bengal had become so changed that they could no longer be merely those of merchants trading in a foreign country, but must of necessity give those merchants a share in the political government of that country. Under the Mogul sovereigns, the diwan, or collector of the revenues, shared some branches of the civil government of the province with the Nawab, and Clive, by obtaining from the Mogul Emperor the office of diwan for the company, made that beginning of political responsibilities, as well as rights, which was to lay the foundations of our future empire in India.

Foster. What were the next stages of the structure raised on this foundation?

Squire. The Mogul empire was in ruins. It is always best to keep old forms as far as possible, and to make the new life seem at least to grow out of them, though it can no longer be infused into them. It is our English way, and Clive took it when he obtained the diwanee from the sovereign who had still the nominal right to grant it. But the government by the Nawab, of which it was the complement, had become little more than a sham; and, under War-

ren Hastings, this, too, was absorbed into the English rule in Bengal, because Hastings found that in no other way was any tolerable administration of justice possible. But there was no resting here. As the once strong empire of the Moguls fell to pieces, the general anarchy gave opportunity for the rise of that terrible race of conquerors and plunderers, the Mahrattas. Hastings saw that the British territory must be overrun, and perhaps swallowed up in its turn, by these locusts, if no adequate defense were provided, and he resorted to the alliance with the Nawab of Oude, which led to the Rohilla war, which he held to be justified in honor and justice no less than by expediency. His object was to interpose a strong native state between the Mahrattas and the British province. If the Rohilla chiefs had been faithful to their treaty with Oude, Hastings would have supported their alliance; but when the Rohillas opened their country to the Mahrattas for the invasion of Oude, which must have been followed by that of Bengal, he held himself called on by expediency, while not forbidden by good faith and honor, to give the Nawab of Oude effectual support in the conquest of the Rohillas, who in fact had no right but that of recent conquest.

Foster. After the complete vindication of Hastings by Sir James Stephen and Sir John Strachey from the charges brought against him, they can hardly be renewed by any future historian; but it is very difficult to understand how those charges could have been made by Burke, more or less sanctioned by Pitt, and adopted as veracious history by Mill and Macaulay.

Squire. It is difficult. They had before them all the evidence that we have now, if they chose to examine it; and not one of them, whether as statesman or historian, had any right to make and maintain such charges without such examination. It seems to me no justification, nor even excuse, for Burke to say

that he was carried away by his hatred of injustice and oppression, and sympathy with the oppressed, and that he thus became the victim of the malignity of Francis, and of his own imagination and rhetoric. Such excuses may serve an ill-informed private person, but not a great statesman and leader of men. The same may be said of Pitt, if he believed the charges, as he said; while still more unworthy of him are the suggestions that he was willing to let the opposition waste their energies on such a subject, and that he was jealous of the favor which Hastings received from the king and the chancellor. James Mill I knew, and his treatment of Hastings, though fatal to the character of an accurate and impartial historian, is less hard to explain. His disposition was, like that of Francis, malignant. Coulson asked Peacock of him, "Will he like what I like, and hate what I hate?" and Peacock replied, "No, he will hate what you hate, and hate what you like." His temper was eminently destructive. He did some good service in the pulling down and destroying of much that was utterly corrupt and bad in our political and social condition, but when good and evil were intermixed, he saw only the evil; and he habitually imagined it even where it did not exist. Above all, he hated all men in authority. When he wrote his history of India, he was prepared to see the government of India by the company and its servants in the worst possible light. No historian is really and completely impartial; he necessarily collects his materials in the light of some preconceived theory or plan. Those extracts from the evidence as to the government of Hastings, which are now shown to be garbled by separation from their suppressed context, no doubt seemed to him the salient parts, because they supported his foregone conclusions; and he was probably unconscious of dishonesty when he afterwards marshaled and embodied them in his history. While we condemn his want of

impartiality and the want of wisdom in his reflections, we must not overlook the skill with which he compressed the substance of a volume into a few pages, or the brilliancy with which he described a battle. Then as to Lord Macaulay, the actual working of the judicial code which he compiled and constructed for India has proved him to be a great jurist; but now that the glamour of his rhetoric has faded into the light of common day, and we see him as he is, we know that he was the most brilliant of rhetoricians, that his great acquaintance with books was always made subservient to his imagination and his rhetoric, and that his gorgeous essays on Clive and Hastings in particular are merely imaginative reproductions from the pages of Mill, and with no authority beyond his. It is a pity that such wealth of historical imagination as Lord Macaulay possessed was not more wisely husbanded and expended by him for the benefit of others; for without the help of the historical imagination no real study of history is possible.

Foster. I dare say you remember the dignified but friendly expostulation of Sir William Jones in reply to Burke's insolent threat that, if he heard of his siding with Hastings, he would do everything in his power to get him recalled? The letter is characteristic of the writer, — kind-hearted, genial, learned, overflowing with intellectual activity, and a love of display of all these merits which is pleasing from its simplicity.

Squire. Chaucer's description of the Sergeant of the Law still suits the great lawyer even to his love of display, — *étalage*, as the French call it: —

"No where so busy a man there n'as,
And yet he seemed busier than he was."

Foster. And how gracefully he turns his expostulation into a compliment, declaring that if he was ever unjustly attacked (as in fact Burke had threatened to attack him), he was sure that his friend would pour, in his defense, the

mighty flood of his eloquence, like Ἀσσυρίου ποταμοῖο μέγας ῥόος! The letter is in the third volume of Burke's correspondence, edited by Lord Fitzwilliam; but where does the Greek come from? I have looked in vain for it.

Squire. From Callimachus's Hymn to Apollo. The passage runs thus:—

Ἀσσυρίου ποταμοῖο μέγας ῥόος, ἀλλὰ τὰ πολλὰ
 λάματα γῆς καὶ πολλὸν ἐφ' ὕδατι συρφετὸν ἔλκει.

While we talked, the children left off dancing, and stayed playing in the hall, while the two ladies joined us as listeners. The younger now said to her father, "What does that mean? You know, father, that you did not send me to Girton or Somerville Hall."

The squire replied gravely,—

"Madam, the sentence of this Latin is,
 Woman is mannes joy and mannes bliss."

"But," rejoined the young lady, "Mr. Foster has just said that the words are Greek; and though Greek of Girton "is to me unknown," you have taught me to understand Chanticleere's Latin translation."

Squire. Well, the sentence of the Greek, in such English as I can muster, is:

"Great is the flow of the Assyrian river;
 But on its waters it brings down much filth,
 The offscouring of the land."

There is at least this resemblance between the quotations of Chanticleere and Sir William Jones, that each of these polite gentlemen conveys a reproof in the guise of a compliment; and I can tell you a story which shows that the latter, no less than the former, enjoyed the humor of his covert allusion. My uncle told me that, when he was a young Bengal civilian, he went with some of his fellows to dine with Sir William Jones. After dinner, the judge told them of his having received from Burke a most unbecoming message of threats of what he would do if he heard that he (Sir William Jones) dared to side with Hastings. "But," he went on, "I answered him by sending him these lines from Callimachus." Here he repeated some Greek lines, and con-

tinued: "Perhaps you may not remember them" ("Of course," interposed my uncle, "we had never heard of them"), "but their purport is this: 'The Euphrates is a noble river, but it rolls down all the dead dogs of Babylon to the sea.'"

Foster. Rather a free translation, but very terse and epigrammatic.

Squire. Yes; and while the latent irony in the four Greek words of compliment in the letter is revealed in their context, it is an irony so fine that if Burke recalled the context he could hardly have resented it. And then we have the good judge quietly enjoying his own wit and learning, while he told his young guests the real meaning of his quotation. I ought to tell you that this dinner-table incident must have been eight or nine years after the date of the letter.

Foster. Though Sir William Jones lived before Bopp and Max Müller and the age of scientific philology, his Oriental learning, resting on his classical and modern European scholarship, must have had a great influence on those young men who went out from school, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, or even earlier, to spend their lives in India, in the civil or military service of the company.

Squire. I think and read of the men of that generation with ever new wonder and admiration alike for their moral and their intellectual virtues. As I remarked just now, the conduct of the company's servants in India after Clive left, in 1760, was infamous. Under Clive's second administration, followed by that of Hastings, there was considerable improvement, while under the governorship of Cornwallis and Sir John Shore both the services rose to that high condition and character which they have ever since maintained, and which I believe have never been equaled in the history of the world for incorruptibility, high-mindedness, and commanding genius in all the arts of peace and war;

and all this with a corresponding love of letters and literary culture.

Foster. The personal character and influence of Lord Cornwallis and Sir John Shore must have had a good deal to do with this general devotion of character.

Squire. No doubt. I remember the younger Charles Buller saying to me that his father, a Bengal civilian of that time, was not a man of specially high sentiment, but that in any doubtful question he would have been sure to ask himself, "What would Lord Cornwallis have thought of it?" And what a meaning and force there must have been in the words of Sir John Shore to my own father when he first came to India, — "Don't call them 'black fellows.'" Mountstuart Elphinstone arrived in India just as Cornwallis was leaving it; but in him we have the very flower and fruit of this period in the highest perfection. When the young civilian rode all through the bloody battle of Assaye by the side of General Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington that was to be, and at the storming of Gawalgarh, the latter said that Elphinstone had mistaken his vocation, which should have been that of a soldier. But he soon showed himself equally fitted for the work of a diplomatist, in the midst of the intricacies of the policy of Lord Wellesley in its contention with that of the Mahrattas. In the negotiations which ended by his cutting a way with his little force through the army of the Peishwa at Poonah, he showed himself alike a diplomatist and a soldier. In the reorganization of the central provinces and as governor of Bombay, — and he might have been governor-general, had his health allowed, — he proved himself to be no less able as an administrator and a ruler of men. And you must not forget his literary culture and love of books, Greek and Latin, English and Italian, which supplied him with examples of action as well as language in which to

describe it; while his Persian studies awakened sentiments deeper than those of the classical poets, and at the same time gave him, as it had given Hastings, the great practical advantage of being able to conduct the business of the hour with the native statesmen in their own diplomatic language. The life of Elphinstone, as told by Colebrooke, and again by Cotton, has all the charm of a romance, and yet it is the record of an actual life of hard work. I knew him well; as my father's lifelong friend he was the hero of my boyish imagination, and after his return from India till his death I shared in that affectionate friendship by which he endeared himself to all who knew him. At Assaye, Gawalgarh, and Poonah he showed himself to be "worthy," in Chaucer's sense of the word; and in every other respect he realized Chaucer's ideal of "a very perfect gentle knight." He was "in his port as meek as is a maid," — meek in his unaffected humility; and indeed you may take Chaucer's description, word by word, and you will find the counterpart in Elphinstone as he actually was.

Foster. You remind me of Elphinstone's own eulogy on Sir Barry Close, and of the lament of Sir Bors over the body of Sir Launcelot. But what is your judgment of the Indian policy of Lord Wellesley?

Squire (pointing to a full-length portrait of a soldier). If that man could come down and speak, he could answer your question better than I can.

Foster. The portrait looks like a Romney, but who is the man?

Squire. He is Colonel William Kirkpatrick, another of those men of action and of culture of whom we were just now talking. He was first military, and then political secretary to Lord Wellesley; and it is said (I do not remember where) that when Lord Wellesley (then Lord Mornington), on his way out, found him on sick leave at the Cape, his plans

of policy were materially modified, or even changed, by what he learned from Kirkpatrick. Lord Wellesley may have been as ambitious and unscrupulous as Mill depicts him; but when I contrast the condition of the two hundred and fifty millions of men, women, and children under British rule or influence at the present day with the terrible devastation and misery under which all India lay while the power of the Mahrattas and the Pindarees remained unbroken, I am very little inclined to condemn a policy which did so much to carry forward the beneficial work which was not possible without the destruction of those powers of evil.

Foster. Who is that man in the naval uniform of the last century, over Clive's portrait?

Squire. Admiral Watson, who took Clive's force from Madras to the Hoogly, and supported his military operations in Bengal. His name always reminds me of an instance of the difference of an incident as related by the dignified Muse of History and as told by Jack to Harry as it actually happened. In Orme and other historians you will find that Admiral Watson assisted the operations for the attack on Calcutta by landing a party of sailors from the ships; but it has come to me in tradition that "Old Benn" (a member of the Calcutta factory, and afterwards Sir John Walsh, by virtue of the sign manual) told young Harry, "We sent to Watson to let us have some of his sailors, and he answered, 'I will send the men, but don't make jackasses of them.' Now, the very thing we wanted them for was to make jackasses of them;" that is, to drag up the guns.

Foster. Is that bit of paper with some minute writing on it, which I see in a glass case, one of your Indian relics?

Squire. You can hardly read it without a magnifying-glass, but it is a letter from my father's half-brother, Robert Latham, to his mother, from the prison

of Hyder Ali at Bangalore. Latham was a Madras civilian who volunteered for service in the war with Hyder. He was in Colonel Baillie's detachment, and was among the survivors of that desperate contest of so many hours, against overwhelming numbers, which Mill has so graphically described. They endured a rigorous imprisonment in irons for three years and a half. This letter could reach its destination only by being, as you see, so written that it could be conveyed secretly out of the prison, inclosed in a quill.

Foster. I remember that the correspondence between the governor-general and Elphinstone, in those last days of his residency with the Peishwa at Poonah, had to be carried on by quills. But does Latham tell much of his imprisonment?

Squire. We have his story after he was again free; but there is something pathetic in the fact that this letter from the poor fellow tells nothing of his imprisonment except that he had then been eighteen months in chains, but of the grief with which he thinks of his want of love and duty to his mother in his past life. She was a stern woman, although very kind to her grandchildren, of whom I was one. But, stern as she was, we may hope that she did not receive this letter with the hardness recorded of the mother of another of those prisoners of Hyder, of whom it is told that when she heard that her son was chained to a fellow-prisoner, she only observed, "The man who's chained to our Davie will have a gay hard time of it."

Foster. Hurrell Froude said that a country house was of use because it was a place where you could keep things which you did not like to destroy, though they were not worth preserving; but I should rather say, where you can keep things worth keeping, but which would, without its help, be destroyed.

Squire. I often think so. This old house is of no importance in itself, — it

is no Longleat or Hatfield, — yet it touches the main course of English history, from the time of Edward the Confessor to the present day, at many minute points. The little brook which you see there from the terrace has no name, and it runs into a river not known out of the county; but that stream runs into the Avon, and the Avon into the Severn, which pours the waters of its smallest tributaries into the Atlantic with its own. And so long as the old walls remain there will be two or three persons in each generation in whom they will awaken and keep alive a sense of the reality of English history which cannot be got by books alone.

Foster. Then do such thoughts make you say, when you look at these por-

traits, as the monk said to Wilkie when looking on Titian's Last Supper in the Escorial, "These seem to me the real men, and we the shadows"?

The children were still playing in the hall. The squire looked at them and at his daughters, and answered: "I can hardly agree with the old monk, while I have these witnesses to the reality and the worth of our actual life. Yet his words were not without meaning."

Then the elder lady went back to the piano, and played and sang *The Fine Old English Gentleman*, while her sister joined in the refrain. Their eyes met those of their father; and he smiled approvingly, but I fancied with more thought of the singers than of the song, though he liked that, too.

Edward Strachey.

THE JAPANESE SMILE.

I.

THOSE whose ideas of the world and its wonders have been formed chiefly by novels and romance still indulge a vague belief that the East is more serious than the West. Those who judge things from a higher standpoint argue, on the contrary, that, under present conditions, the West must be more serious than the East; and also that gravity, or even something resembling its converse, may exist only as a fashion. But the fact is that in this, as in all other questions, no rule susceptible of application to either half of humanity can be accurately framed. Scientifically, we can do no more just now than study certain contrasts in a general way, without hoping to explain satisfactorily the highly complex causes which produced them. One such contrast, of particular interest, is that afforded by the English and the Japanese.

It is a commonplace to say that the

English are a serious people, — not superficially serious, but serious all the way down to the bed rock of the race character. It is almost equally safe to say that the Japanese are not very serious, either above or below the surface, even as compared with races much less serious than our own. And in the same proportion, at least, that they are less serious, they are more happy: they still, perhaps, remain the happiest people in the civilized world. We serious folk of the West cannot call ourselves very happy. Indeed, we do not yet fully know how serious we are; and it would probably frighten us to learn how much more serious we are likely to become under the ever-swelling pressure of industrial life. It is, possibly, by long sojourn among a people less gravely disposed that we can best learn our own temperament. This conviction came to me very strongly when, after having lived for nearly three years in the interior of Japan, I returned to

English life for a few days at the open port of Kobé. To hear English once more spoken by Englishmen touched me more than I could have believed possible; but this feeling lasted only for a moment. My object was to make some necessary purchases. Accompanying me was a Japanese friend, to whom all that foreign life was utterly new and wonderful, and who asked me this curious question: "Why is it that the *gwaiko-kujin* never smile? You smile and bow when you speak to them; but they never smile. Why?"

The fact was, I had fallen altogether into Japanese habits and ways, and had got out of touch with Western life; and my companion's question first made me aware that I had been acting somewhat curiously. It also seemed to me a fair illustration of the difficulty of mutual comprehension between the two races, — each quite naturally, though quite erroneously, estimating the manners and motives of the other by its own. If the Japanese are puzzled by English gravity, the English are, to say the least, equally puzzled by Japanese levity. The Japanese speak of the "angry faces" of the foreigners. The foreigners speak with strong contempt of the Japanese smile: they suspect it to signify insincerity; indeed, some declare it cannot possibly signify anything else. Only a few of the more observant have recognized it as an enigma worth studying. One of my Yokohama friends — a thoroughly lovable man, who had passed more than half his life in the open ports of the East — said to me, just before my departure for the interior: "Since you are going to study Japanese life, perhaps you will be able to find out something for me. I *can't* understand the Japanese smile. Let me tell you one experience out of many. One day, as I was driving down from the Bluff, I saw an empty *kuruma* coming up on the wrong side of the curve. I could not have pulled up in time if I had

tried; but I did n't try, because I did n't think there was any particular danger. I only yelled to the man in Japanese to get to the other side of the road; instead of which he simply backed his *kuruma* against a wall on the lower side of the curve, with the shafts outwards. At the rate I was going, there was n't room even to swerve; and the next minute one of the shafts of that *kuruma* was in my horse's shoulder. The man was n't hurt at all. When I saw the way my horse was bleeding, I quite lost my temper, and struck the man over the head with the butt of my whip. He looked right into my face and smiled, and then bowed. I can see that smile now. I felt as if I had been knocked down. The smile utterly nonplused me, — killed all my anger instantly. Mind you, it was a polite smile. But what did it mean? Why the devil did the man smile? I can't understand it."

Neither, at that time, could I; but the meaning of much more mysterious smiles has since been revealed to me. A Japanese can smile in the teeth of death, and usually does. But he then smiles for the same reason that he smiles at other times. There is neither defiance nor hypocrisy in the smile; nor is it to be confounded with that smile of sickly resignation which we are apt to associate with weakness of character. It is an elaborate and long-cultivated etiquette. It is also a silent language. But any effort to interpret it according to Western notions of physiognomical expression would be just about as successful as an attempt to interpret Chinese ideographs by their real or fancied resemblance to shapes of familiar things.

First impressions, being largely instinctive, are scientifically recognized as partly trustworthy; and the very first impression produced by the Japanese smile is not far from the truth. The stranger cannot fail to notice the generally happy and smiling character

of the native faces; and this first impression is, in most cases, wonderfully pleasant. The Japanese smile at first charms. It is only at a later day, when one has observed the same smile under extraordinary circumstances, — in moments of pain, shame, disappointment, — that one becomes suspicious of it. Its apparent inopportuneness may even, on certain occasions, cause violent anger. Indeed, many of the difficulties between foreign residents and their native servants have been due to the smile. Any man who believes in the British tradition that a good servant must be solemn is not likely to endure with patience the smile of his "boy." At present, however, this particular phase of Western eccentricity is becoming more fully recognized by the Japanese; they are beginning to learn that the average English-speaking foreigner hates smiling, and is apt to consider it insulting; wherefore Japanese employees at the open ports have generally ceased to smile, and have assumed an air of sullenness.

At this moment there comes to me the recollection of a queer story told by a lady of Yokohama about one of her Japanese servants. "My Japanese nurse came to me the other day, smiling as if something very pleasant had happened, and said that her husband was dead, and that she wanted permission to attend his funeral. I told her she could go. It seems they burned the man's body. Well, in the evening she returned, and showed me a vase containing some ashes of bones (I saw a

tooth among them); and she said, 'That is my husband.' And she actually *laughed* as she said it! Did you ever hear of such disgusting creatures?"

It would have been quite impossible to convince the narrator of this incident that the demeanor of her servant, instead of being heartless, might have been heroic, and capable of a very touching interpretation. Even one not a Philistine might be deceived in such a case by appearances. But quite a number of the foreign residents of the open ports are pure Philistines, and never try to look below the surface of the life around them, except as hostile critics. My Yokohama friend who told me the story about the *kurumaya* was quite differently disposed: he recognized the error of judging by appearances.

II.

Miscomprehension of the Japanese smile has more than once led to extremely unpleasant results, as happened in the case of T——, a Yokohama merchant of former days. T—— had employed in some capacity (I think partly as a teacher of Japanese) a nice old *samurai*, who wore, according to the fashion of the era, a queue and two swords. The English and the Japanese do not understand each other very well now; but at the period in question they understood each other much less. The Japanese servants at first acted in foreign employ precisely as they would have acted in the service of distinguished Japanese;¹ and this innocent

the force of the religious sentiment concerning it may be divined from the Buddhist saying, still current: —

"Oyako wa issei,
Fufu wa nissei,
Shujū wa sansei."

The relation of parent and child endures for the space of one life only; that of husband and wife for the space of two lives; but the relation between master and servant continues for the period of three existences.

¹ The reader will find it well worth his while to consult the chapter entitled Domestic Service, in Miss Bacon's Japanese Girls and Women, for an interesting and just presentation of the practical side of the subject, as relating to servants of both sexes. The poetical side, however, is not treated of, — perhaps because intimately connected with religious beliefs which one writing from the Christian standpoint could not be expected to consider sympathetically. Domestic service in ancient Japan was both transfigured and regulated by religion; and

mistake provoked a good deal of abuse and cruelty. Finally the discovery was made that to treat Japanese like West Indian negroes might be very dangerous. A certain number of foreigners were killed, with good moral consequences.

But I am digressing. T—— was rather pleased with his old samurai, though quite unable to understand his Oriental politeness, his prostrations, or the meaning of the small gifts which he presented occasionally, with an exquisite courtesy entirely wasted upon T——. One day he came to ask a favor. (I think it was the eve of the Japanese New Year, when everybody needs money, for reasons not here to be dwelt upon.) The favor was that T—— would lend him a little money upon one of his swords, the long one. It was a very beautiful weapon, and the merchant saw that it was also very valuable, and lent the money without hesitation. Some weeks later the old man was able to redeem his sword.

What caused the beginning of the subsequent unpleasantness nobody now remembers. Perhaps T——'s nerves got out of order. At all events, one day he became very angry with the old man, who submitted to the expression of his wrath with bows and smiles. This made him still more angry, and he used some extremely bad language; but the old man still bowed and smiled; wherefore he was ordered to leave the house. But the old man continued to smile, at which T——, losing all self-control, struck him. And then T—— suddenly became afraid, for the long sword instantly leaped from its sheath, and swirled above him; and the old man ceased to seem old. Now, in the grasp of any one who knows how to use it, the razor-edged blade of a Japanese sword wielded with both hands can take a head off with extreme facility. But, to T——'s astonishment, the old samurai, almost in the same moment, returned the blade to its sheath with

the skill of a practiced swordsman, turned upon his heel, and withdrew.

Then T—— wondered, and sat down to think. He began to remember some nice things about the old man, — the many kindnesses unasked and unpaid, the curious little gifts, the impeccable honesty. T—— began to feel ashamed. He tried to console himself with the thought, "Well, it was his own fault; he had no right to laugh at me when he knew I was angry." Indeed, T—— even resolved to make amends when an opportunity should offer.

But no opportunity ever came, because on the same evening the old man performed *hara-kiri*, after the manner of a samurai. He left a very beautifully written letter explaining his reasons. For a samurai to receive an unjust blow without avenging it was a shame not to be borne. He had received such a blow. Under any other circumstances he might have avenged it. But the circumstances were, in this instance, of a very peculiar kind. His code of honor forbade him to use his sword upon the man to whom he had pledged it once for money, in an hour of need. And being thus unable to use his sword, there remained for him only the alternative of an honorable suicide.

In order to render this story less disagreeable, the reader may suppose that T—— was really very sorry, and behaved generously to the family of the old man. What he must not suppose is that T—— was ever able to imagine why the old man had smiled the smile which led to the outrage and the tragedy.

III.

To comprehend the Japanese smile, one must be able to enter a little into the ancient, natural, and popular life of Japan. From the modernized upper classes nothing is to be learned. The deeper signification of race differences is being daily more and more illustrated in the effects of the higher education.

Instead of creating any community of feeling, it appears only to widen the distance between the Occidental and the Oriental. Some foreign observers have declared that it does this by enormously developing certain latent peculiarities, — among others an inherent materialism little perceptible among the common people. This explanation is one I cannot quite agree with; but it is at least undeniable that, the more highly he is cultivated, according to Western methods, the further is the Japanese psychologically removed from us. Under the new education, his character seems to crystallize into something of singular hardness, and to Western observation, at least, of singular opacity. Emotionally, the Japanese peasant appears incomparably closer to us than the Japanese mathematician, the coolie than the statesman. Between the most elevated class of thoroughly modernized Japanese and the Western thinker anything akin to intellectual sympathy is non-existent: it is replaced on the native side by a cold and impeccable formality. Those influences which in other lands appear most potent to develop the higher emotions seem here to have the extraordinary effect of suppressing them. We are accustomed abroad to associate emotional sensibility with intellectual expansion: it would be a grievous error to apply this rule in Japan. Even the foreign teacher in an ordinary school can feel, year by year, his pupils drifting further away from him, as they pass from class to class; in various higher educational institutions, the separation widens yet more rapidly, so that, prior to graduation, students may become to their professor little more than casual acquaintances. The enigma is certainly, to some extent, a physiological one, requiring scientific explanation. It can be fully discussed only when its natural causes are understood; and these, we may be sure, are not simple. By some observers it is asserted that because the higher educa-

tion in Japan has not yet had the effect of stimulating the higher emotions to the Occidental pitch, its developing power cannot have been exerted uniformly and wisely, but in special directions only, at the cost of character. Yet this theory involves the unwarrantable assumption that character can be created by education; and it ignores the fact that the best results are obtained by affording opportunity for the exercise of preëxisting inclination rather than by any system of teaching.

The causes of the phenomenon must be sought in the race character; and whatever the higher education may accomplish in the remote future, it can scarcely be expected to transform nature. But does it at present atrophy certain finer tendencies? I think that it unavoidably does, for the simple reason that, under existing conditions, the moral and mental powers are overtaken by its requirements. All that wonderful national spirit of duty, of patience, of self-sacrifice, anciently directed to social, moral, or religious idealism, must, under the discipline of the higher training, be concentrated upon an end which not only demands, but exhausts, its fullest exercise. For that end, to be accomplished at all, must be accomplished in the face of difficulties that the Western student rarely encounters, and could scarcely be made even to understand. All those moral qualities which made the old Japanese character admirable are certainly the same which make the modern Japanese student the most indefatigable, the most docile, the most ambitious, in the world. But they are also qualities which urge him to efforts in excess of his natural powers, with the frequent result of mental and moral enervation. The nation has entered upon a period of intellectual overstrain. Consciously or unconsciously, in obedience to sudden necessity, Japan has undertaken nothing less than the tremendous task of forcing mental expansion up to the highest existing stan-

dard; and this means forcing the development of the nervous system. For the desired intellectual change, to be accomplished within a few generations, must involve a physiological change never to be effected without terrible cost. In other words, Japan has attempted too much; yet under the circumstances she could not have attempted less. Happily, even among the poorest of her poor the educational policy of the government is seconded with an astonishing zeal; the entire nation has plunged into study with a fervor of which it is utterly impossible to convey any adequate conception in this little essay. Yet I may cite a touching example. Immediately after the frightful earthquake of 1891, the children of the ruined cities of Gifu and Aichi, crouching among the ashes of their homes, cold and hungry and shelterless, surrounded by horror and misery unspeakable, still continued their small studies, using tiles of their own burnt dwellings in lieu of slates, and bits of lime for chalk, even while the earth still trembled beneath them.¹ What future miracles may justly be expected from the amazing power of purpose such a fact reveals!

But it is true that as yet the results of the higher training have not been altogether happy. Among the Japanese of the old *régime* one encounters a courtesy, an unselfishness, a grace of pure goodness, impossible to overpraise. Among the modernized of the new generation these have almost disappeared. One meets a class of young men who ridicule the old times and the old ways without having been able to elevate themselves above the vulgarity of imitation and the commonplace of shallow skepticism. What has become of the noble and charming qualities they must have inherited from their fathers? Is it not possible that the best of those

qualities have been transmuted into mere effort, — an effort so excessive as to have exhausted character, leaving it without weight or balance?

It is to the still fluid, mobile, natural existence of the common people that one must look for the meaning of apparent differences in the race feeling and emotional expression of the West and the Far East. With those gentle, kindly, sweet-hearted folk, who smile at life, love, and death alike, it is possible to enjoy absolute community of feeling in simple, natural things; and by familiarity and sympathy we can learn why they smile.

The Japanese child is born with this happy tendency, which is fostered through all the period of home education. But it is cultivated with the same exquisiteness that is shown in the cultivation of the natural tendencies of a garden plant. The smile is taught like the bow; like the prostration; like that little sibilant sucking-in of the breath which follows, as a token of pleasure, the salutation to a superior; like all the elaborate and beautiful etiquette of the old courtesy. Laughter is not encouraged, for obvious reasons. But the smile is to be used upon all pleasant occasions, when speaking to a superior or to an equal, and even upon occasions which are not pleasant; it is a part of deportment. The most agreeable face is the smiling face; and to present always the most agreeable face possible to parents, relatives, teachers, friends, well-wishers, is a rule of life. And furthermore, it is a rule of life to turn constantly to the outer world a mien of happiness, to convey to others as far as possible a pleasant impression. Even though the heart is breaking, it is a social duty to smile bravely. On the other hand, to look serious or unhappy is rude, because this may cause anxiety or pain to those who love us; it is likewise foolish, since it may excite unkindly curiosity on the part of those who love us not. Cultivated from

¹ The shocks continued, though with lessening frequency and violence, for more than six months after the cataclysm.

childhood as a duty, the smile soon becomes instinctive. In the mind of the poorest peasant lives the conviction that to exhibit the expression of one's personal sorrow or pain or anger is rarely useful, and always unkind. Hence, although natural grief must have, in Japan as elsewhere, its natural issue, an uncontrollable burst of tears in the presence of superiors or guests is an impoliteness; and the first words of even the most unlettered countrywoman, after the nerves give way in such a circumstance, are invariably, "Pardon my selfishness in that I have been so rude!" The reasons for the smile, be it also observed, are not only moral; they are to some extent æsthetic; they partly represent the same idea which regulated the expression of suffering in Greek art. But they are much more moral than æsthetic, as we shall presently observe.

From this primary etiquette of the smile there has been developed a secondary etiquette, the observance of which has frequently impelled foreigners to form the most cruel misjudgments as to Japanese sensibility. It is the native custom that whenever a painful or shocking fact *must* be told, the announcement should be made, by the sufferer, with a smile.¹ The graver the subject, the more accentuated the smile; and when the matter is very unpleasant to the person speaking of it, the smile often changes to a low, soft laugh. However bitterly the mother who has lost her first-born may have wept at the funeral, it is probable that, if in your service, she will tell of her bereavement with a smile: like the Preacher, she holds that there is a time to weep and a time to laugh. It was long before I myself could understand how it was possible for those whom I believed to have loved a person recently dead to announce to me that death with a laugh. Yet the laugh was politeness carried to the ut-

¹ Of course the converse is the rule in condoling with the sufferer.

most point of self-abnegation. It signified, "This you might honorably think to be an unhappy event; pray do not suffer Your Superiority to feel concern about so inferior a matter, and pardon the necessity which causes us to outrage politeness by speaking about such an affair at all."

The key to the mystery of the most unaccountable smiles is Japanese politeness. The servant sentenced to dismissal for a fault prostrates himself, and asks for pardon with a smile. That smile indicates the very reverse of callousness or insolence: "Be assured that I am satisfied with the great justice of your honorable sentence, and that I am now aware of the gravity of my fault. Yet my sorrow and my necessity have caused me to indulge the unreasonable hope that I may be forgiven for my great rudeness in asking pardon." The youth or girl beyond the age of childish tears, when punished for some error, receives the punishment with a smile which means, "No evil feeling arises in my heart; much worse than this my fault has deserved." And the *kurumaya* cut by the whip of my Yokohama friend smiled for a similar reason, as my friend must have intuitively felt, since the smile at once disarmed him: "I was very wrong, and you are right to be angry: I deserve to be struck, and therefore feel no resentment."

But it should be understood that the poorest and humblest Japanese is rarely submissive under injustice. His apparent docility is due chiefly to his moral sense. The ruffianly English sailor who strikes a native for sport may have reason to find that he has made a serious mistake. The Japanese are not to be trifled with; and brutal attempts to trifle with them have cost several worthless lives.

Even after the foregoing explanations, the incident of the Japanese nurse may still seem incomprehensible; but this, I feel quite sure, is because the narrator either suppressed or over-

looked certain facts in the case. In the first half of the story, all is perfectly clear. When announcing her husband's death, the young servant smiled, in accordance with the native formality already referred to. What is quite incredible is that, of her own accord, she should have invited the attention of her mistress to the contents of the vase, or funeral urn. If she knew enough of Japanese politeness to smile in announcing her husband's death, she must certainly have known enough to prevent her from perpetrating such an error. She could have shown the vase and its contents only in obedience to some real or fancied command; and when so doing, it is more than possible she may have uttered the low, soft laugh which accompanies either the unavoidable performance of a painful duty, or the enforced utterance of a painful statement. My own opinion is that she was obliged to gratify a wanton curiosity. Her smile or laugh would then have signified, "Do not suffer your honorable feelings to be shocked upon my unworthy account; it is indeed very rude of me, even at your honorable request, to mention so contemptible a thing as my sorrow."

IV.

But the Japanese smile must not be imagined as a kind of *sourire figé*, worn perpetually as a soul-mask. Like other matters of deportment, it is regulated by an etiquette which varies in different classes of society. As a rule, the old samurai were not given to smiling upon all occasions; they reserved their amiability for superiors and intimates, and would seem to have maintained toward inferiors an austere reserve. The dignity of the Shintō priesthood has become proverbial; and for centuries the gravity of the Confucian code was mirrored in the decorum of magistrates and officials. From ancient times the nobility affected a still

loftier reserve; and the solemnity of rank deepened through all the hierarchies up to that awful state surrounding the Tenshi-Sama, upon whose face no living man might look. But in private life the demeanor of the highest had its amiable relaxation; and even to-day, with some hopelessly modernized exceptions, the noble, the judge, the high priest, the august minister, the military officer, will resume at home, in the intervals of duty, the charming habits of the antique courtesy.

The smile which illuminates conversation is in itself but a small detail of that courtesy; but the sentiment which it symbolizes certainly comprises the larger part. If you happen to have a cultivated Japanese friend who has remained in all things truly Japanese, whose character has remained untouched by the new egotism and by foreign influences, you will probably be able to study in him the particular social traits of the whole people, — traits in his case exquisitely accentuated and polished. You will observe that, as a rule, he never speaks of himself, and that, in reply to searching personal questions, he will answer as vaguely and briefly as possible, with a polite bow of thanks. But, on the other hand, he will ask many questions about yourself: your opinions, your ideas, even trifling details of your daily life, appear to have deep interest for him; and you will probably have occasion to note that he never forgets anything which he has learned concerning you. Yet there are certain rigid limits to his kindly curiosity, and perhaps even to his observation: he will never refer to any disagreeable or painful matter, and he will remain absolutely blind to eccentricities or small weaknesses, if you have any. To your face he will never praise you; but he will never laugh at you nor criticise you. Indeed, you will find that he never criticises persons, but only actions in their results. As a private adviser, he will not even di-

rectly criticise a plan of which he disapproves, but is apt to suggest a new one in some such guarded language as, "Perhaps it might be more to your immediate interest to do thus and so." When obliged to speak of others, he will refer to them in a curious indirect fashion, by citing and combining a number of incidents sufficiently characteristic to form a picture. But in that event the incidents narrated will almost certainly be of a nature to awaken interest, and to create a favorable impression. This indirect way of conveying information is essentially Confucian. "Even when you have no doubts," says the Li-Ki, "do not let what you say appear as your own view." And it is quite probable that you will notice many other traits in your friend requiring some knowledge of the Chinese classics to understand. But no such knowledge is necessary to convince you of his exquisite consideration for others, and his studied suppression of self. Among no other civilized people is the secret of happy living so thoroughly comprehended as among the Japanese; by no other race is the truth so widely understood that our pleasure in life must depend upon the happiness of those about us, and consequently upon the cultivation in ourselves of unselfishness and of patience. For which reason, in Japanese society, sarcasm, irony, cruel wit, are not indulged. I might almost say that they have no existence in refined life. A personal failing is not made the subject of ridicule or reproach; an eccentricity is not commented upon; an involuntary mistake excites no laughter.

Stiffened somewhat by the Chinese conservatism of the old conditions, it is true that this ethical system was maintained to the extreme of giving fixity to ideas, and at the cost of individuality. And yet, if regulated by a broader comprehension of social requirements, if expanded by scientific understanding of the freedom essential

to intellectual evolution, the very same moral policy is that through which the highest and happiest results may be obtained. But as actually practiced it was not favorable to originality; it rather tended to enforce that amiable mediocrity of opinion and imagination which still prevails. Wherefore a foreign dweller in the interior cannot but long sometimes for the sharp, erratic inequalities of Western life, with its larger joys and pains and its more comprehensive sympathies. But sometimes only, for the intellectual loss is really more than compensated by the social charm; and there can remain no doubt in the mind of one who fully understands the Japanese that they are still the best people in the world to live among.

V.

As I pen these lines, there returns to me the vision of a Kyōtō night. While passing through a wonderfully thronged and illuminated street, of which I cannot remember the name, I had turned aside to look at a statue of Jizō, before the entrance of a very small temple. The figure was that of a *kozō*, an acolyte, — a beautiful boy; and its smile was a bit of divine realism. As I stood gazing, a young lad, perhaps ten years old, ran up beside me, joined his little hands before the image, bowed his head, and prayed for a moment in silence. He had but just left some comrades, and the joy and glow of play were still upon his face; and his unconscious smile was so strangely like the smile of the child of stone that the boy seemed the twin brother of the god. And then I thought, "The smile of bronze or stone is not a copy only; but that which the Buddhist sculptor symbolizes thereby must be the explanation of the smile of the race."

That was long ago; but the idea which then suggested itself still seems to me true. However foreign to Japanese soil the origin of Buddhist art, yet

the smile of the people signifies the same conception as the smile of the Bosatsu, — the happiness that is born of self-control and self-suppression. "If a man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand, and another conquer himself, he who conquers himself is the greatest of conquerors." "Not even a god can change into defeat the victory of the man who has vanquished himself."¹ Such Buddhist texts as these — and they are many — assuredly express, though they cannot be assumed to have created, those moral tendencies which form the highest charm of the Japanese character. And the whole moral idealism of the race seems to me to have been imaged in that marvelous Buddha of Kamakura, whose countenance, "calm like a deep, still water,"² expresses, as perhaps no other work of human hands can have expressed, the eternal truth. "There is no higher happiness than rest."³ It is toward that infinite calm that the aspirations of the Orient have been turned; and the ideal of the Supreme Self-Conquest it has made its own. Even now, though agitated at its surface by those new influences which must sooner or later move it even to its uttermost depths, the Japanese mind retains, as compared with the thought of the West, a wonderful placidity. It dwells but little, if at all, upon those ultimate abstract questions about which we most concern ourselves. Neither does it comprehend our interest in them as we desire to be comprehended. "That you should not be indifferent to religious speculations," a Japanese scholar once observed to me, "is quite natural; but it is equally natural that we should never trouble ourselves about them. The philosophy of Buddhism has a profundity far exceeding that of your Western theology, and we have studied it. We have sounded the depths of speculation only to

find that there are depths unfathomable below those depths; we have voyaged to the furthest limit that thought may sail, only to find that the horizon forever recedes. And you, you have remained for many thousand years as children playing in a stream, but ignorant of the sea. Only now you have reached its shore by another path than ours, and the vastness is for you a new wonder; and you would sail to Nowhere because you have seen the infinite over the sands of life."

Will Japan be able to assimilate Western civilization, as she did Chinese more than ten centuries ago, and nevertheless preserve her own peculiar modes of thought and feeling? One striking fact is hopeful: that the Japanese admiration for Western material superiority is by no means extended to Western morals. Oriental thinkers do not commit the serious blunder of confounding mechanical with ethical progress, nor have they failed to perceive the moral weaknesses of our boasted civilization. One Japanese writer has expressed his judgment of things Occidental after a fashion that deserves to be noticed by a larger circle of readers than that for which it was originally written: —

"Order or disorder in a nation does not depend upon something that falls from the sky or rises from the earth. It is determined by the disposition of the people. The pivot on which the public disposition turns towards order or disorder is the point where public and private motives separate. If the people be influenced chiefly by public considerations, order is assured; if by private, disorder is inevitable. Public considerations are those that prompt the proper observance of duties; their prevalence signifies peace and prosperity in the case alike of families, communities, and nations. Private considerations are those suggested by selfish motives: when they prevail, disturb-

¹ Dhammapada.

² Dammikkasutta.

³ Dhammapada.

ance and disorder are unavoidable. As members of a family, our duty is to look after the welfare of that family; as units of a nation, our duty is to work for the good of the nation. To regard our family affairs with all the interest due to our family, and our national affairs with all the interest due to our nation, — this is to fitly discharge our duty, and to be guided by public considerations. On the other hand, to regard the affairs of the nation as if they were our own family affairs, — this is to be influenced by private motives and to stray from the path of duty. . . .

"Selfishness is born in every man; to indulge it freely is to become a beast. Therefore it is that sages preach the principles of duty and propriety, justice and morality, providing restraints for private aims and encouragements for public spirit. . . . What we know of Western civilization is that it struggled on through long centuries in a confused condition, and finally attained a state of some order; but that even this order, not being based upon such principles as those of the natural and immutable distinctions between sovereign and subject, parent and child, with all their corresponding rights and duties, is liable to constant change, according to the growth of human ambitions and human aims. Admirably suited to persons whose actions are controlled by selfish ambition, the adoption of this system in Japan is naturally sought by a certain class of politicians. From a superficial point of view, the Occidental form of society is very attractive, inasmuch as, being the outcome of a free development of human desires from ancient times, it represents the very extreme of luxury and extravagance. Briefly speaking, the state of things obtaining in the West is based upon the free play of human selfishness, and can only be reached by giving full sway to that quality. Social disturbances are little heeded in the Occident; yet they are at once the evidences and the

factors of the present evil state of affairs. . . . Do Japanese enamored of Western ways propose to have their nation's history written in similar terms? Do they seriously contemplate turning their country into a new field for experiments in Western civilization? . . .

"In the Orient, from ancient times, national government has been based on benevolence, and directed to securing the welfare and happiness of the people. No political creed has ever held that intellectual strength should be cultivated for the purpose of exploiting inferiority and ignorance. . . . The inhabitants of this empire live, for the most part, by manual labor. Let them be never so industrious, they hardly earn enough to supply their daily wants. They earn on the average about twenty *sen* daily. There is no question with them of aspiring to wear fine clothes or to inhabit handsome houses. Neither can they hope to reach positions of fame and honor. What offense have these poor people committed that they, too, should not share the benefits of Western civilization? . . . By some, indeed, their condition is explained on the hypothesis that their desires do not prompt them to better themselves. There is no truth in such a supposition. They have desires; but nature has limited their capacity to satisfy them; their duty as men limits it, and the amount of labor physically possible to a human being limits it. They achieve as much as their opportunities permit. The best and finest products of their labor they reserve for the wealthy; the worst and roughest they keep for their own use. Yet there is nothing in human society that does not owe its existence to labor. Now, to satisfy the desires of one luxurious man, the toil of a thousand is needed. Surely it is monstrous that those who owe to labor the pleasures suggested by their civilization should forget what they owe to the laborer, and treat him as if he were not a fellow-being. But civilization,

according to the interpretation of the Occident, serves only to satisfy men of large desires. It is of no benefit to the masses, but is simply a system under which ambitions compete to accomplish their aims. . . . That the Occidental system is gravely disturbing to the order and peace of a country is seen by men who have eyes, and heard by men who have ears. The future of Japan under such a system fills us with anxiety. A system based on the principle that ethics and religion are made to serve human ambition naturally accords with the wishes of selfish individuals; and such theories as those embodied in the modern formula of liberty and equality annihilate the established relations of society, and outrage decorum and propriety. . . . Absolute equality and absolute liberty being unattainable, the limits prescribed by right and duty are supposed to be set. But as each person seeks to have as much right and to be burdened with as little duty as possible, the results are endless disputes and legal contentions. The principles of liberty and equality may succeed in changing the organization of nations, in overthrowing the lawful distinctions of social rank, in reducing all men to one nominal level; but they can never accomplish the equal distribution of wealth and property. Consider America. . . . It is plain that if the mutual rights of men and their status are made to depend on degrees of wealth, the majority of the people, being without wealth, must fail to establish their rights; whereas the minority who are wealthy will assert their rights, and, under society's sanc-

tion, will exact oppressive duties from the poor, neglecting the dictates of humanity and benevolence. The adoption of these principles of liberty and equality in Japan would vitiate the good and peaceful customs of our country, render the general disposition of the people harsh and unfeeling, and prove finally a source of calamity to the masses. . . .

"Though at first sight Occidental civilization presents an attractive appearance, adapted as it is to the gratification of selfish desires, yet, since its basis is the hypothesis that men's wishes constitute natural laws, it must ultimately end in disappointment and demoralization. . . . Occidental nations have become what they are after passing through conflicts and vicissitudes of the most serious kind; and it is their fate to continue the struggle. Just now their motive elements are in partial equilibrium, and their social condition is more or less ordered. But if this slight equilibrium happens to be disturbed, they will be thrown once more into confusion and change, until, after a period of renewed struggle and suffering, temporary stability is once more attained. The poor and powerless of the present may become the wealthy and strong of the future, and *vice versa*. Perpetual disturbance is their doom. Peaceful equality can never be attained until built up among the ruins of annihilated Western states and the ashes of extinct Western peoples."¹

Surely, with perceptions like these, Japan may hope to avert some of the social perils which menace her. Yet it appears inevitable that her approaching transformation must be coincident

¹ These extracts from a translation in the Japan Daily Mail, November 19, 20, 1890, of Viscount Tōrio's famous conservative essay do not give a fair idea of the force and logic of the whole original. The essay is too long to quote entire; and any extracts from the Mail's admirable translation suffer by their isolation from the singular chains of ethical, religious, and philosophical reasoning which bind the various parts of the composition together. The

essay was furthermore remarkable as the production of a native scholar, totally uninfluenced by Western thought. He correctly predicted, even to minutiae, every social and political disturbance which has occurred in Japan since the opening of the new parliament. Viscount Tōrio is also well known as a master of Buddhist philosophy. He holds a high rank in the Japanese army.

with a moral decline. Forced into the vast industrial competition of nations whose civilizations were never based on altruism, she must eventually develop those qualities of which the comparative absence made all the wonderful charm of her life. The national character must continue to harden, as it has begun to harden already. But it should never be forgotten that old Japan was quite as much in advance of the nineteenth century morally as she was behind it materially. She had made morality instinctive, after having made it rational. She had realized, though within restricted limits, several among those social conditions which our ablest thinkers regard as the happiest and the highest. Throughout all the grades of her complex society she had cultivated both the comprehension and the practice of public and private duties after a manner for which it were vain to seek any Western parallel. Even her moral weakness was the result of that which all civilized religions have united in proclaiming virtue, the self-sacrifice of the individual for the sake of the family, of the community, and of the nation. It was the weakness indicated by Percival Lowell in his *Soul of the Far East*, a book of which the consummate genius cannot be justly estimated without some personal knowledge of the Far East. The

progress made by Japan in social morality, although greater than our own, was one-sided in the direction of mutual independence. And it will be her coming duty to keep in view the teaching of that mighty thinker whose philosophy she has wisely accepted, Herbert Spencer,—the teaching that “the highest individuation must be joined with the greatest mutual dependence,” and that, however seemingly paradoxical the statement, “the law of progress is at once toward complete separateness and complete union.”

Yet to that past which her younger generation now affect to despise Japan will certainly one day look back, even as we ourselves look back to the old Greek civilization. She will learn to regret the forgotten capacity for simple pleasures, the lost sense of the pure joy of life, the old loving divine intimacy with nature, the marvelous dead art which reflected it. She will remember how much more luminous and beautiful the world then seemed. She will mourn for many things,—the old-fashioned patience and self-sacrifice, the ancient courtesy, the deep human poetry of the ancient faith. She will wonder at many things; but she will regret. Perhaps she will wonder most of all at the faces of the ancient gods, because their smile was once the likeness of her own.

Lafcadio Hearn.

EUROPEAN PEASANTS AS IMMIGRANTS.

THE question as to the limit which, in the interests of our States, may be set to the free commingling of various races cannot safely be dealt with by men who are moved by philanthropy alone. The unguided humanitarian gratifies himself by free giving to the street beggar, and fancies that his dole is true alms. The well-informed lover of his kind, perhaps

with quite as much of the Christian spirit, gives nothing in ignorance, and helps only where he has made sure that his bounty will be so well bestowed that it will not lower the conditions of society. It is said of a distinguished English divine, a wise and beneficent man, that, when he came to die, he thanked God he had never given money to a street beg-

gar. It seems to me that, in the larger work of the state, we are bound by the same limitations which should affect our personal charities. The commonwealth has no more right to do deeds of charity or hospitality in an unreasoning way than has the individual man. Even more than an individual, it is the keeper of a trust; for while an individual may hope that his misdeeds of this nature may die with him, the evil done by society, or its product, the state, is inevitably propagated from generation to generation.

We have suffered grievously from the folly of our predecessors in recklessly admitting an essentially alien folk into this land. In their greed for gain, they peopled half the continent with Africans, thus giving us a heritage of evil and perplexity the burden of which we are just beginning to appreciate. It may in the end turn out that through this insensate act they have imperiled the future of their own race in the land best fitted for its nurture. If the negroes, in certain parts of the United States, increase more rapidly than do the whites, the people of our own blood will be expelled from such districts. Where the black population becomes dominant, only the semblance of a democracy can survive; the body of the people will, as in Hayti, shape their society and their government to fit their inherited qualities. The alternative of such a condition is that the whites may, by their intellectual superiority and their coöperation with the abler negroes, maintain their authority in a forcible way. But what a wretched shadow of our ideal state this authority will be! In place of an association of true freemen, all by divine right equal heritors in the duties and the privileges of the citizen, we shall have the most vicious and persistent form of despotism, a race oligarchy.

History makes it plain that a race oligarchy almost inevitably arises wherever a superior and an inferior variety of people are brought together. We have a living example of these conditions in sev-

eral of the Latin countries of the Americas. The peoples of these states, by a common and evident necessity, tend to the oligarchic system. They are made up of masters and servants. The forms of a democracy seem, indeed, to be well suited to such a despotism of race. Every part of the machinery may appear to operate substantially as it does in the best of our commonwealths, and yet the spirit and theory of our system have no more real place in such governments than in the Czar's dominions.

There are many things which go to show that the oligarchic form of society in our Southern States, brought about by the essential diversities of the white and black races, is already affecting the system of their government. The negro has little or no more place in the body politic than he has in the social system. One third of the population in that part of the country is excluded from the most educative duties of the citizen, those which should come to him through the trusts which his neighbors confide to his care. I am far from blaming the Southern whites for their action in summarily excluding the enfranchised race from political advancement. The ignorance of these Africans, their general lack of all the instincts of a freeman, have made this course, it seems to me, for the time at least, imperatively necessary. It is a very grave misfortune for us all that any part of our people have been thus separated from the ideals of a democratic government. On the other hand, it was a more desperate and immediate evil to have the Southern commonwealths converted into mere engines of plunder, as was the case during the so-called period of reconstruction, when the blacks controlled these States.

My reason for noting the facts above mentioned is that we may derive from them some sense of the vast body of evidence which goes to show that the presence of any considerable mass of alien people (alien, though they may have been

born upon the soil) is, to a democratic state, a danger of the most serious sort. It inevitably leads to changes in the essentials of such a government. Under these conditions, the ideal commonwealth is impossible, and the spirit of the people inevitably trends towards despotic forms of administration.

Accepting the view that a true democracy cannot be maintained in the presence of a large alien class, we perceive that the main question which underlies the problem of immigration concerns the extent to which the foreign people we receive are already fit, or may readily be prepared, for incorporation into the body of American citizens. It is unreasonable to suppose that the foreigner can in any way be made a true citizen until he is in some measure engrafted on the social system from which the government springs. He must acquire the necessary motives through a natural process of enfranchisement; the mere forms of the court are idle mummery unless this work has been done. The novice must be made free to the current thought of the realm, which does not pass as easily as its coin.

To determine the difficulty of this naturalizing process necessary to give the stranger a sympathy with our institutions, we must consider the origin and nurture of the masses of people who come to us from the Old World. This is a very large task, for these immigrants are derived from many different countries, and represent the products of a great diversity of social conditions which have bred in them a singular variety of motives. To make even a general estimate of final value, it would be necessary for the observer to spend many years in assiduous travel, with the subject matter of this inquiry foremost in his mind. I am not aware that any investigator has deliberately undertaken this task. I therefore venture to set forth the results of some of my own studies, which appear to me to have a certain, though, I must confess, only a limited value.

As the considerations which I am about to present are important only in the measure of my opportunities of inquiry, it is fit that I should state what these chances have been. Within the last twenty-seven years, I have spent between four and five years in Europe, and have devoted a large part of that time to journeys afoot in Great Britain and on the Continent, through the regions which furnish the greater part of the immigrants who are now coming, and are likely in the future to come, to this country. As my wanderings have usually been made alone, they have naturally afforded a much more intimate acquaintance with the people of the land than is ordinarily obtained by travelers. All human beings interest me much, and especially those native to the soil; and I have always found it easy to secure at least a superficial relation with my neighbors in other lands.

The most striking impression which is gained by such opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of European folk concerns the nature of the peasant class. To an American who knows his own people by long and familiar contact, the European son of the soil, in his natural habitat, seems at once to be a very singular creature. The truly naturalized American, even of the lower grade, thinks and acts in a manner which is essentially common to all his kind, however far apart they may be in station or employment. We feel at once there are no essential or permanent differences of motive in the ranks of our society. We note peculiarities due to schooling or to occupation, and something of variety due to local conditions and to the inheritances which come therewith; but the fundamental motives of our men and women, be they rich or poor, from town or country, from North or South, are the same. They never have a sense of inferiority; never a grudge against those who, by one chance or another, occupy a place above them. Every American, born to the manner of his kind, feels the

world to be open to him. He looks and wins his way upward; the dominant passion of his soul is to secure a better estate, if not for himself, at least for his children. Everywhere we find a great deal of talent among Americans in the lowest condition of life. All these well-endowed individuals have no sense of social restraint; they feel that they are free to go the way which their capacities may open to them. The whole of the social system in which they dwell is recognized as their own as soon as they can lay just claim to it. They are given to criticising this system, but they do so in a manner which shows that they do not regard it as something in its nature foreign.

The characteristic European peasant differs from the American laboring man in the motives which are of first importance in the composition of the citizen of a democracy. The peasant knows himself to be by birthright a member of an inferior class, from which there is practically no chance of escaping. He is in essentially the same state as the Southern negro. There is a wall between him and the higher realms of life. The imprisonment is so complete that he rarely thinks about the chances of escaping. Centuries of experience have bred in him the understanding that he is by nature a peasant, and that, save in rare instances, he can acquire no other station in the land of his birth. His only chance of considerable betterment is through the army or the Church; and even by these gates he can rarely pass beyond the limits of his class. It is characteristic of peasants that they have accepted this inferior lot. For generations they have regarded themselves as separated from their fellow-citizens of higher estate. They have no large sense of citizenly motives; they feel no sense of responsibility for any part of the public life save that which lies within their own narrow round of action. Within these limits they are controlled by habits and traditions of an excellent sort; they have indeed contrived for themselves

a separate lower estate, divided from the rest of the people with whom they dwell as completely as though parted by centuries or by wide seas.

The isolation of the folk of the peasant class makes it impossible for them to develop any political quality whatsoever. They do not learn to associate their actions; they do not feel the province of individual effort in the control of common interests. They appear never to have that keen sense of what is going on beyond their vision which is the foundation of citizenly duty. The only relation with the ruling orders of society which they hold is either that of a blind respect or an equally blind antagonism. In general, the peasant not only exhibits no longing for preferment; he exhibits a perfect acquiescence in the lot which has been assigned him. To his mind, the head of the state is hardly further away than the lowest member of the superior class. Centuries of such breeding have, of course, checked the development of all those motives and aspirations which are the foundations of our democracy, and which are the life-breath of a true commonwealth. There are, however, other influences at work which tend still further to limit the grade of peasant life. Certain of these we shall have to note in some detail.

It is the most noteworthy, if not the most noticeable peculiarity of the laboring classes in Europe that they exhibit relatively little difference between man and man. Rarely, indeed, do we find any one born in the peasant caste who shows much individuality of mind. At first, the uniformity in the character of these people was a puzzle to me; to any one who had become accustomed to the ongoing spirit of a democratic state, the fact that such folk in no wise chafe against their narrow bounds must be a matter for surprise. The only distinct desire which seems to exist among these people is for more opportunities for gain. Political preferment, a better social station, en-

larged fields of action, are not, as with us, the mainsprings of endeavor. The gainful motive, like many others which animate the peasant class, is singularly limited. Money is desired for its own sake. The peasant who attains fortune rarely alters his scheme of living. If the money be inherited, the family may continue to live the ancestral life, frowning on any effort of the children to turn from the laborious paths of their forefathers. A man of this kind becomes a true miser, in a way which is practically unknown, we may indeed say impossible, in a democracy. Such an instance of this vice as is pictured in Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet* may naturally develop in the peasant class.

It must be confessed that in the immediate view the plan of life of the peasant is more pleasing than that so often followed by the new-made rich of the democratic society. With us, the accession of wealth is nearly always valued for the chance it affords the possessor to lift his mode of living to what seems to him a better social level, which is most often a position he is not in a natural manner fitted to occupy. Yet the essential difference between a democratic and an aristocratic society is indicated by the conduct of the men who have come by money while they were members of the laboring class. The peasant has no social or political longings to satisfy, for the simple reason that his inheritances and the traditions of his class supply him with none. The ordinary man of our democratic community, in his imagination, sees himself among the powers of the land. If he gains the means, he makes haste to assail the social leadership, and perhaps aims for a place in the federal Senate.

While the oftentimes absurd pretensions of the people who have suddenly gained wealth may amuse or distress us, we have to recognize their behavior as evidence of the sympathetic bond which is the strength of our state. To be strong,

a democratic society such as ours needs to have its members aspiring for the fullest measure of life, eager for all the advantages of contact and influence which can be achieved. Only in this way can the preferment of the best men be secured. Where, as among peasant folk, there is no upward striving, the mass of the people is hardly more profitable to the best interests of the commonwealth than the cattle of the fields. It may swell the census and fill the ranks of armies, but its aid is lacking in all forms of social endeavor.

The absence of diversity in the intellectual quality of peasants is doubtless in part to be explained by the singular uniformity in their habitudes of existence, and by the fixed and secure conditions of their routine labor, and the caste distinctions which part them from the superior classes. There is, however, another series of influences which have long and effectively operated to lower and make uniform the mental and social qualities of this class in nearly all European countries. These conditions must be clearly understood before we can adequately account for the state of these people, or judge as to their fitness for the uses of American citizenship.

The most important group of causes which have stamped, in an indelible manner, the sign of inferiority on the laboring classes of the Old World may be briefly stated as follows. While the greater part of the hand laborers of the ancient societies of Europe have been denied community with the ruling folk, there have been two ways open by which the abler youths of both sexes, who were born in this class, could pass forth from it, never to return. These ways led to military service and to the orders of the Catholic Church. Entering the army, the man, particularly if he had in him the stuff to make a good soldier, found a permanent occupation. He commonly died in arms, or returned to his people only when too old to rear a family. If

his ability was distinguished, he might win a rank which would remove him from the class whence he sprung. His descendants would retain his acquired station, and, despite all reverses of fortune, would seldom return to the order of peasants. Thus, every person of capacity who adopted the career of arms was likely to be lost to his people. In this way, for perhaps twenty generations, the lower classes of European people have been robbed of much of their strength.

Great in amount as has been this withdrawal of talent from the people on account of military pursuits, the Church has, at least during the last twelve or fifteen centuries, been a far more efficient means of impoverishing the peasant blood. While the army of the sword enlisted its hosts only from the men, and permitted them occasionally to leave descendants among their people, the army of the cross gathered its recruits from both sexes, and doomed them alike to sterility. On its altars were sacrificed not only the talents of the individual, but all the expectation of good progress which the able man or woman offers to society. It is not easy to conceive how efficient this system of selecting the able youth from the body of the people has been, or how effectively it is still carried on in certain parts of Europe.

Since the Church first possessed the lands of Europe, and organized its clerical system, more than twelve hundred years have elapsed. During this time the population within its control has probably averaged at least fifty million. Allowing that there has been a priest to each five hundred of these people, we have about a hundred thousand of the abler men of each generation withdrawn from the body of the people, the greater portion of them from the lower ranks of society. Each of these men searched among the children of his parishioners for the boys and girls of promise who might be taken into the ranks of the priesthood or into the various religious

orders. We may fairly estimate that the persons who were thus withdrawn from the life of their time, and whose inheritances were lost to their people, numbered as much as one per cent of the population. Although a part of this promise of the people was taken from the upper classes, the greater part of it was probably always, as at present, derived from the lower orders of society. Among the prosperous folk, there have ever been many classes of occupations tempting the abler youths, while among the laborers the Church has afforded the easiest way to rise, and that which is most tempting to the intelligent. The result has been, that while the priesthood and monastic orders have systematically debilitated all the populations of Catholic Europe, their influence has been most efficient in destroying the original talent in the peasant class.

The doctrine of inheritance is so little understood, and its application to the development of peoples so novel, that the full bearing of these influences exerted by the great celibate organizations of European states is not commonly appreciated. The researches of Mr. Francis Galton, and of the other investigators who have followed his admirable methods of inquiry, have clearly shown that the inheritance of qualities in man is as certain as among the lower animals. The cases are indeed rare where persons of conspicuous ability have been born of parents of inferior capacity. In practically all cases, it appears that talent of any kind does not suddenly originate among the lower orders of men. It rises gradually through generational development. At first the living spring of power is weak; it gathers volume in several fortunate successions of parent and child; and finally it appears in the strong tide of talent or genius. The first and noblest object of society should be to favor these beginnings of a higher life, and to preserve the inheritance, in the confident hope that it may gain strength with time.

But the system of the two great organizations, the army and the Church, has operated in diverse measure, but with the same effect, to destroy these beginnings of capacity by the sword or by celibacy.

We are all familiar with the results obtained by the process of selection as it is exercised by the breeder on the cattle of our fields. By this simple means, the speed of the horse, as well as its size, has been greatly increased; the original rough and scanty wool of the sheep has been changed to the merino fleece; and the few savage instincts of the dog have been overlaid by a marvelous development of sagacity and affection, which has given a really human quality to the mind of that creature. Let us suppose, however, that the breeder had taken pains to select all the most powerful horses, and had devoted them to the carnage of the battlefield; that he had carefully destroyed all the lambs which possessed fine fleeces; that he had tolerated only the savage curs, or bred them alone for drawing burdens, disregarding all the intelligence and sympathy which they might exhibit. What would the condition of these domesticated animals now be? Certainly they would exhibit none of the qualities which give them value; they would, indeed, still be in their primitive state. Yet this is substantially the evil work which has been done by the most permanent of our social organizations. If they had been designed for the purpose, they could not have been more efficiently contrived to prevent the advance of the lower ranks of mankind.

It must not be supposed that this criticism of the army and the Church takes no account of the collateral advantages which have arisen from the selection which these establishments have made of the abler youth of each generation. The process has led to gains of great and permanent value. The art of war has much educational importance: it teaches men the principles of orderly association, and inculcates the motives of discipline. Through the development of the military

art, the folk of our race gradually rose from savagery to feudalism, and thence to the higher ideals of the modern state. War is an evil arising from the nature of man, and its ills have diminished with every stage in the advance from the rude work of antiquity to the science of today. The Church needed all the forces it could command for the long combat which conquered paganism, and established the higher religious ideal of Christianity. The millions who have been in its active priesthood have been, as a whole, an army fighting in the cause of human advance. It is possible that these men could not have done their work so well save as celibates. The service demanded the fullest measure of devotion, which perhaps could not have been obtained from men who were influenced by domestic ties. If the sacrifice of the people's strength had been limited to those who entered the calling of the priest, the question of the balance of good and ill might be regarded as doubtful; but when we consider the hosts of able men and women in each generation withdrawn from the body of the people by the religious orders, we feel that there have been no adequate compensations for the sacrifice. The only sound apology for the system is to be found in the ignorance of its founders concerning the nature of man,—a plea which, in time, our descendants will, it may be, have to make for ourselves.

The extent to which this process of destroying the talent of the peasant class has affected the quality of the population in different parts of Europe varies greatly. It has doubtless been most effective in those regions where the Roman Church has had the most uninterrupted sway. The Latin countries, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France, have felt the influence of the conditions imposed by the Roman Church, down to the present day. In the northern part of Europe, owing to the development of those forms of Christianity in which the clergy is not

celibate, and in which the monastic order finds no important place, the greater part of the population has been, for many generations, exempt from this destructive influence.

The observant foot traveler in Europe may, at many points, observe differences in the conditions of the peasant class which are due to diversities in their history: thus, on the line between the western cantons of Switzerland and the neighboring parts of France. The difference in the quality of the laboring classes in these two fields is surprisingly great, and coincides exactly with the political line. On the east we have a vigorous and varied body of people, in their essential qualities like our own folk; on the west, characteristic peasants, such as give the economic strength of France, laborious, dull, substantially immobile people. So far as my experience goes, the peasantry of Germany and the Scandinavian countries is in a much higher state than that of southern Europe; there is, indeed, a distinct improvement visible as we go northward. In England there is but a remnant of the peasant folk, and this is vanishing before the process of advance on the lines of democratic culture.

It seems to me that where the above-described processes which have lowered the intellectual tone of the peasant class have done their full work, we cannot expect to find among the laboring people good material from which to make the citizens of a democracy. For that purpose we need not only a sound basis of moral character, — which, thanks to the Church, is often an admirable feature in the lower classes of Europe, — but also a considerable measure of native ability. A democratic society which has not the power to supply men of capacity from its lower ranks will soon cease to be a true democracy, and decline to the oligarchic state. It is the peculiar feature of our American population that ability is as well developed among the lower as among the higher grades of the people.

This feature is shown in many ways; among others, by the endless religious movements. The condition where there are "fifty religions and but one sauce," though in some respects disagreeable, affords excellent proof of the intellectual quickness of the folk, even if it shows a strange defect in taste in other matters. The same inventive quality of the mind is also noticeable in the incessant stream of mechanical contrivances which comes from our laboring men of native blood. Neither of these indications of ability is discernible among the characteristic peasants of Europe. They have no desire to change the faith or the tools of their forefathers. The Italian of to-day uses substantially the implements which served the Roman of the same calling in the first century of our era. I have seen, within view of a main railway in Tuscany, in actual use, ploughs which contained not a particle of metal, and retained the classic form. It is not necessary that every American citizen should be a patentee, but the general existence of this inventive motive shows the wide distribution of the foreseeing and planning power which makes good citizens. Those who are inquirers in the matter of machines and creeds will, when called on, be ready for statecraft.

If the form of our government were such as permitted us to create or maintain a peasant class, the European people of this grade might be a valuable contribution to our population. Such folk are generally laborious, patient, and home-loving. In them the simpler virtues of men are very firmly implanted. They make an admirable foundation for any state which is ruled by a distinct upper class; which, in a word, has an aristocratic organization, whatever may be the name by which it designates its government. Thus, in France, where the political system is still, though founded on universal suffrage, aristocratic in essence, where there is little trace of an upward movement out of the peasant

class, the orderly, laborious people of this grade constitute the strength of the state, restoring by their ceaseless toil and economy the vast waste of capital which that unfortunate country has suffered during the last twenty years. But our fathers did not, and we do not as yet, declaredly propose to found a state on such a purely laboring class. The only social order consistent with our commonwealth is one in which all men are not only equal before the law, but have an essential unity in their motives and aspirations. Just so far as we admit these peasant people to a place with us, we inflict on our life the impoverishment of citizenly talent which their own unfortunate history has laid upon them.

But I hear the optimist cry: "These people are essentially like ourselves; they will quickly respond to the stimulus of our free air. In one generation they will become thoroughly Americanized." I would ask the hopeful man to consider how long it would require to change himself or his descendants into the characteristic mould of body and mind of the peasant. Backward steps in the generations are always more easily taken than are those of advance, but all who have considered such changes will, I think, agree with me that it would take some centuries of sore trial to bring the characteristic American to the lower estate, and the chance is that the breed would perish on the way. Our country affords excellent instances to show how indelible long-inherited characteristics may become. The bodily characteristics, and to a great extent the motives, of our African folk have withstood the greatest climatic and social changes which any race has ever experienced within the historic period. Much of the peasant quality stays in the Germans of Pennsylvania, though they are from an excellent and relatively advanced original stock. Even if we take slight social peculiarities, we find them amazingly persistent among our eminent-plastic people. At least one instance

bearing on this point I may be permitted to give.

Much has been said concerning the unhappy spirit of battle which leads to so many homicides in certain parts of the South. It is a fair matter for wonder how a people, in general so like others of their time and race, should have this barbaric habit of killing their neighbors on slight provocation. The explanation seems to be that, in the Southern States, the social conditions induced by slavery have served to perpetuate in the white people the peculiar notions of personal honor which marked, and were indeed an essential concomitant of, the feudal system. The strong commands of the Christian faith, vigorous legislation, the pressure of public opinion brought to bear by their more advanced neighbors, have not served to stamp out this evil. So far, indeed, they seem to have made no distinct impression upon it. It remains a most striking example to show the singular permanence of motives among men. A like endurance of ancestral quality could, if space admitted, readily be shown in other parts of this country, among folk who have been thoroughly Americanized, who have been exempt from the bondage of tradition in a measure which we cannot expect in the descendants of a peasant class.

Whoever will take care, in a dispassionate way, to consider the conditions of a peasant class will be led to doubt the profit of our present experiments which tend toward a reconstruction of our society on the new foundations which such people afford.

We should remember that our English race had won its way to the independent and vigorous social motives which are the characteristics of our democracy before they were transplanted to this country. The circumstances of that migration prevented the importation of a peasantry, and insured that the laboring class, except the Africans, should be formed of people who had already risen above the

state of serfdom. The social conditions of the land tended to prevent the institution of a very distinct peasant class in the mother country, and they had made a development of such an estate quite impossible here. The result was that our original population retained, and in a way restored, the primitive social form of the Germanic race, or perhaps we had better say the Aryan variety of mankind. They were men who had never been slaves. Their stock had been but little pauperized by the army or the Church,

or ground down by centuries of life in the conditions of a lower caste. Compare the origin and nurture of these freemen with those of the ordinary laborers of Europe, and we see at once the gravity of the danger which the mass of European immigration brings to us. The American commonwealth could never have been founded if the first European colonists had been of peasant stock. It is doubtful whether it can be maintained if its preservation comes to depend upon such men.

N. S. Shaler.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

THE laughing garlanded May-time is here ;
 The glad laburnum whispers at the gate :
 "She comes! She comes! I hear her step draw near, —
 Our Queen of Beauty, Arbitress of Fate!"

The lilacs look at her — "She is more fair
 Than the white moon, more proud than the strong sun ;
 Let him who seeks her royal grace beware, —
 To woo her lightly were to be undone."

The one sweet rose, that plays the May is June,
 Blooms for her ; and for her a mateless bird
 Thrills the soft dusk with his entrancing tune,
 Content if by her only he is heard.

A curious star climbs the far heaven to see
 What She it is for whom the waiting night,
 To music set, trembles in melody ;
 Then, by her beauty dazzled, flees from sight.

And I — what am I that my voice should reach
 The gracious ear to which it would aspire?
 She will not heed my faltering poor speech ;
 I have no spell to win what all desire.

Yet will I serve my stately Queen of May ;
 Yet will I hope, till Hope itself be spent.
 Better to strive, though steep and long the way,
 Than on some weaker heart to sink content.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE ENGLISH QUESTION.

A GREAT outcry has been made lately, on every side, about the inability of the students admitted to Harvard College to write English clearly and correctly. Examples of the English written by students, in compositions and translations, have been published by the University and by outsiders to illustrate this lamentable state of things. The preparatory schools have been held up to derision and scorn because they do not pay sufficient attention to English composition.

It is true that the English written by boys in school is wretchedly bad, and is apparently growing worse instead of better, but it cannot be true that the blame for this belongs wholly to the preparatory schools. An examination of the courses of study followed in the larger preparatory schools, both public and private, during the last thirty, or even twenty years, brings out a fact which seems to have been unknown to those who have written on the English question, but which deserves more than a passing thought. The schools are to-day paying more attention to composition than they did twenty or thirty years ago; and yet, notwithstanding this increased study and practice, the writing of schoolboys has been growing steadily worse. In most of the schools, thirty years ago, compositions or written translations were required only at long intervals; but the college was apparently satisfied with the English writing of its students, because there was no separate examination in English composition for admission. Now, however, the college finds it necessary not only to have this separate examination, but to specify each year certain works of standard authors with which candidates for admission must be familiar; and most of the schools require frequent written exercises of some kind, either original compositions or transla-

tions. These are corrected and commented on by the teacher, and rewritten by the pupil. With all this practice in writing and time devoted to English, why do we not obtain better results?

The poor results come mainly from three causes, which affect injuriously not only the teaching of English, but all other branches of school work. These are, a narrowness in the range of the modern boy's ideas, a lack of clearness in these ideas, and an increasing inability to read a printed page understandingly. No one can write in any language unless he has an idea in his own mind, in which he is interested, and which he wishes to make some one else understand. No amount of teaching of grammar or rhetoric nor any amount of practice in writing can make a boy write an intelligent sentence, if he has no thought clearly laid out in his own mind which he wishes to express. The chief difficulty which a boy meets when he tries to write is that he does not have thoughts enough to express, rather than that he does not know how to express them; and also that the few which he does have are not clear and concise, but vague and confused. Listen for even a short time to the ordinary conversation of boys among themselves, in the absence of an older person to direct or suggest, and you will be impressed with the small number of subjects touched upon, the small amount of originality displayed, their lack of imagination, and their small vocabulary, in which a few slang words are used over and over again, doing duty in many different capacities, as a few soldiers might be shown successively upon different portions of the walls to conceal the weakness of the garrison within. The thoughts expressed, even when the boys are most interested in the topic under discussion, are not clear, and do not follow any logical se-

quence. You will hear them say, "And I did so and so, and you were there, and he went off, and," etc., — a form of expression only too familiar to every one who has to deal with youthful compositions.

Any sharp, clear impression or conception will find adequate expression either in speech or writing. For this reason, the letter or composition of a boy of twelve about subjects which come within his range is often much better than that of a boy of sixteen or seventeen, however much the younger boy's writing bristles with solecisms and errors in spelling. The impressions of the younger boy are more vivid, his interest in small things is greater, and his imagination is awake. Everything is new, and makes strong impressions on his mind. The older boy has less enthusiasm and a less active imagination.

This narrowness of mind in the boy of to-day shows in all his school work, and hinders all his development. In teaching him Greek or Latin, it is almost impossible to make him realize that the words of his author are not mere words, strung along in what is to him an unusual order, but were written to convey ideas, because he is so mentally barren that there is nothing in his mind on which to graft these new ideas. The work cannot be made alive and interesting to him, because he has no conception of what it all means. The boy who has never heard of any hero honored as the founder of a race can no more be interested in the wanderings of Æneas than a North American Indian could be made to feel excited over a panic in Wall Street. By his previous training, a modern boy is about as well fitted to read a classic author understandingly as Cæsar would have been to use a Gatling gun; only Cæsar would probably have appreciated the usefulness of the results of the gun, while the boy can see no use in the classics, and is constantly told that they are useless by all his advisers. Those

VOL. LXXI. — NO. 427.

42

conceptions which would enable him to understand have not been formed from any previous talk or reading, and are not being formed from present talk anywhere outside of school.

The wretched translations which have been published to show that boys cannot write English prove much more conclusively that they cannot read Greek and Latin. They write sentences without sense because they have got no idea from the Greek or Latin, and therefore have no sense to write. Translating, as they do, words separately into words, it of course makes no material difference to them if their sentences have no verbs or their verbs no subjects. It is all Greek to them still, although clothed in ill-fitting English dress.

Boys learn very little history, because the great persons mentioned are mere names to them, which go in at one ear only to go out at the other. They seem to have nothing in their minds to which they can attach what they learn. They have apparently never seen allusions to them in their reading, nor heard them spoken of as types of the great characteristics for which each was famous. The boy of to-day knows nothing of "Fabian policy" or "Ciceronian eloquence," although quite familiar with the characteristics of the last great pugilist or the pitchers of the university nine. This is not the fault of the boys nor of the schools, but the great misfortune of both. The complaint is made that boys even in the preparatory schools are too much interested in athletics; but here again we have one of the fruits of this narrow range of ideas. The emptiness of mind, which I think we can trace to the kind of life the boy leads and to his surroundings, causes him to be over-interested in his own physical prowess or that of others. He must think about something, and, in the absence of other and higher thoughts and interests, the temptation to think of this is almost irresistible. A boy's physical exercise and training were formerly

unconscious and natural to him, but are now a conscious effort and an unnatural strain. What used to be only an incident in his life has now become an end and aim. Pride in mental acquirements is giving place to pride in physical powers. Why should not his mind become filled with athletics rather than with studies? If he stands at the head of his class, his classmates may envy him, his parents and teachers praise him; but if he wins a race, a large crowd of interested and excited spectators applaud him, and the newspapers print an account of his achievement, perhaps with a portrait, in their next issue. His ability to write well, or to have a broad, cultivated mind, weighed in the balance with an ability to run or jump, is found sadly wanting.

This narrowness of mind has its foundation in the life which the modern boy leads, and the standards which the world puts before him as goals for his ambition. It is well worth while to consider the change which has gone on during the last thirty years in our mode of life and our estimates of what it is worth while to excel in, and notice how great a change it is. I ought to say, in passing, that my point of view is that of one born, brought up, and established in Cambridge and Boston.

Leaving out of account individual gifts of greater or less imaginative power which make creative geniuses in art or literature, any child's range of thought is limited to his own environment, and to such things outside of his own environment as he may be brought in contact with through books and conversation. Keeping this in mind, let us look at the boy's life, and see what we do for him to widen his range of thought. In our modern American life, which is always in a hurry and always at high pressure, many fathers and mothers are so occupied with their own pursuits that children are left almost entirely to the care of nurses. Even the most faithful and

conscientious nurse is a person of narrow intellectual range, and can do little to introduce the child to anything outside of his own surroundings. We may indeed be thankful for the kindergarten, which comes in so early to enlarge the child's experience, and take him out of his own narrow life. All aspects of nature are here brought to his attention. He is taught to notice substance, color, and form. The games cultivate his imagination by representing the doings of the squirrel, the farmer, etc. The songs help to fix all these new ideas in his mind. This is an immense step toward an increased number of conceptions, but falls short in one particular direction. Our age is far too utilitarian, and insists that the only important thing in all education shall be the acquiring of useful facts, — facts made vivid and interesting, but always facts. In obedience to this demand, the kindergarten devotes its whole force toward scientific facts rather than literary fancies. The child must be vividly impressed with the primary colors of the rainbow, but it is useless to exercise his imagination over the pot of gold at its foot. There is no cultivation of the imagination by stories of fairies and heroes. These surely should have their place in a child's development; for they are, we are told by the student of folk lore, the early efforts of uncivilized people toward a literature.

The books which a child has read to him now are the sayings and doings of little folk like himself. The Susy books and the Dotty Dimple series for girls, and Oliver Optic's and John Trowbridge's books for boys, are excellent works; but where are Mother Goose, Jack the Giant Killer, Robinson Crusoe, and the like? The number of children's books has increased enormously, but it is the fashion to dilute literature, apparently with the view that if it be taken undiluted the child's too feeble mind may be overcome by it. Children's magazines have multiplied all over the country, and vie with

one another in beauty of illustration and interesting short stories ; but in them, as in most of the juvenile books, there is very little to excite the imagination and to leave lasting impressions. In the past, children had few books to read, but those they had were standard pieces of literature. They read much which they could not understand ; but what they could take in was good, and what they could not only made them eager to know more. One mother has lately read to her children, who are under twelve, the whole of Spenser's *Faery Queen*. They had no conception of the allegory, but they enjoyed it immensely ; and now they have the shield of the red-cross knight in their play, living over again in their imaginations the life they have heard about. Children whose minds have been trained in this way will find very little difficulty in writing when they go to college ; but such mothers are, unfortunately, exceptions.

At eight or nine, the child is sent to a primary school, to learn to read, write, and cipher. Even the best instruction here can do little to cultivate the imagination. A good teacher, of course, cheers the road — which is a hard one at best for the little travelers — with bits of good literature, stories of knights and heroes ; but the whole time devoted to school is at most not more than four hours out of twelve, and much of this time must be given to the three great essentials. How much of the rest of the day is occupied with talks with older educated people about the fancies and thoughts which make up our literature, or the literature of any other nation ?

I am not speaking here of improving and learned discussions, but of simple, entertaining story-telling and answering questions. A mother, on being thanked for giving her boy this home training, said, "Why, it is not training ; it is only ordinary conversation !" This is exactly the essence of it. Such talk must be natural, and with no object of teaching

or training, so that the boy absorbs it unconsciously ; but it is far from "ordinary." It is extremely rare in most homes to-day. Where, in such a life as I have outlined, has there been any great enlargement of the child's range of thought up to the age of twelve or thirteen ? He does not care for books of any value. Why should he ? His interests have been limited to the narrow world he lives in. Very little has been done to stimulate him to think about outside things. Why should he be interested to read, or to be read to, about things of which he has no conception ?

At this age and with this narrow mind, limited to ideas about things immediately around him, he comes to a preparatory school. Look at what the college expects of this school. At seventeen or eighteen, the boy is to be able to read simple Latin, Greek, French, and German ; he must reason out problems by algebra and geometry, be familiar with the doings of men in history and the phenomena of nature in physics, beside gaining a higher power over two subjects, at least, in language, mathematics, or science. The school must do all this work in seven years, during school hours which occupy only about one fifth of the boy's time, beside making him familiar with English authors and teaching him to write English. This would be possible and more than desirable if the atmosphere in which the boy spends the other four fifths of his time contained literary influences ; but each day, as soon as he leaves school, he passes into a busy practical world. The standards placed before his eyes are not mental ones, but, on the contrary, are distinctly opposed to mental ones. He must take lessons in this or that accomplishment, — swimming, gymnastics, dancing, and music. His life, like that of his parents, is now so full of material practical affairs that there is no time for the consideration of literary matters. It is crowded with occupations and interests which could with

advantage be taken up several years later. Social entertainments, which only ten years ago were thought fit for none but young men, are now crowded into the lives of boys of fifteen. Working thus with the short arm of the lever, the schoolmaster of to-day is expected to lift a heavier weight than that which was lifted by his predecessors. If he is to do all that the college now asks of him, — and I do not for a moment say that it is not a desirable requirement, — he cannot do in addition all the work which was formerly done unconsciously by home life, and supply the spur which was formerly given to the boy, also unconsciously, by the world's interest in the same pursuits.

The lack of clearness in the few ideas which a boy does have is due to a dangerous tendency in our educational methods, a tendency to make everything easy. Kindergarten methods, which are necessary when the child is incapable of long-continued mental strain, and all work must be in the form of play, has influenced the later school work. Clear, exact reasoning and accurate, careful expression of thought cannot be got by any system which tries to make work into play. Thirty years ago, teachers heard recitations from a textbook, and did very little teaching. This method had many great disadvantages, but it had one advantage: the child had to think for himself, or he learned little, and had to express himself in recitation, or he had no credit. The method was dull, it was dry, and the cause of many tears to the unfortunate pupil. There was nothing inspiring, and nothing to awaken the child's love for the subject studied. In the reaction from this barbarous method, we have been carried too far, and now, in the effort to awaken interest, to make the work pleasant, we are tempted to do too much teaching. The children are now helped so much that, without the stimulation of a teacher's questions and assistance, their minds refuse to work.

The thinking is too often done by the teacher, and only reflected by the class. Such methods make the child's thoughts vague and indistinct. This is particularly noticeable in arithmetic classes, where explanations have to be made over and over again. Here the average boy is very loose in his reasoning. Exact expression or the saying of just what he means is almost impossible to him at first, and can be secured only by constant correction and care on the part of the teacher. When questioned, and made to see that what he said was not clear, the boy is surprised that what he said was not what he really meant. He has the idea, but it is so vague that he does not notice how different an idea was conveyed by the words he used.

After a careful explanation of some experiment in physics, I have repeatedly asked the class if they understood it, and have been told by each boy in turn that he did, only to find that the majority were incapable of describing the processes and reasoning intelligently. Generally the boy ends with some statement like this: "I understand it, but I can't express it." The truth is that all our teaching now is directed toward making the boy understand; but much of it stops there, and does not require him to explain his understanding to others.

Each of us can call to mind times when he wished to talk over a matter with some one else, not to get new light or advice, but to straighten out his own ideas by expressing them. This outward expression boys used to be practiced in under a recitation system of instruction, but now lose under a lecture system. Here the preparatory schools are at fault, and we can stem the tide of illiteracy somewhat by requiring more reciting in all subjects rather than by giving more work in English.

The third difficulty which meets a boy in efforts to write comes from the fact that he is more accustomed to receive information through the ear than

through the eye. He is read to and talked to, but is not made to read enough himself. He does not accustom himself to comprehension at the sight of printed words. When he starts to write, the words are not as real to him on paper as they are when he speaks them or hears them spoken. For this reason, boys use forms of expression in writing which they would never use in conversation. Frequently boys come to me, after studying a lesson in a textbook, with a complaint that they do not understand this or that, but go away perfectly satisfied if I explain it in the exact words of the textbook. They understand the sound and comprehend it, but they do not take in the sense from the printed page. This failure to read enough is also largely responsible for increasingly bad spelling. To correct this difficulty, children should be made to read as early as possible, and to read much aloud. It is dull and uninteresting to the person read to, but the reader is gaining a necessary power to help in all later study and writing.

The poorer results now obtained with even more practice in writing are explained, if some of the causes of school-boy illiteracy are those which I have outlined: a paucity of ideas, owing to the change from literary to utilitarian standards in society, and the absence of talks with older educated persons; an inexactness of thought, owing to too much teaching; and an inability to use or understand words except in speech, owing to too little reading. In the past, there was less hurry and confusion, and parents devoted more time to their children. More attention was paid to literary fancies, and less to practical facts. Children read aloud at home, and talked of what they read. The Bible, with its beautiful figurative language and stories of Jewish heroes, was much more commonly read and quoted in every household. This book alone would widen a child's range of ideas and exert a pow-

erful effect on his imagination, apart from any religious influence. It would increase his vocabulary, which after all is only saying the same thing in different words; for a wide range of thought demands a large vocabulary for symbols in which the thinking can be done. The old methods of teaching the classics, although of little use in teaching how to read Latin or Greek, made the boy more familiar with ancient stories and traditions. A good translation into English of a passage from the classics impressed the mind with the imagery and figures of the author, even if it did not teach the student how to read any other passage.

The persons who attack the study of the classics, in such fluent sentences and rounded periods, as being of no practical value, can hardly realize how much of their skill in English writing came from the awakening of their imagination and the broadening which their minds received while they puzzled over Virgil and Homer. They know that the actual knowledge of Latin and Greek has gone, if it was ever there, but the effect of the pictures presented to their minds they do not credit. They would now spurn this ladder by which they climbed, and complain because their sons are unable to write English as well as they. The world's standards now are very different. The theatres, as Mr. Clapp has lately said, have multiplied, but the character of the plays has distinctly deteriorated. The art of letter-writing, which used to be deemed such an accomplishment, is vanishing before the postal card and the typewriter. School exhibitions have changed from contests in declamation to contests in athletics. The fathers and mothers have no time, the boys have no time, in fact the world has less time, to devote to literary matters. The standard by which each study is weighed is its immediate apparent face value for usefulness, not its intrinsic worth. You cannot expect boys to rise above the ideals put before them.

If parents and teachers do not work together, we are in danger of even worse illiteracy than is now complained of. Parents can take pains to talk with their children, even at some sacrifice to themselves of time or money. They can take a more vivid interest in school work, not to make the boys work harder, but to cause them think it more worth while to work. They can try to make them see the advantages of an education by sympathy and due appreciation of earnest effort. They can give them good books to read, and talk with them about their reading. Teachers can beware of too much teaching, and stimulate the boys' thinking powers without

thinking for them. They can give them every opportunity, and require them to express themselves clearly in recitation.

If this is done, we shall not need to pay more attention to English than is paid to it in good schools to-day, and we shall not have classes of freshmen in Harvard College to whom allusions to any literary work except the last number of *Life* are absolutely unintelligible. This is the case now, as I have been told by a Harvard professor, who formed his opinion from actual experiment. Let us all pay more attention to fancy, and less to fact, in our lives, and we shall help to solve the English question in our colleges.

James Jay Greenough.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

BORN IN LONDON, NOVEMBER 27, 1809 ; DIED IN LONDON, JANUARY 16, 1893.

MRS. KEMBLE, whose death in London has been lately announced, had many friends of long standing in Boston, one of whom offers this memorial.

Ever since Fanny Kemble burst upon the world, at the age of twenty, she has been an object of interest to the English race in both hemispheres. After a childhood of varied freedom and discipline, tending rather to develop than to regulate her capacities, this young girl was suddenly summoned to the stage, to rescue her father from impending ruin. It was a hazardous venture. The success was immediate and marvelous. A *succès d'estime* naturally awaited the advent of another Kemble ; but the public, drawn to Covent Garden by mingled motives of curiosity to see a fresh *débutante*, of regard for the family, and of sympathy for their shipwrecked fortunes, were taken by storm, and continued to crowd the theatre for one hundred and twenty nights to weep over the woes of Juliet.

Mrs. Kemble lacked the stature and perfect symmetry of Mrs. Siddons, but she had the noble head, the effulgent eyes, the sensitive mouth and flexible nostrils, the musical voice, the dignified and graceful gestures, which distinguished her aunt ; and, in addition, the sense of humor, the mobile temperament quick as flame, the poetic sensibility, which characterized her mother. Three weeks was the ostensible term of preparation, the interval between her summons and her appearance ; as to the rest, the poetry to feel and the dramatic faculty to represent she had imbibed or inherited. So endowed, she soared at once to heights reached by others only after years of toil, substituting feeling for simulation, spontaneous action for studied gesture and movements, the intuition of poetic and dramatic genius for the training of talent ; and this abandonment of herself to inspiration, "letting her heart go, while she kept her head," gave a vivid-

ness and pathos to her personations never equaled on the English stage in our day.

Mrs. Kemble, in her Records, dwells much upon her ignorance of the details of her profession, and quotes with glee Mr. Macready's remark that she did not know the elements of it; but the readers of the life of that irritable actor will remember that he praises no contemporary, and her own criticisms must be taken with allowance for her extreme frankness and her exalted standard. That she fully comprehended the requirements of her calling, and devoted herself to it industriously, her letters manifest. That she might have arrived at greater perfection and uniformity, that she would have become more independent of her passing moods, of her fondness or aversion for her part, had she liked and pursued her profession, no one familiar with the art of acting as perfected on the French stage can doubt. But, as a critic truly says, "the greatest artist is she who is greatest in the highest reaches of her art, even although she may lack the qualities necessary for the adequate execution of some minor details;" and no one who witnessed Mrs. Kemble's personations of Mrs. Beverley, Belvidera, Bianca, Julia, Portia, Katharine, Ophelia, Juliet, has ever had her image effaced from his mind's eye, or has ever enjoyed a glimpse of her successor.

That she exercised this fascination, that she electrified audiences in the Old and New World by her acting, rests not upon the assertion of any one admirer; it is recorded in the annals of the time. That she numbered among her admirers not only the thoughtless many, but the judicious few, — Sir Walter Scott, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Rogers, Campbell, Sterling, Christopher North, Barry Cornwall, and their kindred on this side of the Atlantic: that she achieved two fortunes, winning independence for herself and for those she loved, are historical facts. Sterling, who saw her when she

first appeared, says, "She was never taught to act at all; and though there are many faults in her performance of Juliet, there is more power than in any female playing I ever saw, except Pasta's Medea." Sir Walter Scott said that she had great energy mingled with and chastened by correct taste, and that, for his part, he had seen nothing so good since Mrs. Siddons. Charles Greville, skeptical at first, is converted. "The Hunchback, very good and a great success. Miss Fanny Kemble acted really well; for the first time, in my opinion, great acting. I have never seen anything since Mrs. Siddons (and perhaps Miss O'Neill) so good." Christopher North is most enthusiastic: "Her attitudes, her whole personal demeanor, are beautiful. They are uniformly appropriate to the character and the situation, and in exquisite appropriateness lies beauty. But not only are Miss Kemble's attitudes, her appearance, her apparition, beautiful; they are also classical. Miss Kemble is a girl of genius." Of her first night the New Monthly Magazine writes: "The looks of every spectator conveyed that he was electrified by the influence of new-tried genius, and was collecting emotions in silence, as he watched its development, to swell its triumph with fresh acclamations. For our part, the illusion that she was Shakespeare's own Juliet came so speedily upon us as to suspend the power of specific criticism."

It is sixty years the 16th April, 1893, since Fanny Kemble made her *début* at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston, and the glamour of her apparition has not yet vanished. The ecstasy of that season comes back at the sound of her name. I scarcely ever go by the Tremont House without gazing once more at the windows of her room, in the superstitious hope that her radiant face may shine forth. It seems but yesterday that we were all, youths and maidens, hanging round Tremont Place to see her mount Niagara, — a horse I rode thenceforth,

on holidays and in vacations, because she had been upon his back, — or scouring the country to catch a glimpse of her as she galloped past. Every young girl who could sported Fanny Kemble curls. To be thought to look like Fanny Kemble was their aspiration. I remember making a long pilgrimage on horseback to gaze upon a young lady whose attraction was a fancied resemblance to Fanny Kemble; and only a few years ago I visited a matron, living near the Hudson River, who, in her youth, had been the more admired because she resembled Fanny Kemble; and she had not forgotten it. One young girl, more fortunate and more venturesome than her fellows, while hanging her daily offering of flowers upon the handle of the actress's door, was heard, captured, and caressed, and accepted as a friend from that bright day.

As for us Harvard students, we all went mad. As long as funds held out, there was a procession of us hastening breathless over the road to Boston, as the evening shades came on; then a waiting in the narrow entrance alley, packed like sardines in a box, until at last we were borne along, with peril to flesh and raiment, into the pit, where we sat on the unbacked benches, absorbed, scarce knowing when and where we were, and regardless of our sometimes *sans-culotte* condition.

Charles Kemble opened with Hamlet, Ophelia being played by Mrs. Barrett, whom Mrs. Kemble pronounced "perfectly beautiful, with eyes and brow of an angel, a mouth chiseled like a Grecian piece of sculpture, with an expression of infinite refinement; fair round arms and hands, a beautifully moulded foot, and a figure that seemed to me perfectly proportioned. Altogether, I never saw a fairer woman; it was delightful to look at her." The next night Miss Kemble made her *début* in Bianca; and we went out, transfixed with horror and fascination, into uttermost darkness, as when

one passes an arc light on the road. We were all stricken, and only counted the hours and the cash which would bring us back again.

I remember one night, when, as Belvidera, shrieking, stares at her husband's ghost, I was sitting in front, in her line of vision, and I cowered and shrank from her terrible gaze. How we all wept with her as Mrs. Beverley over the frenzied despair of her gamester husband! — with this difference, that her tears were staining her silk dress, while ours were mopped by our handkerchiefs. How we all enjoyed her shrewish outbursts and humble penitence as Katharine, and her father's assumed violence and real good breeding as Petruchio! — a delightful performance, vainly essayed by actors since, in the fond belief of my friend John Gilbert and myself. Who has played Portia with such sweet dignity; who has so filled out the part of the whole-hearted Beatrice, with her pride of maidenhood, until surprised into love by the sincere warmth of Benedick's confession; and who ever personated that brave gallant as did Charles Kemble?

"Oh for something of the fire, the undying youthfulness of spirit, now so rare, the fine courtesy of bearing, which made the acting with actors of this type so delightful!" Helen Faucit thus eulogizes Charles Kemble. And his masterpiece, Mercutio, and Fanny Kemble's Juliet, which held Covent Garden for one hundred and twenty nights, and made lovers of all the youth of London! "We were all of us in love with you, and had your portrait by Lawrence in our rooms." So said Thackeray to Fanny Kemble twenty years afterwards.

Of all her parts, Julia, written for her by Sheridan Knowles, was the most perfect; and the scene with Clifford, when, love and fortune lost, he comes, as secretary to Lord Rochdale, bearing a message, was so affecting as to call forth from Rachel, "C'est bien, fort bien;" and we certainly shed abundant tears

over her desperate misery. In a conversation with Mrs. Kemble, one day, when each enumerated the great actors we had seen here and abroad, I said, "There is one you have omitted." "Myself, I presume. I never was a good actress." "Were n't you? Did n't you play Julia well?" "I did."

Upon the authority of her mother, who was her most solicitous and most competent critic, it seems that the lack of preparation for the stage caused Mrs. Kemble's acting to be unequal, though, so far as my observation went, it was, as an Irishman might say, never worse, but sometimes better, actually inspired. As the painter who was asked with what he mixed his paints answered, "With brains," so could Fanny Kemble have accounted for her unrivaled power by saying that she threw her whole soul into her work.

Fanny Kemble's career as an actress came to a sudden close in June, 1834, by her marriage to Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia.

She has expressed her thankfulness that she was removed from the stage before its excitement became necessary to her. The vacuity of Mrs. Siddons's last years, her apparent deadness and indifference to everything, she attributed to the withering and drying influence of the over-stimulating atmosphere of emotion, excitement, and admiration in which her aunt had passed her life; and she believed that her own power of endurance of the sorrow of her later life was lessened by the early excitement and the prolonged exercise of the capacity for superficial emotion upon the stage.

There can be no doubt that in Mrs. Kemble's case, where the emotion excited was more than superficial, the nerves were weakened, the atmosphere was too stimulating; but what alternative would have protected her from the rash nature which her mother gave her, and which the home education had developed? And as to the vacuity and indifference in

the lives of Mrs. Siddons and of Mrs. Kemble's father, they had neither her brains, her temperament, nor her education. Moreover, I feel quite sure that, had she turned governess, or had she remained in her father's house, the dramatic and theatrical instinct derived from her progenitors, and which impelled her sister Adelaide upon the stage, would have drawn her thither, or, if suppressed, would have left her dissatisfied as not having fulfilled her mission. Mrs. Kemble's objections to the profession would hardly apply to the actors of comedy, whose work is rather intellectual than emotional; nor would she extend them to French or Italian actors, whose demonstrations, on and off the stage, are not acted, dramatic as they are, but perfectly natural.

In connection with this subject, I must give an instance of her prompt rejection of undeserved praise, and hearty championship of her humbler professional associates. Hearing a sermon which condemned the profession of actors, and reflected upon their moral character as a body, with the notable exception of the Kemble family, she wrote a spirited reply, disclaiming any moral superiority of her own family over the average, and testifying to the respectability and worth of many humble members of her profession who never had been and never would be cheered by public notice, while her family were distinguished from those faithful unrewarded laborers only by the favor of the public; adding that her objections to the profession were based upon its unwholesomeness, not upon its looseness of morals.

After a few years of married life, passed partly in America, and partly, to her great relief, in England, Mrs. Kemble returned to her native land, and, after a refreshing year in Italy as guest of her sister, resumed her profession.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the forlornness of her situation at this time. Separated from her children by

the ocean, wider then than now, her communication with them infrequent and indirect, heartsick with sorrow and anxiety, no longer young, her bloom gone, her prestige gone, incompetent to bargain with shrewd provincial managers, often sick from the exposure incident to this nomad life, she toiled on for a scant pittance, earned by the abhorred simulation of griefs akin to those gnawing at her heart.

"The step I am about to take," she writes, "is so painful to me that all petty annoyances and minor vexations lose their poignancy in the contemplation of it. My strength is much impaired, my nerves terribly shattered. I am now so little able to resist the slightest appeal to my feelings that, at the play, the mere sound of human voices simulating distress has shaken and affected me to a strange degree. Judge how ill prepared I am to fulfill the task I am about to undertake. But it is an immense thing for me to be still able to work at all, and to keep myself from helpless dependence upon any one." "The whole value and meaning of life, to me, lies in the single sense of conscience, — duty." True to her principles, rather than request or accept a share of the fortune bestowed, in her days of prosperity, upon her father, she struggled on in this dismal drudgery; buoyed up by her faith, cultivating an interest in passing events in society, politics, and literature, communing with nature, and cheered by the loyalty of old friends.

This pilgrimage lasted for a year and a half, when at last, her father retiring from the field, she felt at liberty to give readings, which were less distasteful to her than acting; in fact, such was her enthusiasm for Shakespeare, they were sometimes enjoyed by her as well as by her audience. While the remnant who witnessed Fanny Kemble's acting in Boston might be packed into a box, a pitful of those who enjoyed her readings here survive. Whatever criticisms have been made upon her acting, there has been

but one verdict as to her readings. In these were made manifest not only her dramatic inheritance, the range and quality of her voice, the grace of her gestures, the mobility and eloquence of her face, but also the underlying foundation of her power as an actress and reader, her comprehensive intelligence and her deep feeling. She approached her work with humble reverence for and appreciation of her divinity, Shakespeare, whose priestess she was; and thus dedicated, she was transfigured in her imagination and to the eyes of the spectators.

As her friend, jealous of her welcome, I have often looked around as she entered and announced her reading, knowing that some present were gazing skeptically at the stout, middle-aged woman who was to present to them the lovelorn Juliet, the crazed Ophelia, the innocent Miranda. My fears were soon dissipated, for, as the play proceeded, not only were the voices clearly and finely distinguished, but the expression of each was miraculously infused, so that she really looked, successively, like Prospero, Miranda, or Ariel. I must make an exception of Caliban, Bottom, Falstaff, Sir Toby, and Dogberry; her attempts to personate these were, naturally enough, disagreeable and unsuccessful.

While her readings, for which she made thorough preparation, were uniformly excellent, I remember one remarkable instance of inspiration. It was near the close of her last season in Boston — about 1867, perhaps — that I went with two companions to hear her read Richard III. From her entrance soliloquy to the shrieking of the ghosts over the sleeping Richard, her reading was so inspired that we were all electrified; and the next morning I wrote: "What was the matter with you last night? You never read so in your life. Compared with your usual readings, it was flying instead of walking. I don't know what, but something extraordinary must have happened." In reply, she said: "I waive

your compliments, but you must have noticed that I tripped twice in my dialogue, — a rare occurrence; but the fact was that I was beside myself, for just as I was going to my reading I received a note from the executor of my cousin, Mrs. George Combe (Cecilia Siddons), announcing that she had left me by her will five family pictures, — one of my grandmother, a venerable lady, whom I am said to resemble; and what was more, a pair of gloves that once were Shakespeare's." This unexpected revelation confirmed my belief in the justice of my observation. I had seen the flame; now I had discovered the fuel.

The great success of the readings, especially in America, placed Mrs. Kemble in comfort, — save when, in behalf of herself, or more frequently of her children, she was guilty of extravagance, — and enabled her thenceforth to spend her time alternately in England and America, with a summer visit to Switzerland.

Emerson has said that poets put all their poetry into their verses, and leave none in their lives. Actors as well as authors are apt to disappoint one who is led by the art to interest himself in the artist. Nine times out of ten one finds a commonplace person who has this one talent, and there an end; that his delineations are mere surface work, divined from the outside, with no penetration into or conception of the full scope of the character he is representing; sunflower costumes, artistic scenery, calcium lights, do the rest. Mrs. Kemble says, "Few things have ever puzzled me more than the fact of people liking *me* because I pretended to be a pack of Juliets and Belvideras, and creatures who were *not me*." Still, she recognizes the fact that the popular theatrical heroine of the day always is the realization of their ideal to the youth, male and female, of her time. She certainly was, and in her case her admirers were not disappointed.

Her great nature was manifested in her acting and reading as in her writing,

and still more in her being. "She has far more ability than she can display on the stage," said Sterling. "The Kembles are really a wonderful race. Who that has ever seen Fanny on the stage, or heard her read, or perused her plays and poems and journals, or her philosophical analyses of Shakespeare's characters, can deny her genius?" says Julian Young, a lifelong friend, only child of her old friend, the eminent actor Charles Young. "Finished the reading of Mrs. Butler's play, — full of power, poetry, and pathos. She is one of the most remarkable women of the present day." So spoke the jealous, irritable, but really high-minded Macready, who tickled or stung Mrs. Kemble by affirming that she was ignorant of the rudiments of her profession.

Fanny Kemble had doubted whether she ought to marry, and perhaps she was correct. I cannot picture to myself a union mutually satisfactory. An experienced gardener experiments upon foreign plants with watchful distrust, for he has learned that their acclimation is not a simple question of heat or cold, of wet or dry, but an intricate problem; nor is he beguiled by seeming success until time has been given to exhaust their imported vitality, any more than the experienced physician is encouraged by his patient's seeming improvement until the fever has run its course. So an experienced social philosopher looks with misgivings upon the future of the young girl who has linked her fortunes to a foreigner, unaware how much married happiness is buttressed by the support of family and friends, and by the environment of familiar scenes and associations. Fanny Kemble was peculiarly unfitted for a transatlantic alliance. She was intensely attached to her own soil, with its history and its poetry, as also with its social structure and customs. She had been brought up from childhood among bright artistic and literary people. Besides her own family circle, her brother John's

classmates and cronies, who frequented her father's house, included Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson and his brother, Frederick Maurice, John Sterling, Richard Trench, William Donne, the Romilys, the Malkins, Edward Fitzgerald, William Thackeray, Richard Monckton Milnes; and after her brilliant *début* she came into familiar intercourse with all that English society could offer for her entertainment.

While she rather eschewed general society, unless there was dancing, to which she was addicted, she was very dependent upon this social and literary refreshment. She had been from childhood a great reader and a great thinker. She had been in the habit of writing poetry and prose from early girlhood. One of her plays, written when she was seventeen, was brought out with success, even Macready declaring it "full of power, poetry, and pathos." "A very noble creature indeed. Somewhat inelastic, unpliant to the age, attached to the old modes of thought and conventions, but noble in qualities and defects." So comments Mrs. Browning upon Mrs. Kemble; and this inelasticity made it impossible for her to abandon old, and adopt new and, to her, strange conventions.

Just fancy the hunger and thirst of a human being so constituted and so habituated, in an American city, in the former half of this century, where the best substitutes for her lost companions, the clergymen and other professional men, were too busy and too tired to circulate; the few men of leisure and business men were too uneducated to furnish any nourishment; and the women, unlike her regretted British sisters, were disabled by poor health, engrossed in home cares and local interests, and incapacitated by want of education. "You can form no idea," she writes, "of the intellectual dearth and drought in which I am existing at present." "All the persons whom I should like to cultivate

are professionally engaged without intermission, and they have no time, and, it seems, but little taste, for social enjoyment." "No one that I belong to takes the slightest interest in literary pursuits." This dearth or utter solitude in her country home were the possible alternatives. Then there was the climate, which debilitated her in summer and dismayed her in winter, and which throughout the year combined with the dust and mud to deprive her of that exercise on foot and in the saddle which she could not do without.

She gives a laughable account of her kindly but abortive attempts, as the lady of Butler Place, to school the children who were already schooled, to fête the laborers on the Fourth of July with wine and beer which they would not touch, to visit the poor who did not exist; and we can see her bustling about with her keys, measuring out supplies for the household, tormenting herself with details, disaffecting her servants with foreign customs, and crusading generally, with great fatigue and little or no avail.

When she learned that her husband's inheritance consisted chiefly of slaves and plantations, her heart was deeply touched with pity and a sense of responsibility to the enslaved laborers, and she wrote a "long and vehement treatise against negro slavery," which she was deterred from publishing for fear of public indignation. Looking back upon her life at this time, Mrs. Kemble says: "The ideas and expectations with which I then entered upon my Northern country life, near Philadelphia, were impossible of fulfillment, and simply ridiculous under the circumstances." "Those with which I contemplated an existence on our Southern estate were not only ridiculously impossible, but would speedily have found their only result in the ruin, danger, and very probably death of all concerned. I am now able to understand and appreciate what I had then not the remotest suspicion of, — the amazement

and dismay, the terror and disgust, with which such theories must have filled every member of the American family with which my marriage had connected me; I must have appeared to them nothing but a mischievous madwoman."

"It is a strange country and a strange people; and though I have dear and good friends among them, I still feel a stranger here, and fear I shall continue to do so until I die, which God grant I may do at home! — that is, in England."

I have often heard Mrs. Kemble lament that Americans and English should continue to regard themselves as one people, despite the essential differences wrought by the influence of two hundred years' separation. She thought that this mistaken notion of identity led to unreasonable expectations, and consequent misunderstandings and disappointments; and her position was, I think, well taken, — that we should better our relations by respecting one another's strangeness. In her case, the incompatibilities were both generic and individual; her marriage was entered upon rashly and unwisely. And, paradoxical as it may seem, this marriage to an American, while it did give her, as it were, two homes, and friends in both hemispheres, ended by rendering her homeless; for, on whichever side of the ocean she sojourned, she was homesick for the other. If in England, she yearned for her children, and, next to them, for the Sedgwicks; if in America, she was anxious about her family, longed for the sight of the friends of her youth, and felt herself an exile from her beloved native land.

"Oh, vainest quest of that torment, the love for the absent!" she writes. "This being linked by invisible chains to the remote ends of the earth, and constantly feeling the strain of the distance upon one's heart; this sort of death in life, for you are all so far away that you are almost as *bad* as dead to me. I

really feel sometimes as if I could make up my mind to turn my thoughts once and for all away from you, as from the very dead, and never more, by this disjointed communion, revive, in all its acuteness, the bitter sense of loss and separation."

While she did not feel at home in America, and while this lack of complete sympathy increased as she grew older and youthful associations dearer, yet she cherished a warm affection for her adopted country, especially for New England, which she believed would be "the noblest country in the world in a little while;" and this opinion she has reiterated in her letters to me, especially since the war, which wrung her heart as if she had a brother or a son whose death she dreaded to see gazetted. An attempt she made to read Barbara Frietchie and her daughter's touching Boat of Grass, the last time she read in Boston, came to an end through her uncontrollable emotion. I must quote her Sonnets on the American War as expressing in noble verse the hopes of our enemies, the despondency of our timid friends, and, finally, the assurance of our ultimate triumph and its solemnity.

SONNETS ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

I.

She has gone down! They shout it from afar, —
Kings, nobles, priests, all men of every race
Whose lagging clogs time's swift, relentless
pace.

She has gone down, — our evil-boding star;
Rebellion smitten with rebellion's sword,
Anarchy done to death by slavery,
Of ancient right, insolvent enemy;
Beneath a hideous cloud of civil war,
Strife such as heathen slaughterers had ab-
horred,

The lawless land where no man was called lord,
Spurning all wholesome curb, and dreaming
free,

Her rabble rules licentious tyranny.
In the fierce splendor of her arrogant morn
She has gone down, the world's eternal scorn.

II.

She has gone down! Woe for the world and
all

The weary workers, gazing from afar

At the clear rising of that hopeful star, —
 Star of redemption to each weeping thrall
 Of power decrepit, and of rule outworn ;
 Beautiful shining of that blessed morn
 Which was to bring leave for the poor to live,
 To work and rest, to labor and to thrive,
 And righteous room for all who nobly strive.
 She has gone down ! Woe for the struggling
 world,

Back on its path of progress sternly hurled !
 Land of sufficient harvests for all dearth,
 Home of far-seeing hope, time's latest birth ;
 Woe for the promised land of the whole earth !

III.

Triumph not, fools, and weep not, ye faint-
 hearted !

Have ye believed that the supreme decree
 Of Heaven had given this people o'er to per-
 ish ?

Have ye believed that God had ceased to
 cherish

This great, new world of Christian liberty ?
 Nay, by the precious blood shed to redeem
 The nation from its selfishness and sin ;
 By each brave heart that bends in holy strife,
 Leaving its kindred hearts to break through
 life ;

By all the bitter tears, whose source must
 stream

Forever every desolate home within,
 We will return to our appointed place,
 First in the vanguard of the human race.

When we review Fanny Kemble's achievements, her acting, her reading, her writing, her personal influence, we must accord her genius. As to her writings, her *Journal* is sometimes saucy, as written by a young girl who had gone forth from home for the first time, but how graphic her pictures of places and people, how sparkling with wit and full of feeling, with a sad undertone, for an early disappointment had already shaded her young days ; her *Poems*, written for the most part after joy and hope had vanished, so charged with anguish ; her *Year of Consolation*, breathing the atmosphere of Italy, and imparting the refreshment and fitful happiness she en-

¹ First published in *The Atlantic*, 1875-77, under the title *Old Woman's Gossip*.

² The third series, *Further Records*, cannot be spoken of in the same breath with the previous volumes. It was published in 1890, when Mrs. Kemble was too old to scrutinize the

joyed ; her *Residence on a Georgian Plantation*, as pathetic and cruel as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and fateful to her, haunted by the sin of such possession ; her *Notes upon some of Shakespeare's plays and upon the stage*, so discriminating, especially her remarks upon the *Dramatic and the Theatrical*.

But the most valuable of all her writings are the *Records of her Girlhood*¹ and of her *Later Life* ; for these, beginning with a reminiscence of her earliest years, are soon succeeded by what is much more reliable, a record, not reverting to, but running along with, her life from day to day, incidentally revealed by letters to her dearest friend, communicating events and outpouring her inmost thoughts and feelings.² And this life was like the course of a mountain brook.

"The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou knowest, being stopp'd, impatiently
 doth rage ;

But, when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamel'd
 stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean."

Like the Banished Duke, she felt her life more sweet

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"

"Than that of painted pomp ;"

and in her sad and solitary pilgrimage she lifted her eyes unto the hills, year after year, so long as she could travel. She there found restoration. Perhaps it was an inheritance from her mother's mother, who was Swiss.

There was in her personality a sweetness and fullness of feeling in every direction, something akin to the nature of her great master, Shakespeare ; a worship of God and of nature in all its phases, love of and sympathy with all proofs, and abounds in details fit for the ear of a friend, but not of the public, and ill-considered opinions which she did not permanently hold ; and I know that, when too late, she was much troubled about it.

creatures, exuberant spirits, need of motion, need of love, resistance to all authority, a sweet-tempered, cheerful indifference to all punishment. From her childhood days, whether she was hoping that her little sister, of whom she was jealous, would poison herself with privet berries; or suffering anguish over her lost little brother; or running away in resentment for some punishment; or defiantly singing during her term of expiation; or walking upon the roof of her Boulogne schoolhouse as a release from confinement, "*cette diable de Kemble*;" or writing abstracts of sermons for her less gifted school companions; or devouring the poetry of Scott and Byron; or acting Andromaque at her Paris boarding-school; or fishing all day with her mother at their rural retreat; or strolling about Heath Farm with her new-found, lifelong friend, Miss St. Leger, making hawthorn wreaths; or wading into the river, accoutred as she was; or listening to the music of Der Freischütz; or scrutinizing the peculiarities of some of her relatives, aunt Whitelock in particular; or writing verses; or grieving over her brother John's course at the university and her parents' disappointment, she was always the same bright, intense, exultant human creature. In her composition, humor, that safeguard, that salt of humanity, was an element, — a healthy, hearty humor, excited by her own as well as by her neighbors' absurdities, and derived from her quick-witted mother, her father's family being somewhat deficient in that endowment. Like President Lincoln, she might have died but for this occasional relief.

Before she was eighteen she had written the play of Francis I., and had been offered two hundred pounds for it. About this time she went to Edinburgh to stay with Mrs. Harry Siddons, a very self-restrained and lovely woman, under whose powerful influence this young girl's mind became much affected by religious considerations, and a strong de-

votional element developed which characterized her ever afterwards. All through her life her thoughts were more on religion than on any other subject. On her first visit to Boston, when the general adulation was calculated to turn her head, her great pleasure was to make and cherish the acquaintance of Dr. Channing, — an acquaintance which ripened into a lifelong friendship. In Philadelphia, Dr. Furness was her most cherished friend. She it was who first made Robertson known to many of us; indeed, it was through her advice that his sermons were republished in this country. She delighted in the society and the ministrations of Phillips Brooks, who once said to me, "I think she is the best woman I have ever known." Her letters to her bosom friend and her journals were filled with religious reflections; on the day of her London debut she spent the morning reading Blunt's Scripture Characters.

When, from being an insignificant schoolgirl, she had suddenly become "a little lion in society," with approbation, admiration, and adulation showered upon her, and social courtesies poured in upon her from every side; when she was petted and caressed by persons of real and conventional distinction, she writes to her friend: "When I reflect that admiration and applause, and the excitement springing therefrom, may become necessary to me, I resolve not only to watch, but to pray, against such a result. I have no desire to sell my soul for anything, least of all for sham fame, mere notoriety." Her prayers were answered, for while her nerves were affected on the stage, and while she lost her sleep for some time and suffered from headache and sideache from the same cause, she was able to discuss her merits and demerits coolly; her mind and heart were disengaged; she longed to flee with her friend to Heath Farm, to renew their pleasant walks and talks; she was solicitous as ever about the health and happiness of all

her friends. Steadiness under circumstances so calculated to elate, to intoxicate, seems to me phenomenal; it speaks for the nobility and depth of her nature, to turn from what her good aunt Dall called "mere frivolous, fashionable popularity," and to decide that this was mere vanity.

I believe that if Fanny Kemble had been a man she would have been a minister of religion, as her brother John intended to be; her letters and journals are full of aspiration and inspiration. The prayer which she breathed in behalf of a young *débutante*, "that she might be able to see the truth of all things in the midst of all things false," was for her fulfilled; in the days of her youth and her triumphs, as well as in her sad and solitary after life, she realized that "things seen are temporal, things not seen are eternal."

"The purpose of life alone," she writes, "time wherein to do God's will, makes it sacred. I do not think it pleasant enough to wish to keep it for a single instant without the idea of the duty of living, since God has bid us live. After all, life is a heavy burden on a weary way, and I never saw the human being whose existence was what I should call happy. I have seen some whose lives were so good that they justified their own existence, and one could conceive both why they lived and that they found it good to live."

She was one who felt it was more blessed to give than to receive. She was chary of taking, but her bounty was not strained; it fell, like the rain, on the just and on the unjust; she seemed never so happy as when she could confer some favor or perform some service, so keen was her fellow feeling. It is a received saying that it is more difficult to be just than to be generous. Fanny Kemble had both virtues; throughout her *Records* her notices of persons and of their works are most kindly, and in the case of Charles Greville, whose de-

clared friendship did not prevent him from inserting ill-natured remarks in his memoirs, — still more in the case of Miss Martineau, who, professedly cordial, had made most absurd and injurious libels, and to whom Mrs. Kemble has many allusions, — most magnanimous. And there are other instances of her magnanimity scattered through these delightful books; not mere omissions to notice or to resent injustice and ingratitude, for she was frankness itself, but greatness of mind not biased by personal relations, — a forgiveness and seeming forgetfulness of injuries.

Emerson says the alternatives offered to each of us are "peace or truth." Fanny Kemble certainly did not hesitate to choose the latter; or perhaps she derived it unconsciously from her mother. Her statements regarding herself, her family, her friends, her views of life, and her opinions on matters light and grave, extorted from her by her exacting friend Miss St. Leger, or given spontaneously, are what a clergyman of my acquaintance would have called "central truths," undeflected by silliness or selfishness, and uninfluenced by mere authority. She aspired to independence of mind and body, and she realized her aspirations. While she had her prejudices, was indeed somewhat insular, she shows few biased judgments, no morbid sentiments. Her eye was single, and her whole body full of light.

Notwithstanding her plot to poison her little sister with privet berries, her attempted running away, her contemplated suicide, her defiant joyousness under reproof, there is no trait in her character more lovable than her absolute filial and family devotion. It was her mother's tears and her father's thickening anxieties that thrust her upon the stage, absolutely unprepared save by her birth and breeding. "My life was rather sad at this time," she writes; "my brother's failure at college was a source of disappointment and distress to my par-

ents, while the darkening prospects of the theatre threw a gloom over us all. My mother, coming in from walking one day, threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. 'Oh, it has come at last!' she said; 'our property is to be sold.' Seized with a sort of terror, like the Lady of Shalott, that 'the curse had come upon me,' I wrote a most urgent entreaty to my father that he would allow me to act for myself, so as to relieve him at once from the burden of my maintenance." Her frequent alarms over her father's infatuation for Covent Garden Theatre, in which he sank successively eighty thousand pounds of his brother's investment, his own and his two daughters' earnings, her anxiety over his consequent illnesses, and her sympathy with her mother's deep distress evince the strength of the filial tie; and her grief over her brother John's failures and meanderings, a bitter disappointment to his father and mother; her affection for him, and for her handsome young brother Henry; her tender solicitude for her sister Adelaide; and her delight in being able from her earnings to aid them all, — giving a horse to her father, buying a commission in the army for her brother Henry, assuring comfort, even luxury, to her father by giving him for life her earnings in England and America, upon her marriage, granting assistance to the otherwise unprovided-for children of her two brothers, and other despoiling of herself for those she loved, even while she was toiling for her own support, — these things attest her affection for all her kin.

Her loyalty to her friends was as enduring, her affection as unreserved, as to her family. The interesting Records were made possible by the return of forty years' constant correspondence with the friend of her girlhood, Miss St. Leger; her relations with Miss Sedgwick and family were as continuous; the young schoolgirl whom she captured hanging flowers upon the knob of her door in the Tremont House, upon her first visit to

Boston, became her lifelong intimate, and compels this inadequate sketch; and, as the book reveals, other friends whose adoption she had tried she grappled to her soul with hooks of steel which never rusted. "God knows how devoutly I thank him for the treasure of love that has been bestowed on me out of so many hearts, in a measure so far above my deserts that my gratitude is mingled with surprise and a sense of my own unworthiness which enhances my appreciation of my great good fortune in this respect." To her sorrow, her life was so prolonged that she outlived not only her brothers and sister, but most of her friends likewise; the survivors reciprocated her love, and feel that the world is more sad and dreary by loss of the light and warmth of her great presence.

Consistency is said to be a jewel. Fanny Kemble neither inherited nor acquired it: she had curiously inconsistent moods and traits; she had a collection rather than a combination of qualities. And no wonder, when we refer to her birth and her bringing-up. The twisting of foreign strands, the weaving of different materials, the forging of different metals, by combining compensating qualities, add to the strength and value of the compound; so the crossing of races sometimes results in a harmonious completeness possessed by neither race singly, but at other times it results in the co-existence of discordant extremes. Such was the case in the Kemble household; the mother inheriting from her French father and Swiss mother "the peculiar organization of genius. To the fine senses of a savage rather than a civilized nature she joined an acute instinct of criticism in all matters of art, and a general quickness and accuracy of perception, and brilliant vividness of expression." As her poor father, like other French *émigrés*, was sickening from starvation and the influence of the climate, this bright, graceful, and beautiful child, enrolled in a troupe of little actors, and admired and

petted by the great, from the "first gentleman of Europe" down, thereby developing precocious feeling and imagination, was saddened by the ghastly contrast between the comforts and luxuries of the rich, with which she was made familiar, and her own poor home, where sickness and sorrow were becoming abiding inmates, and poverty and privation the customary conditions of life. "Of course, the pleasure and beauty loving, artistic temperament, which is the one most likely to be exposed to such an ordeal as that of my mother's childhood, is also the one liable to be most injured by it. How much the passionate, vehement, susceptible, and most suffering nature was thus banefully fostered I can better judge from the sad vantage-ground of my own experience." Linked to this fiery, loving, suffering, acute-minded woman was an affectionate, dignified, heavy-moulded husband, with his share of the theatrical traits of his family, to whom she and their children were warmly attached, but who neither shared nor comprehended the finer senses or higher standard of his wife, and for that reason probably wounded all the more her sensibilities.

Fanny Kemble inherited her full share of her mother's susceptibilities, vehemence, and suffering nature: her pulse thrilled, her heart beat, her tears gushed forth upon every occasion, painful or pleasurable; her impetuosity burst the bounds of self-control, making her deaf to assurances or remonstrances; as she herself said, "*My suddenness* is the curse of my nature." Speaking of her home, she says: "The defect of our home education is that, from the mental tendencies of all of us, no less than from our whole mode of life, the more imaginative and refined intellectual qualities are fostered in us in preference to our reasoning power. We have all excitable natures; and whether in head or heart, that is a disadvantage. The unrestrained indulgence of feeling is as injurious to moral

strength as the undue excess of fancy is to mental vigor."

To brace herself against her temperament, Fanny Kemble cultivated unusually systematic pursuits and monotonous habits, from an instinct of self-preservation, persuaded, as she says, "that religion and reason alike justify such a strong instinctive action in natures which derive a constant mental support from the soothing and restraining influence of systematic habits of monotonous regularity." An observant friend of Mrs. Kemble said to me, as much as forty years ago, "If Fanny Kemble did not read her Bible at such an hour, visit at such an hour, exercise at such an hour, and gird herself with set habits, she would go mad." But this is not the whole explanation; for while she did undoubtedly thus seek support, she had inherited from her very English father a worship of law and order, of church and state, of ancient customs, which contrasted violently with her usual impulsiveness and assertion of individuality. The upholder of form and etiquette, the assertor of dignity to-day, would to-morrow defy conventionality, mortify friends, and scandalize strangers by walking in full dress into a river, up to her arms, and then go dripping home through a crowd of beholders. And this metamorphosis was as swift as the flow in a spirit thermometer, as sudden as the transformation scene in a pantomime, and as absolute; the passing was instantaneous and unconscious.

During the life of Gouverneur Kemble, — a delightful gentleman, crony of Washington Irving, remote kinsman of Fanny Kemble, to whom he played the host at his pleasant place on the Hudson River, opposite West Point, — Saturday was called at the Military Academy "Kemble day," because the professors and officers went in turn to dine with their neighbor. When Fanny Kemble took on her magisterial style, it might well have been called "Kemble day," for it was an inheritance from her theatrical

ancestors, and recalled anecdotes of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

I was impelled one day to say to Mrs. Kemble that I had found out what was the matter with her: there were too many of her, — she must have been intended for twins; and I cannot better define the superabundant, tumultuous, dual nature, partaking of the extreme antipodal characteristics of her parents.

Her feelings rose and fell like the tide in the British Channel, and every few hours, when the tide was turning, she was in a state of agitation, tossed like a cockle boat on a cross sea. I doubt if any friend of Fanny Kemble thinks of her in a composed state, but rather as moved by joy or sorrow; and this agitation led her to shrink from general society as too exciting and too embarrassing to one so easily discomposed, and to long for a communion with nature and familiar friends, — a feeling fully reciprocated by those friends who enjoyed her most under such conditions. One cannot read her books without laughing and grieving over the series of scrapes and collisions caused by her suddenness, rashness, and subsequent fears, her assertion of independence, her acute sympathies, her mission as a crusader. Some of Mrs. Kemble's collisions, which are reported with exaggeration, reduced to bare facts, can be referred to these peculiarities, some to her theatrical inheritance, some to her self-imposed duty as a crusader, some to a sudden freak, some to her embarrassment and consequent clutching at safety,

or passing along the mortification at her own discomposure. She says somewhere, "I am always remarkably cross when I am frightened," — a natural concatenation. From whatever cause she occasionally wounded the feelings of others, her repentance was swift and sincere; her sense of justice, her warmth of heart, brought remorse and repentance.

Such as she was, brimming over with reverence and gratitude to God, with love to man, with sensibility to all the problems of life, to nature, with interest in art, in literature, in politics; generous, magnanimous, truthful, full of hope; crowned and worshiped, then struck down, doomed to bear thenceforth her heavy cross alone, — she has been to her family a guardian angel, to her friends a mighty fortress and shelter, to the world a delight and refreshment.

Mrs. Kemble's wish to die at home was fulfilled. Old age crept upon her in her own country, in the home of her younger daughter, wife of an English clergyman, and there she passed instantaneously from life to death.

"Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth
Will fringe the lettered stone, and herbs
spring forth,
Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain un-
bound,
Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;
While truth and love their purposes fulfill,
Commemorating genius, talent, skill,
That could not lie concealed where thou wast
known;
Thy virtues he must judge, and he alone,
The God upon whose mercy they are
thrown."

Henry Lee.

HAWTHORNE AT NORTH ADAMS.

THE westward-bound passenger on the Fitchburg railroad, emerging from the long roar of the Hoosac tunnel, sees the smoke-blurred electric lamps quenched in sudden daylight, shuts his

watch, and finds himself in North Adams. The commercial travelers leave the car, and a boy comes in with the Troy papers. A grimy station hides the close-built town, though upon the

left one can see row above row of boarding-houses clinging to the face of a rocky foothill of Greylock, and further to the south a bit of meadow land not yet covered with railroad sidings. Then the train moves on, and in a moment plunges into another tunnel, and so out of the Tunnel City.

Twenty years ago, the traveler's first glimpse of North Adams was more picturesque. The big six-horse coaches, starting from Rice's, away over in the winding valley of the Deerfield, and climbing Hoosac Mountain, used to swing at full gallop along the two or three miles of tableland on the summit of the range, past the queer old houses of Florida, the highest township in Massachusetts, and pull up for a moment where the road turned sharply down the western slope. On the right were the last reluctant spurs of the Green Mountains; directly in front, over the broad Williamstown valley, stretched the clear-cut Taconics; at the left rose the massive lines of Greylock. At one's feet, far below, were two or three church spires, and the smoke of factories. Tiny houses were already perching here and there on the steep sides of the mill streams; for North Adams has no site whatever, and from the beginning has had to climb for its life. Completely enfolded by hills as the village seemed, one could yet catch a glimpse, as the driver gathered up his reins for the long descent, of a valley extending southward, between Ragged Mountain and the Hoosac range, toward the towns of lower Berkshire.

It was up this valley, more than half a century ago, that the Pittsfield stage brought Hawthorne to North Adams. He was taking, in rather aimless fashion, one of those summer outings, which gave him more pleasure, he said, than other people had in the whole year beside. Nothing drew him to northern Berkshire, apparently, except the mere chance of travel; but he found the place congenial, and there are facts connected

with his stay there that throw a clear light upon Hawthorne, at a period critical both for himself and his art. There are persons still living who well remember his sojourn in North Adams. His favorite companions were men prominent in the little community, and of such marked personal qualities that story and legend are busy with them to this hour; so that even if the graphic delineations of the American Note-Books were not at hand, one might still form a fairly accurate picture of the North Adams of 1838.

Halfway down the straggling main street, upon the site of the present Wilson House, was a noted inn, called either after its proprietor, Smith's Tavern, or according to its politics, the Whig Tavern, or else, and more pretentiously, the North Adams House. Those were the days of Martin Van Buren, and the Democratic, or Waterman Tavern, was across the way, on the corner now occupied by the Richmond House. But Hawthorne, though on the very eve of becoming a Democratic office-holder, weakly yielded to the attractions of the Whig Tavern, being doubtless lured by the reputation of Orrin Smith as a hotel-keeper. Up to the many-pillared piazza of Smith's Tavern drove the stages from Greenfield and Pittsfield, from Troy and Albany. The broad stoop was the favorite loafing-place of the village characters. Here sat mild-mannered Captain Carter, with butternut meats and maple sugar for sale in little tin measures, which Hawthorne has described with curious precision; and which descended, by the way, after the captain's death, to a well-known vagrant in the adjoining village of Williamstown. Hither hobbled "Uncle John" Sheldon, the Revolutionary pensioner. Here was to be found the one-armed soap-maker, Daniel Haynes, nicknamed "Black Hawk," who had once been a lawyer, and had been ruined by drink, though there was still "a trace of the gentle-

man and man of intellect" in him. And here, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog, was the brandy-possessed "Doctor Bob" Robinson, a sort of fearless and savage Falstaff, the fame of whose single combats and evil ways and miraculous gifts of healing lingers even yet in the Tunnel City.

Along the piazza, or within the hospitable bar-room, sat village worthies of a higher grade: Otis Hodge the millwright, Orrin Witherell the blacksmith, Squire Putnam and Squire Drury, and the rest, filling their broad-bottomed chairs with the dignity acquired by years of habitude. Jovial old fellows were these patrons of the Whig Tavern, — Rhode Island Baptists, most of them, — hard-handed and level-headed, with hearty laughs and strongly flavored stories, with coarse appetites for meat and drink, and "a tendency to obesity." Doubtless they scrutinized each new arrival, drew shrewd inferences as to his occupation and character, and decided whether he was worthy of their intimacy. We do not know their first impressions of the young man who stepped out of the Pittsfield stage on the 26th of July, but there is every evidence that he was strongly attracted to these broad-backed tavern-haunters, and was promptly initiated into their circle. Curiously enough, their new friend was the most delicately imaginative genius this country has yet produced; gifted with such elusive qualities, such swift, bright, fairy-like fancies, that his college mates had nicknamed him "Oberon;" so shy and solitary that for years he had scarcely gone upon the streets of his native town except at night; so modest that he concealed his identity as a story-writer under a dozen different signatures; with a personal reserve so absolute and insistent that no liberty was ever taken with him; beautiful in face and form, fresh-hearted and pure-souled. A strange associate, indeed, for Orrin Witherell and Otis Hodge, Orrin Smith and "Doctor Bob" Rob-

inson! Ragged, one-armed "Black Hawk," soap-boiler and phrenologist, stopped in his "wild and ruined and desperate talk" to look at the new guest. "My study is man," he said. "I do not know your name, but there is something of the hawk-eye about you, too." And thus the two students of man entered into fellowship.

Hawthorne tarried at the North Adams House until the 11th of September. He bathed in the pools along Hudson's Brook, and climbed the hills at sunset. He chatted on the tavern stoop with "Uncle John" Sheldon and with Captain Carter, of whose name he was not quite certain, and which he enters in the journal as "I believe, Capt. Gavett." On rainy days he sat in the bar-room and consorted with Methodistical cattle drovers, stage agents, agents for religious and abolition newspapers, and an extraordinary variety of other people. He attended court, the menagerie, and the funeral of a child. Sometimes he took brief excursions in the neighborhood; as, for instance, to the Williams Commencement. Here he might have seen Mark Hopkins, presiding for the second time, flanked by dignitaries of the church and state; he might have listened to twenty-three orations, upon themes of which *The Influence of Deductive and Inductive Habits on the Character*, by William Bross, and *The Effect of Music on the Feelings*, by Henry M. Field, are perhaps fair examples, — to say nothing of the polished periods of the Rev. Orville Dewey's address before the alumni. But, as a matter of fact, this conscienceless graduate of Bowdoin apparently spent most of his time behind the church, watching the peddlers and the negroes. The only evidence that he entered the big white meeting-house at all is his remark that there were well-dressed ladies there, "the sunburnt necks in contiguity with the delicate fabrics of the dresses showing the yeoman's daughters."

Some of the people with whom the usually taciturn Hawthorne conversed, in the course of his walks and drives, made a deep impression upon his imagination. Of an old man whose children were connected with a circus establishment, he noted, as Wordsworth might have done, "While this old man is wandering among the hills, his children are the gaze of multitudes." On the top of Hoosac Mountain he met, one day, a German Jew, traveling with a diorama. After Hawthorne had looked at it, a curious elderly dog made his appearance, which the romance-writer has described with such extreme fidelity as to give Mr. Henry James the impression of a "general vacancy in the field of Hawthorne's vision," although it will appear that Hawthorne knew what he was about. One moonlight night he ascended the mountain side, startling the lonely watcher by one of those huge lime-kilns that then, and for many years, abounded near North Adams; and, going up to the top of the kiln, the future author of Ethan Brand gazed down upon the red-hot marble, burning with its "bluish, lambent flame." Experiences like this were destined to reappear, more or less transformed, in his creative work; but often the incidents recorded in the journal are of the very simplest character, as, for instance, the fact that two little girls, bearing tin pails, who met him on the Notch road, "whispered one another and smiled."

North Adams is a strange place, after all, to find Oberon in, — Oberon, the king of the fairies. We are not likely to understand the secret of Hawthorne's stay there unless we remember that the summer of 1838 was the most important epoch of his life.

What is first to be observed in the North Adams portion of the American Note-Books is the professional point of view. The writer is an artist in search of material. "Conceive something tragical to be talked about," he adds,

after describing the old man whose children were in the circus, "and much might be made of this interview in a wild road among the hills." He notes elsewhere: "A little boy named Joe, who haunts about the bar-room and the stoop, four years old, in a thin, short jacket, and full-breeched trousers, and bare feet. . . . Take this boy as the germ of a tavern-haunter, a country *roué*, to spend a wild and brutal youth, ten years of his prime in the state prison, and his old age in the poorhouse." Thus generously does the Hawthorne who himself haunts the Whig Tavern suggest to that other Hawthorne who invents stories that he might "take this boy." The suggestion was adopted, though Joe was not made to run through the melancholy course so vividly outlined for him; and readers of the Note-Books, who have wondered what ever became of the little fellow, — whose real name was not Joe, but Edward, — will doubtless be glad to learn that he grew up to be an eminently respectable citizen, and moved West! But the paragraph about Joe is a typical one.

Hawthorne was thirty-four years old that summer, and for a dozen years had devoted himself, in a solitary and more or less ineffective way, to the art of fiction. A gentleman who well remembers his sojourn at the North Adams House says that he used to walk along the street with his eyes down, and that he presented the tavern-keeper's niece with a book he had written. This book, published the year before, was *Twice-Told Tales*. In Hawthorne's well-known criticism upon these stories, written many years afterward, he accounted for their negative character — "the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade" — by his way of life while composing them. It had been a hermit life, a life of shadows, yet now and then of almost pathetic grasping after realities. The articles in *Twice-Told Tales* which pleased the author best were those elaborate exer-

cises in description, valuable indeed as illustration of the accuracy of Hawthorne's self-training in detailed observation, but more valuable as evidences of his struggle to turn from his air-drawn fancies, and morbid though often extremely powerful imaginings, to the common sunshine, the trivial sweet realities of the actual world.

Now, the author of the North Adams journal is the Hawthorne of *The Toll-Gatherer's Day* and *Little Annie's Ramble*, rather than the Hawthorne of *The Prophetic Pictures* and *Fancy's Show Box*. He turns eagerly to the life about him; he notes its details with fascinated interest. Nothing comes amiss to him: the long valley of the Notch, as it sweeps up to the Bellows-pipe, and a grunting drove of pigs passing the tavern at dusk, are alike entered in his note-book. Fifty years before the preface to *Pierre et Jean* was written, here was a young man in an obscure corner of Massachusetts practicing a "theory of observation" which would have satisfied De Maupassant himself. The extraordinary precision of Hawthorne's descriptions thus early in his career can be fully appreciated only by one who discovers how a mere line from the Note-Books will to-day serve, with the older citizens of North Adams, to identify the village characters sketched therein; or by one who will stand, with Hawthorne's words before him, by the side of Hudson's Brook, or on the desolate summit of Bald Mountain, or at that point on the Notch road where there is a view of Williamstown, "with high, mountainous swells heaving themselves up, like immense subsiding waves, far and wide around it."

There was a reason for this passion for the outer world. Solitude had done its utmost for Hawthorne, at least for the time being, and he had come to a parting of the ways. A single sentence from a letter to an intimate friend in 1838 is like a cry from the man's in-

most soul, — "I want to have something to do with the material world." Wedged in between Otis Hodge and Orrin Witherell around the huge fire in the public room of the Whig Tavern, his elbows touching those stout-built, cheery-souled embodiments of pioneer virtues and vices, and casting himself into the life of the village in all its varied activities, Hawthorne found the "material world" with which he longed to come in touch. When he left North Adams, it was to enter almost at once upon the life of a weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, and to stand thenceforth in the ranks with his fellow-men.

But Hawthorne's new contact with actualities was something more than a mere quickening of interests, a broadening of his range, a closer focusing of his professional eye upon the object. He was a writer; he had the passion for observing, recording, recombining; he could not help it. It may well be that when such a man throws himself upon the actual, the result is simply a keener physical vision, a more perfect analysis, a more pitiless art. This fate was quite possible for Hawthorne. The fear of it haunted him, and never more so than in this very year when he made his escape from it. He wrote to Longfellow, "There is no fate in this world so horrible as to have no share in its joys and sorrows." To the mere observer as well as to the mere dreamer — and Hawthorne had been both by turns — may come that paralysis which lays hold of the very roots of life and art together; which begins in artistic detachment, and ends in the sterility of isolation. From the horror of that death in life, which has fallen in our day upon artists like Flaubert and his more brilliant nephew, Hawthorne was saved, as he believed, by the influence of the woman who afterward became his wife. In his own simple phrase, his heart was touched. "I used to think I could imagine all passions, all feel-

ings and states of the heart and mind, but how little did I know! Indeed, we are but shadows; we are not endowed with real life; and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream till the heart be touched. That touch creates us; then we begin to be; thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity."

Hawthorne had already felt that creative touch in the summer of 1838. It accounts — does it not? — for the new sense of reality so apparent in the journal. It was not simply his artistic interest, but his sympathy, that started into a quicker life. His extraordinarily sensitive mind brooded upon the risk he had run of becoming a cool observer, untaught that he had a heart; it became, in his own words, "a fearful thought" to him, and, being an artist to the finger-tips, he put his fearful thought into artistic form. In Ethan Brand, the story of the man who committed the Unpardonable Sin, Hawthorne embodied not only his North Adams character studies, but the very emotion that must have stirred his deepest heart during those weeks of sojourn at the Whig Tavern. He laid upon the shoulders of the lime-burner on the slope of Hoosac the awful burden whose weight he himself had almost felt.

Ethan Brand, a Chapter from an Abortive Romance, was first published in *The Dollar Magazine* under the title of *The Unpardonable Sin*, in 1851. The date of its composition is uncertain. Mr. Lathrop thinks that Hawthorne's removal to Berkshire in 1850 may have revived his interest in the old material provided by the Note-Books; Mr. Conway is inclined to believe that the story was written in 1848. Nor is it clear how literally the subtitle is to be taken. There are allusions in Ethan Brand to preceding episodes connected with the theme, of such dramatic possibilities that Hawthorne may well have sketched them in his fancy, but whether he ever seriously tried his hand upon anything

more than the culminating chapter is doubtful. Two things, however, are certain: for the setting of the story, its author drew exclusively upon notes taken in North Adams; and the moral problem involved in it was Hawthorne's own problem, as a man and an artist, in the summer of 1838. Remembering how long he brooded over the Septimius Felton theme and the Scarlet Letter theme before writing a word, it will not seem improbable that the conception of Ethan Brand should date from the time of his first visit to Berkshire, even if the story remained unwritten for a dozen years; though, as a matter of fact, it is not at all unlikely that its composition is to be placed much earlier than the critics have surmised.

Ostensibly a fragment, and undoubtedly bearing internal evidence of some haste or dissatisfaction on the author's part, Ethan Brand remains one of the most powerful things that Hawthorne ever wrote. Rarely has he shown such dramatic instinct as when he marshaled his old North Adams acquaintances into the moonshine and narrow streaks of firelight that illuminated the open space before the lime-kiln on the sombre mountain side. They are all there: the stage agent, the crippled soap-boiler, the brandy-possessed doctor, the old man whose daughter had wandered away with the circus, the German Jew with his diorama, and the curious old dog. It is little Joe who guides them into the presence of their former associate, Ethan Brand, who has committed "the one only crime for which Heaven can afford no mercy." Many notes from the journal are adopted without change. Sometimes there is a mere shifting of descriptive phrases that seem to suit Hawthorne's fancy: as when the "wild and ruined and desperate talk" attributed in the Note-Books to the cripple is here given to the doctor; or the sentence "Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a day-dream to look at it," originally written of Williamstown, is

applied to the village of the tale. But there are more subtle adaptations of his material in two allusions to events not narrated in the story itself, however definitely Hawthorne may have outlined them in his imagination. The old man's missing daughter has become "the Esther of our tale," "whom with such cold and remorseless purpose Ethan Brand had made the subject of a psychological experiment." Reference is also made to "a professional visit of the village doctor to Ethan Brand, during the latter's supposed insanity." Hawthorne has perhaps wrought out the psychological experiment motive often enough elsewhere to indicate what would probably have been his method here; but the idea of bringing "Doctor Bob," with his huge animalism and mordant humor, "savage as a wild beast and miserable as a lost soul," to minister to the spiritual malady that preyed upon Ethan Brand might easily have resulted in a scene unmatched in the whole range of Hawthorne's work.

If it is a pure bit of romanticism to transform the Jew of Hoosac Mountain to "the Jew of Nuremberg," the mask of the fiend himself, there is, on the other hand, in the description of the antics of the old dog an instance of the power of Hawthorne's realism. In the Note-Books, the trivial incident of the dog's chasing his own tail is minutely narrated, as a fact somehow worth recording. In Ethan Brand, the fact is nothing except as it illustrates a truth: the man who had chased the world over for something that was in his own breast, "moved by a perception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of the self-pursuing cur," broke into the awful laugh that sent the jovial party hurrying homewards through the darkening woods.

For Ethan Brand himself there is no model in the journal. None was needed. Hawthorne's own problem, in that critical year, was to keep "the counterpoise between his mind and heart."

The doom he dreaded most of all was, to be "no longer a brother man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets," but to be, like Ethan Brand, "a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment." The scene of the tale is the very hillside where Hawthorne wandered, brooding over the isolation that kills and the touch that makes alive. Its personages are the people that jostled against him in the tavern. But Hawthorne found Ethan Brand — or a potential Ethan Brand — in his own heart. He believed in an Unpardonable Sin; and it is by this faith in the reality of the moral life, after all is said, that he takes his rank as an artist. He chose moral problems, the truths of the human heart, and made them plastic; he created, not abstract types, but men and women, charging them with spiritual force; and the result is that Ethan Brand, with his homely garments and heavy shoes, bending over the fiery lime-kiln on the slope of Hoosac, is a figure with all the moral passion, the tragic dignity, of Empedocles of old casting himself despairingly into the crater of Mount Etna.

It is more than fifty years since Hawthorne left the village at the foot of Greylock, never to return. Most of the companions of his sojourn there lie buried in the cone-shaped sand-hills of the crowded cemetery just beyond the Little Tunnel. The Whig Tavern changed hands shortly after his departure; and although Orrin Smith later kept another hostelry by the side of the old coaching road on the crest of Hoosac, that, too, has long since disappeared, and the site is overgrown with alders. But within ten minutes' walk of the Tunnel City may still be seen a gray lime-kiln upon which Hawthorne's eyes have rested, and the intense personal emotion of that long-past year is still vibrant in Ethan Brand. The ro-

mance-writers of our day have learned to stray far afield in their search for material, and they come back, too often, with such empty hands! The more's

the pity, since a factory village, set in a narrow space among New England hills, was once field enough for a Hawthorne.

Bliss Perry.

A' CENTURY OF FRENCH HISTORY.

THE old claim of France to the hegemony of the European continent may now be considered as dormant, if not extinct. But neither the arrogance with which it has so often been asserted or maintained, nor the humiliating disasters which have sometimes been the result, should prevent us from acknowledging its original validity and its general operative force. The magnificent advantages of the country in position, extent, climate, and soil, the manifold capacities, vivacious temperament, and elastic spirit of the people, and the unity and solidity acquired by the nation at a period when most others were still divided and unorganized, were obvious grounds of superiority, and of a preponderating influence amounting at times to a virtual supremacy. And besides the magnitude of her resources, France had a further title to preëminence, which, though less manifest, cannot be set aside as a mere fiction or empty boast, — a title resting on inheritance and descent. It is not a French, but a German historian who has depicted Cæsar's conquest of Gaul as "a bridge connecting the past glories of Hellas and Rome with the prouder fabric of modern history," but for which "our civilization would have hardly stood in any more intimate relation to the Romano-Greek than to the Indian and Assyrian culture." Romanized Gaul was the chief depository of the diminished heritage bequeathed by the ancient to the modern world, the chosen centre for its preservation and diffusion; and the nation which, by a long

process of re-conquest and re-creation, established itself in full possession of its ancient birthright derived from this source the primary impulse and inspiration of its aggressive and propagandizing career. Hence the strong attractiveness which has been not less conspicuous than its aggressiveness, — the aroma of civilization which it has seemed to exhale, and which has exerted a seductive charm quite distinct from that of intellectual greatness or individual achievement. While France is the only nation that has ever provoked universal hostility, it is also the one which has been most assiduously courted and imitated, which alone has succeeded in reconciling alien populations to its sway and binding them to its interests, and which has initiated the great movements that have modified the general organization of society. For most readers, the interest of French history lies in what may be termed its sensational character, in the crises and convulsions in which it abounds; for the student, it has the further and special value of exhibiting with the greatest clearness and completeness the chief stages of political development since the fall of the Roman Empire, — the rise and growth of feudalism in the Middle Ages, the establishment of monarchical supremacy in the fifteenth century, and the triumph of democracy at the close of the eighteenth century.

Four works before us — three of them by American writers, all of them the fruit of careful and critical study — deal with separate phases or detached por-

tions of this eventful history during the century between the death of Louis XIV., in 1715, and the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. Mr. Perkins has followed up his elaborate work on Richelieu and Mazarin with a volume of which the main subject is the Orleans Regency, although the larger half of it is occupied with a preliminary review of the reign of Louis XIV.¹ Working on a scale so much smaller than that of his former book, he has not aimed at anything like the same minuteness of research or fullness of treatment; but he is likely to reach a larger circle of readers, and to leave a stronger impression of his ability as a narrator. He handles the details of his present story with a firm and easy grasp; his style is vigorous and pointed as well as lucid; and his attitude of cool dispassionateness suffices in general for the treatment of characters that make no strong appeal to our sympathies, and no imperative demand for subtle insight or vivid portraiture. Writing on a more familiar theme than before, he can afford to confine himself to its salient aspects; but his brevity is of the kind that indicates, not a mere cursory inspection, but ample knowledge, conscious power, and purposed self-restraint.

Of the figures that stand out on this small but not overcrowded canvas, Louis XIV. is naturally the most prominent, though not perhaps intrinsically the most interesting. That resplendent embodiment of royalty, the object of greater reverence and adulation than had been bestowed on any previous ruler since the deified Cæsars, represents the culmination of a system which he did nothing to create, and which he insensibly did something to impair. The feudal power had been undermined and overthrown by Louis XI.; feudal turbulence, after its many vain attempts to dislocate the new order, had been finally

quelled by Richelieu and Mazarin; feudal privilege was still suffered to exist, but only that it might add by reflected beams to the lustre of the crown. The country was more tranquil and prosperous than it had been at any previous period; between the people and the sovereign were only the servants of his power and the obsequious attendants on his favor; and France, without a rival in strength and order, in culture and wealth, occupied that position of ascendancy among the states of Europe which, in earlier and darker days, acute and impartial observers had described as its natural destiny. That advantage should have been taken of this state of things to extend the boundaries of the kingdom was in the order of nature as understood by nations and their rulers at most epochs. A long series of wars ensued, of which the final result was disastrous to France; stripping her of conquests made at the outset, dimming the glory of her victories by terrible repulses and defeats, and reducing her for a time to a condition bordering on exhaustion, but revealing also her matchless recuperative energies, and carrying the conviction that her power, when ably directed, could be held in check only by general and combined resistance. It was the prestige of the monarch, not of the nation, that suffered eclipse.

In sketching the character of Louis Mr. Perkins shows discrimination and fairness; but he scarcely succeeds in presenting that complete and concrete image in which qualities and defects form an inseparable whole. They are balanced rather than blended, with the effect of some indefiniteness and inconsistency. In one place (page 26) we are told that "the character of Louis XIV. was so curious, and in some respects so complex, that it is difficult to decide how much credit he should receive for what was accomplished during his reign;"

¹ *France under the Regency.* With a Review of the Administration of Louis XIV. By

JAMES BRECK PERKINS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

that his vanity was "colossal," his ambition "unbounded," his extravagance "reckless;" but that "he was far from being a commonplace man," and that, "whether for good or evil, he left the marks of his policy and of his beliefs on the government, the people, and the traditions of France." In another place (page 139) we read that "the character of Louis XIV. is symbolized in stone and mortar by the palace he erected" at Versailles. "Whoever cares to gain a just conception of what manner of man Louis XIV. was cannot do better than to stroll through the vast and tasteless gardens, where even nature ceases to be beautiful, and look upon the great row of monstrous buildings which close the view. The palace resembles its master; it is grandiose, commonplace, and dull." It is difficult to reconcile these descriptions, or either of them with a third (pages 161-163), which, if it stood alone, might be accepted without much objection. Here the mainspring of Louis's conduct is indicated by the remark that "he had an elevated conception of the office which he held, and he endeavored to live up to his ideal." But when it is added that "no man on the world's stage has better played the part of the king," and that, though not a great man, "we may justly call him a great king," we seem to be carried back to Versailles and invited to accept the ideal of kingship which ruled in that incense-laden atmosphere. A great king, according to more modern conceptions, is of necessity and emphatically a great man, a predestined ruler; one who does not merely magnify his office, but whose capacities are equal to its highest demands and heaviest responsibilities. Louis was, obviously, not a king after this pattern. Had he found France weak and distracted, his was not the hand that could have raised it from that condition; it was because he found it strong and consolidated that he was able for a time to impose his will

upon the world and to dazzle it with his successes. But neither was he, to our apprehension, commonplace or dull. He had clear perceptions within a limited range, a native shrewdness of judgment, often shown both in action and in speech, a natural fitness for the conduct of affairs, great industry, firmness of mind and evenness of temper, and an unrivaled grace of deportment. These qualities would have sufficed to distinguish him in many important stations. They would have fitted him to fill his actual position with credit, and even with *éclat*, if his conception of it had been less "elevated" and more enlightened. Some glimmering consciousness of this fact may have dawned upon him on his deathbed, when, after protesting that he owed no reparations to individuals, he added that for those which he owed to his people he could only trust to the mercy of God.

In his treatment of the Regency, Mr. Perkins brings out with impartial clearness the two aspects of that period which have made it the object of unmeasured obloquy and of equally unmeasured eulogy, — the cynical shamelessness of its manners and its comparative breadth of thought and practical activity. The new atmosphere was laden with grosser impurities than the old, but it was less stifling. The decorous stateliness of Versailles was exchanged for the vulgar bustle of the Palais Royal. Instead of repression, there was tolerance; instead of reverential assent and applause, there were discussion and criticism; instead of an iron routine and immutable traditions, there was scope for experiment and adventure; instead of an ostentatious sanctimoniousness, there were unbridled levity and flaunting licentiousness. What, then, must be the final verdict on the character and efficiency of the government of Philip of Orleans and his minister Dubois? The best, and perhaps the worst, that can be said of its policy is that it was one of expedients; that it

was hampered by no prejudices, but had no vitalizing principles. The maintenance of peace on a firm and equitable basis was an obvious and prime necessity, and credit is due for the skillful management and sensible arrangements by which this object was secured. The ruinous state of the finances was partially and temporarily repaired by a common kind of clumsy and dishonest patchwork, while the attempt to stimulate industry and commerce, and roll up boundless wealth, by the banking and colonization schemes of Law, was more preposterous and more disastrous than the project for its support of which the government of M. Carnot has been doing penance with sackcloth and lighted taper. The temporizing attitude between Jesuits and Jansenists may have been dictated by shrewdness as well as indifference, but it is no proof of enlightenment. We cannot judge of reforms in administration which were planned, but for lack of time or energy were never carried out. In fine, one may say that, while much was weakened or destroyed by this *régime*, nothing was established. The chief claim made for it by Mr. Perkins is that it inaugurated a new spirit; that it stimulated men to think and investigate; that its experiments, though failures, cleared the way for more successful efforts; that at least in its negative results it was a precursor of the Revolution. This view may be accepted without compelling us to put high estimate on the persons who, as much by their lack of earnestness and belief as by their keenness or perspicuity of vision, exerted this emancipating influence.

The lively picture which Mr. Perkins has given us of the period and the actors is more effective than his generalizations; and the strongest impression it leaves is that of a comedy, — one in which there was no Tartuffe, but also no Alceste.

The subject of Mr. Lowell's book is not exactly indicated by its attractive

title,¹ which would lead us to expect a narrative of the events that immediately preceded the outbreak of the Revolution, — a picture of the situation when it was one, not of gradual and latent preparation, but of open agitation and suspense. Instead of this, we have a description of the state of the country, its institutions and social arrangements, in the eighteenth century, down to the assembly of the States-General. The administration and the court, the church, the nobility, the army, the courts of law, the finances, the condition of the people, the stream of new ideas that was flooding and permeating society, form the main topics of the twenty-three chapters into which the work is divided. It embraces a large amount of information, derived from recent as well as older sources, and presented in a compact and well-arranged form, making it pleasant to read and serviceable to consult. The inappropriateness of the title is rendered more evident by the failure to bring into a focus the significant facts and inevitable tendencies of a state of things which was already in process of dissolution. The general impression conveyed is, as the author himself remarks, that of "a great, prosperous, modern country." This view receives an apparent support in the growth of trade and manufactures, and the increase of wealth and population, during a long period of peace, but it must be pronounced an illusory one. The real condition was that of disorganization and impending collapse. Society was split into totally distinct and dissimilar sections, with no community of interests, and few relations but those of mutual hostility. The increase of wealth that gave a semblance of national prosperity was confined to the middle class, — the traders, the capitalists, the *bourgeoisie* generally, — which looked with envy and hatred at the class above it, and with scornful

¹ *The Eve of the French Revolution.* By EDWARD J. LOWELL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

contempt on the class below it, while profiting by the necessities and incapacity of both. The nobility, exempt from the duties and responsibilities which it had formerly borne, retained its immunities as an order, and its jealous isolation as a caste. The peasantry, loaded with nearly the whole burden of taxation, as well as with feudal services and exactions for which they no longer received any equivalent, were for the most part, as Tocqueville asserts, in a worse condition than that which had been their lot in the fourteenth century. In a word, feudalism, which had once, as a living organism, exerted a cohesive force and performed indispensable functions, was now a dead weight and obstruction, both for the state, to which it lent an artificial splendor, and for the mass of the people, whose energies were crushed, and whose capacities for development were stifled by its oppressive and putrefying remains. The long continuance of this state of things without any open conflict or explosion only added to the material and intensified the virulence of the evil. And, meanwhile, a light such as had never before been turned on the nature and foundations of government and of society was pouring its fullest blaze on institutions which had been the outgrowth of circumstances, and which now rested only on tradition and usage. Conceptions and sentiments corresponding to nothing that existed, contradictory of all that existed, were spreading and fermenting throughout the whole community. An ideal world and a real world, with no feature in common, stood clearly revealed in menacing opposition. Under this far-reaching and dazzling illumination, gradual or partial change was impracticable and futile; sudden and complete change was revolution; and all the circumstances of its origin, as well as of its inception and progress, conspired to render the revolution as violent as it was thorough.

The prominence and importance of the philosophical literature of the period

justify the large amount of space which Mr. Lowell has given to this branch of his subject. But here, again, his exposition lacks the appropriate application. He discusses the characteristics and analyzes the productions of all the notable writers, giving, of course, the chief consideration to Rousseau; but he does not indicate with precision or insistence their influence on the course of events, which is the all-important point. This is the more to be regretted since Taine's treatment of this matter is as shallow in ideas as it is turgid and declamatory in style. He dissects the new doctrines in order to expose their fundamental unsoundness and perverse tendencies, and denounces their influence as wholly baleful and pernicious. But this is very much as if one should estimate the value of Puritanism or of the mediæval Church simply by its dogmatic content and the aberrations from a conceivable line of progress which were among the results. True historical criticism proceeds on a different principle. As the French Revolution is to be judged as a whole, so the philosophy of which it was the offspring, and of which it bore the stamp in all its diverse features, must be judged by the necessities from which it sprang, the spirit by which it was animated, and the whole circle of its action. It arose in a time of stagnation and decay. Literature of a higher kind there was none; religion of an exalted and inspiring character there was none; statesmanship there was none; practical wisdom there was none. The spirit of speculative inquiry concentrated in itself all that was still vital in the moral and intellectual forces of society. It stood alone as a means of regeneration, with nothing to support, guide, or control it. It was fain to draw all its material from abstractions, and to face the existing order, not in the spirit of compromise, but in that of unflinching and unqualified attack. It was thus primarily and of necessity a purely negative and destructive force. Nevertheless, it

did not simply clear the way for a positive and constructive activity, but embodied, amid all its errors, the germinating principle of subsequent developments. The teaching of Rousseau opened men's eyes to the fact that the conceptions on which their life was based were artificial, conventional, and false. It roused them from torpor, and stimulated them to the search for higher aims and worthier means. It pointed them from custom and tradition to nature,—a term, now as then, open to wild and misleading interpretations, but then, as ever, the shibboleth of true progress in all social arrangements as well as in literature, science, and art. Thus the new doctrine, ugly and venomous under some aspects, wore yet a precious jewel in its head. The convulsions to which it gave rise were not the pangs of dissolution, but the birth-throes of a new era. The visions which it evoked, though far from being fully realized, were no mere illusions. There is hardly a phase of life or thought in which the nineteenth century may claim superiority to the eighteenth that does not bear the traces of that renovating influence.

"Beware," writes Emerson, "when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet!" Nothing in history better illustrates the force of this warning than the French Revolution. It was an uncontrolled reign of ideas. Its good and its evil, its glories and its horrors, all sprang from this source. Neither great practical ability on the one hand, nor base and mercenary motives on the other, had any part in it. From first to last, the men who initiated and conducted the movement were pure propagandists, inspired or intoxicated, strong-minded or fanatical, all alike mastered and absorbed by a disinterested passion, with no remarkable gift beyond that of verbal expression, no power save that of

exciting and guiding opinion. If the resistance of the government had been strong and determined enough to bring about a civil war, — which Mirabeau came to desire as the one means of staying the fury of the attack and saving the monarchy, — a different class of actors might have come to the front and controlled the course of events. As it was, the heavy bombardment of the philosophers was followed by the rattling fire of the pamphleteers, and then the orators, who formed the storming party, mounted the breaches, swept away all resistance, and proceeded to demolish the crumbling fortress, with the result, among others, that most of them were buried beneath the ruins. The study of the subject demands, therefore, in a greater degree than that of ordinary changes in government or legislation, an acquaintance with the speeches of the period; and the selection which Mr. Stephens has recently edited¹ will form a most useful accompaniment to his own or any other history of the Revolution. A people possessing, as he remarks, "a natural aptitude for public speaking, a language peculiarly fitted for the development of eloquence, and an educational system which has always recognized rhetoric as an important study," found itself, for the first time in its history, in the enjoyment of an unbounded liberty of discussion, and, as if in the sudden discharge of a long-repressed accumulation, poured forth a stream of eloquence surpassing that of ancient Athens — in quantity. As regards quality, the variety is extraordinary, embracing as it does the masterpieces of Mirabeau and Danton, with their vigorous argumentative power, and their flashes of intense feeling and condensed thought, the glowing rhetorical appeals of Vergniaud, the tortuous harangues of Robespierre, the frothy declamations of Bar-

¹ *The Principal Speeches of the Statesmen and Orators of the French Revolution. 1789-1795.* Edited, with Introductions, Notes, and Indices,

by H. MORSE STEPHENS. In two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

rère, and innumerable other effusions, many of them of a kind not represented in Mr. Stephens's volumes, but none of them lacking significance in connection with the march of events. Read in this association, they involve us in the stormy atmosphere of the time: we are listening to the roll of the thunder and the ceaseless pattering of the rain, and we share in the agitations of the hour. But it must be confessed that it is a different thing to read them in cold blood, or, with some striking exceptions, to study them simply as specimens of oratorical art. Any one, however, who turns to them for this purpose will find every needful help in Mr. Stephens's excellent Introductions, general and special.

The oratory of the Revolution had one rival in efficiency, — the guillotine; and as the latter instrument increased its activity, the former rapidly declined in splendor and potency. The chief speakers disappeared from the scene in quick succession, and the stream of eloquence, which had started as a full and fiery torrent, dwindled and languished, until, under the Directory, it sank into a slender current of ditch water. The end was reached, not through a natural exhaustion, but by a sudden cataclysm. A new power arose, more absolute and imperious than the old monarchy, and the nation was relegated to its pristine silence. Thenceforth, for many years, there were no audible sounds but the roar of cannon and beat of drums, the proclamation of edicts and the boastful strains of martial bulletins. The conflict of opinions, the struggle of factions, the repetition of phrases, had ceased. There was but one thinker, one speaker, one will. Attention hung mute and breathless on the action of a single figure, the most picturesque, and in some respects the most problematical, in all history.

We are, happily, not called upon at present to discuss anew the character and career of Napoleon. On this subject Mr. Ropes said his say some time

ago, with what degree of assent or dissent on the part of his audience it were idle to inquire. He now returns to the closing scene of the great drama in order to discuss it from the standpoint of purely military criticism, with a view to explaining more fully than has yet been done what seems to him "the almost inexplicable result, — the complete defeat, in a very brief campaign, of the acknowledged master of modern warfare."¹ Of his qualifications for the task there can be no question, and the clearness of his method and style will render the details intelligible to the mass of persons, unfamiliar with the technique of war, for whom, despite the vaster operations of earlier and more recent times, the campaign of Waterloo still retains its unique interest. Intrinsically, too, the campaign is one of the easiest to comprehend. The strategy was simple; its objects were obvious; there were no natural obstacles to interfere with its execution, and no manœuvres on either side requiring the exercise of extraordinary skill to manage or to baffle them. The distances were so short and the movements so continuous that the encounters at Ligny, at Quatre Bras, and at Waterloo seem almost like different phases of a single battle. From the mound at Mont St. Jean an unobstructed view over a gently rolling country, unbroken by hills or large rivers, embraces nearly the whole field of operations. Mr. Ropes abstains from the kind of description which a writer less intent on his immediate object would have been tempted to indulge in; but he gives, it need hardly be said, all the topographical indications that are necessary, supplemented by a volume of maps, in which the same features are successively reproduced, with no change except in the positions of the armies. Notwithstanding this apparent simplicity of the subject, it is one which,

¹ *The Campaign of Waterloo.* A Military History. By JOHN CODMAN ROPES. With Atlas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

as the reader is aware, and from causes which he will easily conjecture, has given rise to a greater amount of controversy than any other in the annals of war. Numerous questions connected with it have been warmly debated, not merely by writers swayed by national or personal prejudices, but by others with whom such motives either did not exist, or were neutralized by the spirit of scientific inquiry. The special merit of Mr. Ropes's work lies, we think, not in an absolute freedom from bias or in any entirely fresh light which is thrown upon disputed points, — a result scarcely possible without the production of hitherto unpublished evidence, — but in the fact that, by confining his narrative to the details which are necessary for the comprehension of these points, by stating each of them in due sequence with the utmost clearness and precision, and by bringing forward all the conflicting statements and opinions, with nearly everything that has been said in support of them, he puts the reader in a position to estimate their relative value and importance, and to arrive at such a judgment, uninfluenced by extraneous considerations, as he may be otherwise competent to form.

It is worthy of note that, putting aside the fabrications concocted at St. Helena, and long since ruled out of court, the censure which has been cast on the conduct of the allies is confined to a few points, in regard to which there is no uncertainty as to the main facts, and no doubt as to where the responsibility should rest. The questions involved are purely those of military criticism, and the only authorities entitled to be heard are substantially in accord. The cantonments of both the English and the Prussian army were too extended; the concentration of the scattered corps was too long deferred; Blücher's formations and tactical movements at Ligny were faulty in the extreme; above all, Wellington was guilty of an inexcusable

error in retaining at Hal the large force which he had posted there in anticipation of a flanking movement on his right. These mistakes were redeemed by the firmness and tenacity of both commanders, by their well-arranged concert of action for the final struggle, and by Wellington's skillful disposition and splendid management of his troops on the decisive field. On the other hand, there is scarcely a single act or measure on the side of the French which has not been a subject of adverse criticism. The successive strategical movements, the tactical arrangements and manœuvres in each of the three battles, the nature and intent of the orders that were given, and how far and in what spirit they were executed, the mental or physical condition and capacity of Napoleon, of Ney, of Soult, of Grouchy, and of subordinate officers, — all these matters have been brought under discussion as explanatory of the disastrous result. Two of them are of prime importance, and in regard to each of these there is, happily, a consensus of opinion on one point. The question is not whether "some one blundered," that fact being too palpable to admit of contradiction, but only to whose act or negligence the blunder should be attributed. It is simply a question of evidence, — one on which any reader may, without presumption, express his own conclusions.

While the battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny were in progress, a French corps, twenty thousand strong, under D'Erlon, wandered backward and forward between these two fields without coming into action on either. Had it remained with Ney, there can scarcely be a doubt that Wellington, who was enabled to hold his ground against successive attacks only by the aid of the small reinforcements that were slowly gathered in, would have been driven back, defeated for the first time in his career. Had it moved against Blücher's right wing, as it was in a position to do at a critical

moment, his defeat must have been far more severe than it was, — possibly so crushing as to prevent his subsequent junction with Wellington. Instead of this, its appearance in a quarter from which it was possible that a hostile force might be advancing led Napoleon to arrest his attack upon the Prussian centre, when, as Mr. Ropes says, “he was all ready to give the finishing blow,” and, by thus causing a delay of two hours, actually contributed to lessen the victory which it should have rendered more complete. The blame of this extraordinary incident has been tossed about between Ney, Napoleon, D’Erlon, and the officer — whether Laurent or Labedoyère is uncertain — who carried or gave the order which originally led to the mishap. It is to this last-mentioned person that Mr. Ropes, in concurrence with Charras, whose examination of the testimony is elaborate and impartial, imputes the fault; and it must be allowed that the theory which ascribes the order to Napoleon himself, though in some respects the more plausible, rests on apparently irreconcilable facts. It is true that to an unprofessional reader it appears almost inconceivable that a mere staff officer should have felt himself at liberty to exercise independent authority in such a fashion; but it would be obviously improper to apply the rules by which ordinary mortals are fain to straighten out their insignificant affairs to operations in which the fate of emperors and nations is at stake. The further question, however, remains, why Napoleon, when he had ascertained the real character of the approaching force, did not order it into action. He was counting on assistance from Ney, and had sent him written orders to manœuvre with that aim; yet when D’Erlon appeared, as if in answer to the summons, he let slip the opportunity of using it. This neglect is strongly condemned by almost all critics. Clausewitz excuses it on the ground of the lateness of the hour. Mr. Ropes considers that

“Napoleon must have supposed that D’Erlon had come upon the field under orders from Marshal Ney, expressly to remain and take part in the action,” and asks, “Why, then, should he send him any orders?” The puzzled layman can only ask in return, Why, if such orders were obviously unnecessary, do writers like Jomini and Charras insist that they should have been given? What further mystifies us is that Mr. Ropes proceeds to admit that “we can see now that this would have been wise,” and explains the omission by the fact that “at this moment Napoleon had all he could attend to in organizing the decisive movement on Ligny.” Charras, however, as if in anticipation of this remark, says that a message of five words, promptly transmitted, would have sufficed; and it is incredible that Napoleon, when he received the information for which he had waited so long, should have been unable to avail himself of it by so simple a step. Accident had brought him a large reinforcement; D’Erlon’s corps had come within the circuit of his own combinations; it now formed virtually a continuation of his line of battle, and the proper employment of it was not less important than that of the forces already engaged. A false movement had turned out one of the most fortunate of accidents, and if advantage had been taken of it, the “superserviceable staff officer” to whom it was due, instead of being made a scapegoat, would have been entitled to applause for his foresight and zeal. But in this case there would have been no talk of error or accident; the movement would have been ascribed to a brilliant inspiration, and the credit of it would have been claimed by and given to Napoleon.

The other question requiring to be noticed is, of course, that which relates to the mission and movements of Grouchy. The general facts and the points of controversy are too familiar to need recapitulation, but a reader whose im-

pressions have been gathered from a decision such as that of Thiers, that "to Grouchy, to Grouchy alone," is attributable the catastrophe at Waterloo, may be surprised to learn with what a close approach to unanimity professional criticism has reached the opposite conclusion. Mr. Ropes's treatment of this matter leaves little to be desired. That Grouchy, when he found that the Prussians had retreated on Wavre, should, instead of following them in that direction, have sought at once to place his army between them and Napoleon is now seldom disputed with any show of reason. Whatever his orders, and whatever the doubts whether such a movement would have had the success and led to the decisive results that have been assumed, — a point on which Charras and Mr. Ropes take opposite views, — this was clearly the course which the circumstances not only justified, but demanded; and Grouchy's failure to take it proves his lack of capacity for the post assigned to him. On the other hand, for the long delay in starting the pursuit, for the strange failure to ascertain by timely reconnaissances the direction of the retreat, for the false assumptions in this regard which governed the instructions originally given to the marshal, for the lack of definiteness in these instructions, and for subsequent omissions to furnish him with information and precise directions, Napoleon alone is responsible. But this is not all. There was a fault greater than these, and underlying these. The project, of which the execution was entrusted to Grouchy, should never have been formed. By detaching so large a force from his command, Napoleon incurred unnecessarily numerous risks, and threw away his greatest chance of speedy and complete success. After beating the Prussians, he should have massed his whole army without delay, and, leaving only a small corps for observation in his rear, marched against Wellington in greatly preponderating strength. On this

point Mr. Ropes is in accord with most preceding critics, from Marshal Soult downwards. Whether, if the right course had been adopted, Wellington would perforce have been overwhelmed before the arrival of his allies, whether their junction with him could have been effected, and whether, if effected, it would have saved the day, are questions on which diverse opinions have been expressed, but which are of necessity insoluble.

What was the cause of this portentous error, and of many other mistakes in the conduct of the campaign; above all, the loss of time at every important stage, — in the advance across the frontier, in beginning the attack at Ligny, in resuming operations on the following day, in opening the battle at Waterloo, — and that general lack of energy and decision which leads Charras to characterize the campaign as one of hesitations and delays? Napoleon's physical ill condition affords only a doubtful, or at the most a partial, explanation of this want of promptitude in resolve and action, so contrary to his usual methods and distinctive characteristics. The real and deeper source lay in his mental state, in his consciousness of the fatality of his position. The illusions under which he had replaced himself in power, and which for a time he had communicated to the mass of the French people, had been quickly dispelled. The stern fact loomed up that he had taken this step, as Thiers, the most eloquent and most credulous of his advocates, has expressed it, "in defiance of Europe, in defiance of France, in defiance of common sense." But, having taken it, he had no choice but to go on, trusting in those elements of chance on which, in the downward course of his fortunes, he had so often and so vainly relied. Mr. Ropes, however, appears to think that Napoleon's position was not of this nature, and that his calculations were based on sound principles.

This view colors his whole narrative, and seems to us to vitiate his judgments on several controverted points. It is most conspicuous in his general outline of the situation. Napoleon, he says, on his return from Elba, "proclaimed his policy to be strictly one of peace, and we have every reason to believe that his intentions were sincerely pacific." It seems singular that, with "every reason" for this belief, it should have found so little acceptance both at the time and since. There was, and is, at least one reason for doubt, — the contrast between the sentiments proclaimed by Napoleon at this epoch and his past career. An interval of tranquillity, of immunity from attack, was of course an essential necessity, and consequently the object of his immediate but useless efforts. But to believe, with M. Thiers and Mr. Ropes, that this man, after so long "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," had suddenly and without a miracle been transformed into an apostle of the gospel of peace is to *disbelieve* in the general consistency of human nature. There is, however, no need of argument in this case. His return from Elba was itself a violation of the existing peace and a virtual declaration of war, an abrogation of the Treaty of Paris and a challenge to the powers that had framed it. The notion that he could avert the natural consequences by pacific professions was a vain illusion, quickly dispelled.

What, then, was the outlook when the powers at once renewed their alliance against him and proceeded to array their forces? He hoped, Mr. Ropes writes, "that if fortune should favor him in 1815 as in 1805 and 1806, . . . he would not find it impossible to make peace with his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, and that Russia, whose interests in the war were remote and really theoretical, would willingly retire from the contest." Russia had precisely the same motives for its hostility as the other powers, —

its long experience of Napoleon's insulting domination, the invasion from which it had suffered so cruelly and for which it had inflicted a still more terrible retaliation, the part which it had taken in his overthrow, and the pledges which it had given to treat him as a common enemy. Any hopes which he may have founded on his connection with the Austrian Emperor were equally groundless. Fathers-in-law have not, perhaps, the same ill-reputation as mothers-in-law, but they can be very disagreeable on occasion; and as in the preceding year Francis had been able to repress the natural yearnings of his partiality for so remarkable a son-in-law, there could be little chance of his yielding to them now, when he had his daughter and his daughter's son in his own possession, and when every tie of interest, honor, and patriotism bound him to remain firm. If, indeed, Napoleon should, in Mr. Ropes's words, "be able to repeat in Belgium the astonishing successes of Austerlitz and Jena," it was impossible to foretell the results. Yet they would not be the same as on those occasions. The most complete victory over Wellington and Blücher would not open to him the gates of Vienna or Berlin; it would only enable him to turn against the far larger armies assembled on the Rhine. But what were the chances of his obtaining such a victory? The numerical force of his army was little more than half that of the combined English and Prussian armies; and although his troops were, on the whole, superior in fighting quality, this advantage was to a large extent counterbalanced by the fact that most of their old leaders were gone, and that the few who were present had little heart in the enterprise and little confidence in the issue. Mr. Ropes, however, thinks that the prospects were highly favorable. The armies of Wellington and Blücher "were bound," he tells us, "in case of disaster to either or both, to follow lines of retreat which were wholly divergent."

"The bases of the two armies were situated in opposite directions," and "it was of course probable that, if either of these armies should be obliged to retreat, it would retreat towards its own base," which "would be to march away from its ally." He even goes so far as to say that Blücher, as Napoleon calculated, would adopt this course if he should simply "decline an engagement;" from what motive, except to indulge in a fit of the sulks, it is hard to imagine. That either army, if vanquished or routed, would seek to retire by its own line of supply was likely enough; ceasing to be available for further operations, it would have no alternative. But in any less disastrous contingency would this be the right thing to do? Did Blücher act wrongly, after his defeat at Ligny, in marching towards his ally, instead of going off in the opposite direction? Mr. Ropes will assuredly not say this. But if the proper thing for the allies to do was that which they actually did, why should it have been assumed that they would do the exact opposite?

The simple and obvious fact is that Napoleon's calculations were based, not on probabilities, but on improbabilities. Nor could it be otherwise. It was *necessary*, for the complete success by which alone he could hope to secure standing-ground on his slippery uphill path, with an abyss behind him, that all the chief errors should be on the side of the enemy, and that all the accidents should be in his own favor. What actually occurred was nearly the reverse of this, and resulted partly from the fact that, having based his calculations on a false theory, he was compelled to act upon it after its falsity was proved, or to retire from the contest. The conflict that always springs from the consciousness of a false position will better account for his hesitations and delays than his physical condition.

For, in fact, he had acted in the same manner on previous occasions of the like

nature. It is sufficient to cite two notorious instances, — his fatal stay at Moscow after the expectations with which he had undertaken his expedition had proved futile, and his failure to withdraw the French garrisons from Dresden and other remote places before the battle of Leipzig. The facts in both these cases were plain to other men's perceptions; he alone, with his unrivaled keenness of vision, was blind to them. The world has not attributed those faults to physical infirmities, nor has it allowed them to affect its estimate of his military genius. He was in truth "the acknowledged master of modern warfare," but he was also the most reckless of adventurers. All his mighty structures were erected upon foundations of sand, and when he saw his projects crumbling about him, he made gigantic but hopeless efforts to sustain them. There is a fascinating splendor in the desperate tenacity and the brilliant exploits by which, in his later years, he held the world at bay. The Napoleon of 1814 is more captivating to the imagination than the Bonaparte of 1796. But his career was all of a piece: it was that of a prodigious power unamenable to the restraints of law. All his enterprises, grand or mean, had self-aggrandizement for their ultimate aim. In all his calculations, fortune — that is to say, the incalculable — was the predominating element. Mr. Ropes, if we remember rightly, admitted in his former book that Napoleon's conduct, after the tide turned against him, was that of a gambler. But indeed the same spirit governed him throughout, and rendered most of his great achievements fruitless. In 1815 he played his last stake, — played it against greater odds and under more hopeless conditions than he had ever encountered before, — confronted and outlawed by Europe, and distrusted by France, which he had drained of its resources; which, if he succeeded at first, would be loath to support him further;

which was certain to abandon him if he failed. This combination of circumstances could not fail to affect his spirit, and it leaves his defeat anything but "inexplicable."

And so, after the lapse of a century, the experiment of Louis XIV. had been repeated, on a far vaster scale, but with a like result. Yet in each instance the vanquished nation preserved its territory intact. Since then it has met with a heavier reverse, and has seen itself stripped of the provinces which had so long formed the bulwark of its one assailable frontier. No one who loves France could view without regret its loss of Alsace and Lorraine. But no reflecting mind could fail to acknow-

ledge that Germany was justified in the seizure of them by the need of securing itself against future aggressions, or would sympathize with an attempt to recover them by another war. And in truth, with all the continuous preparations for future international struggles, the thoughts of most men are now directed to questions of a wider scope and deeper meaning. The old problem, the eternal problem, is still before us. Doctrines not less strange or less subversive than those of the eighteenth century are preparing a new upheaval for the fast-approaching twentieth century. After all that has been accomplished by the Revolution and its results, society is still divided, and is again tending to convulsions, possibly to reconstruction.

A POET OF POETRY.

PERHAPS the first thing one likes to do with a new poet is to put him where he belongs. To give him at once a definite rank in the scale of poetry (unless, indeed, he happens to be so near the bottom that there is scanty room for doubt) is a task for the ambitious alone. But to say, This new singer is of the tribe of Browning, or Shelley, or Locker, — that is a privilege which need not be restricted.

Now that a complete edition of Mr. Watson's poems¹ appears, we ask ourselves with what class of singers he shall be placed. Those who chance to know him best through his earlier volume, *Wordsworth's Grave*, might well call him first of all a disciple of Wordsworth. They might wisely add that he recalls Wordsworth somewhat as Matthew Arnold does. But he is one remove farther from Wordsworth, not in power alone, or so much, perhaps, because his poetry is

distinctly influenced by Arnold's, as because the atmosphere it breathes belongs much more clearly to the last quarter of the century than to the first.

Yet it is not as a modern, or for his skill in the construction of verse, that Mr. Watson is entitled to his distinctive place. This, it seems to us, he has won by his poetical criticism of poetry. Throughout the body of his work there is much that is charming, and, be it said, something that is scarcely more than ordinary; but when he deals in his verse with what the poets before him have written, one feels immediately the hand of a man who knows his favorites through and through, and is gifted with no common aptness in putting his sympathetic understanding of them into the wholly adequate form of poetry. In the simpler matter of criticism in prose, Mr. Watson's introduction to his anthology of *Lyric Love*, in the *Golden Treasury Series*, has recently shown that his know-

¹ *The Poems of William Watson*. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

ledge is abundant and his touch sure. But the best prose criticism of poetry, delightful as it often is, must necessarily fall short of that criticism which is poetry itself, — which, by the very means of recalling something that is precious, places by its side another treasure for the memory. No one will claim for this gift an equal rank with the gift of poetic imagining and creation; yet there is immense satisfaction for the few though fit in finding the lesser gift so charmingly exercised as in the poems which lead one to say, Here is the distinctive thing; *this is Watson.*

From the very nature of its theme, therefore, *Lachrymæ Musarum*, Mr. Watson's threnody on Tennyson, drew upon his muse for that of which she had most to give. The result is a poem which, to minds not cheaply satisfied, has seemed to fall very little below the great masterpieces of English elegiac verse. Though we shall not undertake to couple it with *Lycidas*, we may at least recall a remark from a shrewd talk on Shelley and elegies. *Adonais* and *In Memoriam* were contrasted: the one as a poem one would care beyond all things to have written, the other as a poem one would choose beyond all things to have had written about one's self. Readers may determine which was which. On the same basis of division, *Lachrymæ Musarum* is a poem which, in selfish mood, one would wish exceedingly to have written; for it is not so much an apotheosis of a person as a monument to its author's thought upon a subject. Poetry is its theme, — poetry and the immortal reward that comes to such a singer as Tennyson.

"The singer of undying songs is dead," says Mr. Watson; farther on, he calls his poem

"this verse which shall endure
By splendour of its theme that cannot die."

The futility of prophecy is all too well known, yet one cannot help feeling that the poet has spoken truth for the future of his poem. In elevation and stately

fitness of rhythm and phrase it possesses strong elements of endurance.

Is it to be expected in such a piece of work, especially from a man remarkable for his familiarity with the poets, that every line should bear the mark of complete novelty, that no suggestions of other elegies should arise? Be the answer what it may, one would rather not find anything so closely akin to the beautiful forty-second and forty-third stanzas of the *Adonais* as the passage of *Lachrymæ Musarum* beginning,

"He hath returned to regions whence he came.
Him doth the spirit divine
Of universal loveliness reclaim.
All nature is his shrine."

Mr. Watson, from time to time, not only brings the poets of old to mind, but has a way, not quite pleasant, of repeating himself. He is not enough a Greek to wish to transfer his lines bodily from one poem to another, but is the recurrence of phrases like the following, apt as each is in its place, wholly to be commended? Wordsworth's country he calls

—"the land whose mountains and whose
streams
Are lovelier for his strain."

Of Longfellow he speaks as

"one who leaves
His native air the sweeter for his song."

And it is he who says that Tennyson must be sought

"forever in the human soul
Made stronger and more beauteous by his
strain."

This husbandry of a good thing once hit upon is still more curiously, if less questionably, illustrated in three of Mr. Watson's quatrains. In his second book, *Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature*, this appears: —

AN ALLEGED CHARACTERISTIC OF GOETHE.

'Tis writ, O Dogs, that Goethe hated you.
I doubt; for was he not a poet true?
True poets but transcendent lovers be,
And one great love-confession poesy.

In the same volume this is found : —

A SOMETIME CONTEMPORARY.

Ah vain, thrice vain in the end, thy rage and hate;

Vain and thrice vain, as all shall see who wait;
For hawk at last shall be outsoar'd by dove,
And throats of thunder quell'd by lips of love.

But see how good a thing is wrought
by wise tearing asunder and rebuilding.
In their final form the Epigrams contain
this quatrain : —

"Ah vain, thrice vain in the end, thy hate and
rage,
And the shrill tempest of thy clamorous page.
True poets but transcendent lovers be,
And one great love-confession poesy."

No one will be disposed to quarrel with
the "songsmith" for rejecting Goethe,
the dogs, the hawk, and the dove, and
for giving an example of a stanza's evolu-
tion almost worthy of Gray.

These tricks of workmanship, however,
are aside from the consideration of Mr.
Watson as a Poet of Poetry. If it were
possible to go through his work, and take
out everything he says about Wordsworth,
his chief master and admiration, about
Shelley, Matthew Arnold, and a dozen
other poets, the result would be a com-
pact mass of remarkably shrewd and
felicitous criticism. Of Wordsworth, per-
haps, he has said the greatest number of
the best things. Wordsworth's Grave
alone abounds in delightful lines touch-
ing the poet of "sincere large accent
nobly plain." In stanzas such as this,
Mr. Watson's frequent cry that "England
hath need" of such as Wordsworth now
is uttered : —

"Nature! we storm thine ear with choric notes.
Thou answerest through the great calm nights
and days,
'Laud me who will: not tuneless are your
throats;
Yet if ye paused, I should not miss the
praise.'"

Looking back to the poets before
Wordsworth, what could be more sat-
isfying than the fourth section of the
poem, tracing as it does the course of

English song through the eighteenth cen-
tury? In the lines To Edward Dowden,
the poets of Wordsworth's own time, and
again Wordsworth himself, inspire some
of the very best criticism and verse in
all of Mr. Watson's work. Space may be
well spent in reprinting a few of these
lines; for if the contrasts between Words-
worth, Shelley, and Keats have anywhere
been more delicately drawn, it has not
been our good fortune to meet with the
passage : —

"Yet dear is Keats, a lucid presence, great
With something of a glorious soullessness.
And dear, and great with an excess of soul,
Shelley, the hectic flamelike rose of verse,
All colour, and all odour, and all bloom,
Steeped in the noonlight, glutted with the
sun,
But somewhat lacking root in homely earth,
Lacking such human moisture as bedews
His not less starward stem of song, who,
rapt
Not less in glowing vision, yet retained
His clasp of the prehensible, retained
The warm touch of the world that lies to
hand,
Not in vague dreams of man forgetting men,
Nor in vast morrows losing the to-day;
Who trusted nature, trusted fate, nor found
An Ogre, sovereign on the throne of things;
Who felt the incumbence of the unknown,
yet bore
Without resentment the Divine reserve."

About Shelley there are many more
things, sometimes even more happily said,
in the poem for the Shelley Centenary,
August 4, 1892. And so it is through-
out the book. In passages far too fre-
quent to cite one comes upon lines about
poets and poetry — as, for a single ex-
ample, in the noble England, My Mother
— which, with scarcely an exception, add
strength to Mr. Watson's distinct posi-
tion.

Is nothing to be said for the rest of
his work, the poems on subjects not out
of books? Surely, it is by no means
such as to reduce him to the ranks of
the "minor bards," any more than it
may be said to give him a place among
the really great. Yet for a few quali-
ties, not common in these days, he must

be given hearty praise. His work is always the expression of a definite thought; he is never obscure; and he never essays form merely for form's sake. Indeed, the sonnet is the only rigidly fixed form into which his verse has been moulded. Not a rondel, not a ballade, so often mere *tours de force*, appears on his pages.

Most of his sonnets are open to the objection that they are occasional, and, what is worse, political. The series *Ver Tenebrosum*, written in the spring of Gordon's fate, may have had their timely message to the English people. To-day some of their finer lines of patriotism ring strong and true; but they met their purpose in their occasion, and have no rightful place in a book devoted to that for which the author may venture to hope permanence. The same fault is to be found with a few other verses not sonnets, and, above all, with some frankly personal poems, which are even more objectionable on the score of taste. One of them, an attack upon Mr. Ruskin, veiled only under the name "John of Brantwood," has been dropped from the three volumes following Wordsworth's Grave. The other, a very scornful fling at Mr. Oscar Wilde, appears in Mr. Watson's last two books. Quite aside from the bestowal of dignity upon invective clearly the fruit of personal animosity, by putting it between the same covers with the treatment of high themes, any man would do well to consider the wisdom of barking at men of wits so much nimbler than his own.

Well had it been, too, could this his last book have been spared all such work as the long, laboriously imagined poem *The Prince's Quest*, which gave the poet's first volume its title, and now, thrown into close contrast with his later achievements, seems almost barren of promise. Mr. Watson has begun to learn the art of discarding. May he become more than a beginner.

Much of his wisdom in self-restraint has been shown in his Epigrams. The

quatrain may owe some of its popularity to-day to its being a vehicle of expression in which the art of throwing away the unnecessary must be rigorously cultivated. In the *Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature*, published in 1884, there are one hundred quatrains. As they appear in the last volume, their number is reduced to fifty, and of course their average of merit is distinctly higher. Indeed, in respect of them, one is tempted to say that they show their maker's individuality almost as clearly as what he has done in his criticisms of poetry. Some of the best of them deal, it is true, with letters, but Art, in the more abstract sense, and Life are their usual themes. The young verse-writer, avid of twittering, as Dr. Mitchell says, in the little bird-cages at the bottom of the magazine page, might well take some time from active production for the study of such excellent models. He will not find a stronger group of fifty quatrains from the same pen.

Nor will he be the loser for looking at the lyrics in the book. On his own showing, Mr. Watson holds poesy to be "one great love-confession." One is, therefore, not unprepared to find in a few of his lyrics of a love that was not all happiness some of the most charming lines he has written. Thy Voice from Inmost Dreamland Calls and The Lute-Player have the true lyrical note, the music of a song that is sung from the heart.

No less genuine are some of the songs of life and death. In two of them, especially, *The Blind Summit* and *The Great Misgiving*, he shows himself the modern we have already called him in coupling his name with Matthew Arnold's. The same unrest and unresentful discontent; the same sincere attempt to see life steadily and whole, to preserve

"from chance control

The fortress of his 'stablish't soul;"

and, with all emphasis be it said, the same pervading sanity of view, mark the

work of both men, the greater and the less. Matthew Arnold had eyes to see far more of life than Mr. Watson has seen, or at least has yet let his readers see.

Remembering, then, how much of the world's best work has been done by men past their second score of years, one may care all the more for what Mr. Watson has already accomplished, and may fairly try to give him and his work the place we set out to find. It is not among the great poets of England, nor, from any promises yet vouchsafed, is it at all sure to be. He is not a poet of great passion, nor a singer of strong good cheer and hope; indeed, it seems to be with an effort that he withholds his song from sadness:—

“Enough of mournful melodies, my lute!

Be henceforth joyous, or be henceforth mute.”

Let us rather give him the praise due to gravity and soberness of thought; to a certain solemn beauty of expression; to cultivated reflection; to a spirit simple in itself, but drawn somewhat to the tension of the modern note, and rendered complex under protest and by stress of circumstances. Beyond this, and most confidently, let us commend him to those who know and love their poets. Next to the poets themselves, there is hardly a power more satisfying than that of such lines about poetry as Mr. Watson has written. Few have ventured to attempt the task he has wrought so well as to have won for himself, where poetry is concerned, the rare title of a poet.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON was born in 1779, and died in 1843. Fifty years after his death his biography¹ appears, a generous volume, stocked amply with contemporary correspondence, gathering in much, if not all, available *memorabilia*, and as richly furnished with illustrations as the dispersion of his productions in two hemispheres seems to have permitted. The author himself belongs, as an Academician, in that period when Thomas Cole, Frederick E. Church, Durand, Bierstadt, Elliott, Page, and others were rather the successors of Allston than the predecessors of the present generation of American artists. He may indeed be regarded as a disciple of Allston as well as a kinsman.

Why such a memorial should have been delayed for half a century passes both explanation and comprehension. Had there been a flaw or fault in the

record, an equivocal or a shady episode shrinking from the light, requiring apology or commiseration; had the verdict of contemporaries at home or abroad been traversed or disallowed by the deliberate thought of a later generation; or had there appeared incongruities, disappointing or discordant, between the man, the art, and the life, such a delay might have been easily enough accounted for. As it is, Dr. Flagg has inherited the indecision and procrastination of all these years with the grave disabilities accumulating under them without recourse or remedy. There was no fresh material to be looked for. The record was complete and sufficient almost from the day of Allston's decease. Time could neither augment nor enrich it.

Moreover, the man was at hand, rarely gifted and accomplished for such a labor of love and duty; sharing the

¹ *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston.* By JARED B. FLAGG, N. A., S. T. D. With

Reproductions from Allston's Pictures. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

thought and confidence of his brother-in-law, while already exercising a fraternal providence over his later years, and over his estate and reputation after Allston had passed away. Mr. Dana, so far as it appears, never declined this commission so universally assigned him; nor did he throw any light upon his failure to assume this deputed responsibility. We may only imagine that his very proximity to Allston, their reciprocity of communion and fellowship, the depth and tenderness of his affection, the shock of sudden bereavement, added to a temperament overcritical and hesitant, may have constrained and disabled him from the duties of a biographer. Dr. Flagg, in taking up the work which Mr. Dana avoided, writes almost from the point of view of a contemporary of Allston; and it can scarcely be said that in his treatment of the subject he takes advantage of the estimate which may be made of a painter after his vogue has passed, and new methods, new ideals, have come in to affect criticism and make the judgment one of posterity. The treatment, however, has something in its favor. The reader, if he chooses, may take his new position, but the facts given him are the facts of Allston's time seen in the light of Allston's time; he will not find the writer of the biography interpreting Allston by the canons of a later day, but, so far as he can, by canons which were admitted by Allston and his contemporaries. Hence the book is all of a piece.

Dr. Flagg is embarrassed by no sense of loss or shrinkage or deterioration. He goes about his work with quiet assurance in the completeness and unimpaired charm of his subject. The half-century has only served to mellow the perspectives and purify all aberrations of judgment. The Allston of 1840 is the Allston of 1892. His temperamental fascinations, his artistic predilections, the joy and sweetness of his personality, the measure and range of his intelligence, and his sublime invention, all remain, and quicken

and brighten the present. Dr. Flagg pleads no lapse of years, discovers no default; beholding as he does in Allston a nobility and greatness, a loveliness and transcendent manliness, alike welcome and precious to-day and for all days.

There is little to disparage or censure in Dr. Flagg's work, after this summary of his point of view and his personal relations with it. He has caught not a little of the mellifluous rhythm of Allston's rare English, and its graceful cadences modulate his own periods. For Allston's English is penetrated throughout with the refinement and elegance of the *périodique* without its artifice. It gives the reader breath and refreshment, while it stimulates and feeds his interest. Let us be glad for it, in a day when grace and beauty of literary art are maimed and marred under the pitiless *staccato* of telegraphic shorthand and journalistic condensations, until our idiom has well-nigh lost all grace and comeliness, and the sweet music of speech has grown incoherent and gasping with ellipses; so that the man of books and traditional culture finds himself a stranger at the wells of English undefiled, driven either to solitude and exile, or to the bondage of slang and the overwhelming *patois* that has come to suffocate both conversation and epistolary correspondence. With Allston, the old-fashioned lover of English may say, We keep good company, the company of Addison, Goldsmith, and Irving, relieved sufficiently with touches of current realism, so that nothing seems old-fashioned or out of date.

It may be fairly questioned whether the amplitude of incidental correspondence, valuable and illustrative as it is, may not at intervals become oppressive, shutting out or obscuring the narrative; whether there is not an occasional lapse into the technics of the studio, something unintelligible to the general reader, with now and then a confusion or withholding of dates and incidentals essential to clear-

ness and easy comprehension. Besides, we note the casual intrusion of personalities and personal considerations hardly relevant or likely to promote the unity and impressiveness of the picture. Of much greater moment seem to us the criticisms and comments concerning Allston's temperament and idiosyncrasies. Clearly enough, had he been a cool-headed, shrewd, sagacious man of affairs, keenly alive to all the possibilities of thrift and personal advantage, so prudent and farsighted in the adjustment of pecuniary interests as to turn his studio to the highest possible account, he would have been quite another man, and not the Allston whose personality shaped and fashioned his career, and which yet survives in perennial fragrance.

Allston was poet, painter, sculptor, philosopher, and possible musician, variously and richly endowed as the Da Vincis and Angelos; yet here his biographer seems to fail in determining the harmonies and symmetries of this exquisite and wondrously gifted nature. Had Allston been coarsely organized, and schooled in the prevailing greed and cunning, he might, and doubtless would, have created his own *clientèle*, educating it for his own selfish ends, like the mercenaries of foreign *ateliers*, and so painted saints and sirens, Holy Families and courtesans, adventuring sacred and obscene things in their turn, thus keeping tally with the markets; have put up a luxurious villa somewhere in honor of his plutocratic patronage; and at the last, quitting the world of his base triumphs, have bequeathed a solid estate. Unspeakably better for himself and for the world was it that, not forsaking the high and spiritual tenor of his ways, Allston should trip now and then among the economics; that he should even be bothered by the demands of his "coal merchant" while serving with a single mind the behests of his inspired mission. It was good that such a life should keep its vows clean and true, even when obedience carried

him beyond reach and thought of conventionalities, or stinted his thrift, or delayed the day of his triumph. It was better that the august vision of Belshazzar waited and tarried, even while struggling for enlargement and clearer utterance, as a lesson of heroic devotion to the voice of conscience; for the quest of an ideal perfection, even if it may never be realized, may be worth infinitely more to the people than all the exploits of self-satisfied virtuosity. And all this by no means implies that the obedience of genius is necessarily and always at cross-purposes with conventional duties and worldly prudence, or that its finer development necessarily depends upon perplexed relations with the "coal merchant."

It is easy and natural enough for the wisest to bewail the casual incompleteness of many a masterpiece. The triumphs of Allston seemed long crowding at the door, waiting his pleasure. No honor or distinction in the art world lay beyond his reach. He might have succeeded Benjamin West, and become the second American president of the Royal Society of Fine Arts of Great Britain. He was literally beset and harassed by the teeming "commissions" and urgent demands for "important" pictures. Certainly two panels in the great rotunda at the national Capitol were pressed upon him. Only, that fateful vision of Belshazzar, luring him on to an ideal of perfection, elusive as the foundations of the rainbow, like a gruesome mist gathered closer and deeper above and about him, until the fires failed from his eyes, and his heart was stilled by the finger of death.

A deep and lifelong intimacy and friendship grew up between Allston and Coleridge. Wordsworth, that shy recluse, came to know and love him. At home, Verplanck and Irving, with all the leaders of thought, were numbered among his friends. Most remarkable of all is it that the memorable artists of his time, in Eng-

land and at home, agree in their admiration for his genius and their devotion to his splendid manliness. There is not a breath of hesitation or dissent. These were indeed deep and ardent friendships, disclosed in the letters of Leslie, Newton, Greenough, Mrs. Jameson, and the rest. His absolutely unselfish, loving spirit captured all hearts. When urgently pressed, by Verplanck and others in authority at Washington, to accept commissions for the rotunda, he insists stoutly upon the greater merits and deserts of Vanderlyn. What a sweet touch of nature is this, when two old housewives of Cambridgeport, perplexed over the rival attractions of some calico samples for a new gown, find themselves before Allston's house, and "the very perfect gentleman" leaves his waiting dinner, goes down to the street door, and helps them to a selection!

The student who would reach some adequate æsthetic measure of this unique figure among American artists, who realized in the majesty of his design and the irresistible harmonies of his color more of the artistic mastery of the sixteenth century than any of his contemporaries, and whose wide-sweeping genius forecast the persuasive tenderness and ideal exal-

tation of the two Hunts, of Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, will search in vain among our galleries and collections. A few of his less important productions hang in a feebly lighted room in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; these, excepting the rare and altogether lovely (yet unfinished) Rosalie and the exquisite portrait of Benjamin West, affording but a twilight glimpse of his wonderful art. The Belshazzar, superb even in its incompleteness, and better than a whole gallery of conventionalities, hangs on the landing of the central stairway, admirably lighted, and accessible to the student from the opposite side, notwithstanding Dr. Flagg's somewhat impatient strictures. But not a single acknowledged masterpiece will be found. For a sight of The Angel Liberating St. Peter from Prison one must go to the chapel of the Asylum for the Insane in Worcester. To study The Dead Man Restored by Touching the Bones of the Prophet Elisha there must be a journey to Philadelphia. Other principal works on which Allston's reputation mainly rests are to be found only in the private galleries of certain English noblemen and old American, chiefly Boston families.

A POLITICAL ABOLITIONIST.

As the smoke gradually drifts away from the field upon which was fought the long contest over slavery, we begin to see more clearly the significance and the danger of the struggle. On the one side, slavery stands out disconnected from that fear of "a second Hayti" which was always with the masters and their apologists. On the other side, the abolitionists begin to emerge both from the cloud of calumny in which they lived, and from the halo of saintship which formed about them when emancipation

was suddenly accomplished. The lives of many of the abolitionists have now been written; their letters have been printed; their differences have been displayed; their errors have been paraded. Yet, with the single exception of General Birney's *Life of Birney*, there has not appeared a good life of one of that class of abolitionists who used political instruments for the destruction of slavery. Readers and even intelligent writers have yet to learn how much was accomplished by the abolitionists who did not consider

the Constitution a "compact with hell," but strove to assert its free principles by their votes, their speeches, their conventions, and their political combinations. If we are to judge by the number of followers, and by closeness to the spirit of American liberty, the typical abolitionist is not the agitator, but the practical politician; not William Lloyd Garrison, but Joshua R. Giddings.

It is in a picture of the lifelong labors of a political abolitionist that we find the unusual interest of Mr. Julian's biography¹ of his father-in-law. The book moves from beginning to end, because the subject moved. The author undertakes only to describe those crises — many and important — in which Giddings was a power. The book is singularly free from surmise or cheap commendation or ostentation. The self-restraint of the author leaves much to speak for itself; he hardly refers to himself, although he wielded no dull sword in the battles which he describes. He does not make out that Giddings was the only antislavery champion, nor that to him solely are due the opinions against slavery which welled forth from a thousand generously indignant minds. He takes pains to give credit to our New England Palfrey for his stand beside Giddings. The extracts from Giddings's early journal, and the letters, especially those from Clay and John Brown, are a contribution to our historical material. Yet one misses the names of some men with whom Giddings was in harness. Chase, a man of far greater influence out of Congress, is dismissed with a few references; and the famous Ohio senatorial election of 1848, in which the Free Soilers combined with the Democrats to elect Chase, is almost passed over. Even Lincoln is mentioned chiefly to assert that, on the question of the District of Columbia in 1849, "he placed himself squarely

on the side of the South." This injustice is coupled with a restatement of the familiar errors about the history of slavery which have crept into most antislavery books. To do Mr. Julian justice, however, he falls into comparatively few such errors, because he does not make it his business to supply a background of history for his story. His theme is simply Giddings's fight against slavery.

For this reason, doubtless, the relations of Giddings to the region which he represented are but slightly set forth, and the general antislavery movement in Ohio is hardly mentioned. But no one can really understand Giddings's life without a knowledge of the Western Reserve. Set up by a stubborn adhesion of Connecticut to the last western territory to which she could possibly lay claim, the Reserve was at the same time open to civilization and closed to slavery. Lake Erie was a main highway from East to West, and the people who dwelt near it had constant connection with the seaboard; a stream of settlers came pouring in, most of them, like Giddings's father, Connecticut Yankees. Yet for half a century no cities grew up; country schools of efficiency abounded; academies were started; Western Reserve College was founded, as a second Yale. Best of all, the Reserve had no interest in slavery; it was planted subject to the Connecticut emancipation act of 1784, and to the Ordinance of 1787. It was not, like southern Ohio, on one side of a main road for the domestic slave trade; there was no tradition in favor of slavery; when the time for organization arrived, there was little prejudice to overcome. There were abolition societies in Ohio as early as 1815, but the great movement began in 1834, under the example of Eastern societies; in 1837 there were more than two hundred such societies in Ohio, with seventeen thousand members. It was in that year that Giddings first became interested in the cause. In 1838 he was elected to Congress.

¹ *The Life of Joshua R. Giddings.* By GEORGE W. JULIAN. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1892.

For twenty-one years he continued to represent a district of the Western Reserve; and he was succeeded by another antislavery man. A later member from his district was James A. Garfield. That is, during nearly the whole of the slavery contest in Congress, the Reserve was represented by an abolitionist. Yet this support of a resolute and ready champion was only one of the services which the Western Reserve rendered to the cause of freedom. In 1834 Oberlin College was founded, as a protest against the proslavery attitude of Western Reserve College and of Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati. Here, for the first time in the struggle, an opportunity was afforded to black men and women to show that they were capable of a college education. In the midst of the wilderness, among unfriendly neighbors, beset with poverty which one can now hardly realize, Oberlin grew up, in what was probably the only region in the Union which would have tolerated it. It proved a good school as well as a cheap school, and the odium of negro education and of coeducation did not avail to keep young people away. Soon its former students were found scattered through the Northwest, spreading abolition doctrine, establishing societies, and educating public opinion.

Another service rendered by the Western Reserve was its early and cordial reception of fugitive slaves. Southern Ohio bordered on Kentucky; the Virginia "Panhandle" was the slaveholding territory which reached farthest north. Beyond the Reserve was Lake Erie, and beyond Lake Erie was Canada. Through the counties of the Reserve, for years, moved northward the mysterious wagons, stopping at houses numerous and still remembered, where there was entertainment for man and slave. Many well known fugitives settled in the region; others it was thought safer to send, by secret channels, into the security offered by the English flag. The actual number

of successful fugitives was a bagatelle in comparison with that of their brothers in bondage; but the insecurity and annoyance and exasperation caused to their owners were important factors in keeping alive the knowledge among slaveholders that there were men in the North who thought slavery nefarious. On the other hand, the frequent visits of pursuers, the occasional capture of fugitives, were strong object lessons in the real nature of slavery. Among the people of the Reserve there were many who hated abolition, and some who would aid in the recovery of a fugitive; but, as time went on, the spirit of the community was set more and more firmly against the whole system.

It does not appear from the biography that Giddings was personally interested in either the Oberlin agitation or the underground railroad. From still another movement he held aloof for ten years. As early as 1838, suggestions were made that antislavery men should vote together. In 1840, Birney got nine hundred and three votes in Ohio for the Liberty party, probably nearly every one in the Western Reserve. In 1841 and 1842, Chase was urging upon Giddings the formation of a state party on this issue. Giddings was a Whig, and in 1844 worked for Clay, a Whig slaveholder. Fortunately, the abolitionists persevered. In no State in the Union was their organization so good; and in 1848 they succeeded in electing seven "Free Soil" members to the state legislature. These men were excellent political managers; they unblushingly carried their influence into the market, and prepared to give the organization of the legislature, several judges, and some other perquisites to that one of the two parties which would unite with them in the choice of a Free Soil Senator. Chase was elected, and thus there appeared the first abolitionist who ever held a seat in the Senate. Even Giddings had been swept into the general political movement, had abjured his

Whig allegiance, and did his utmost for the Free Soil national ticket. His district stood by him, and he became a leader in the new party. The immediate fruits of the new movement — an abolitionist Senator and a permanent organization — were in great part due to the Western Reserve.

What had the member from the Reserve been doing in the ten years previous, and what was he to do in the ten years following? One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Julian's book is the series of extracts from Giddings's journal for his first session of Congress, 1838-39. Here he met John Quincy Adams, "very bald, with low forehead, and nothing about the shape of the head that indicates unusual talents; yet his physiognomy has something of an intellectual appearance. He is truly regarded as a venerable personage." Clay was "social and farmer-like." Before the end of the session Giddings had come forward as an antislavery champion. It is difficult to realize — and the biographer does not help us — what that meant in 1839. There were but two other antislavery men in the House: Adams, who was seventy-two years old; and Slade, of Vermont, who was no longer aggressive. The professed defender of polygamy would to-day be less despised than was the Western member by his Southern fellows. Nothing but intense conviction could lead a man to take up a cause from which little was to be expected except the dislike of his nearest associates. Conviction Giddings had, and it hardened rapidly under the hammer-like blows to which he was at once subjected. Adams was always ready to accept a provocation, or to appear in times of crises; Giddings, from the beginning, made it his business to attack, whenever he saw an opportunity to drive home his favorite principles against slavery. His natural sagacity suggested to him that, if he wished to protect himself and discomfit his enemies, he must train

himself thoroughly in parliamentary law. The skill which he acquired accounts in considerable part for the fact that he had so frequent a hearing, and that he was so often successful in defeating obnoxious measures. He was still better aided by his quickness in discerning vulnerable points in the armor of the defenders of slavery. He instantly saw that the slave trade and slavery in the District of Columbia could be reached in seemingly innocent debates on appropriation bills. His first antislavery speech in the House was on the impropriety of building a bridge in the District of Columbia while the people of the District fostered the slave trade. A favorite form of attack was to protest against some proposed payment of claims for losses with which slaves were somehow connected. Another subject which Giddings made his own, and about which he waged unrelenting war, was the treatment of the Seminoles. He studied the war, watched for bills bearing upon it, and assailed the whole South as responsible for all the injustice of that transaction. Naturally, such a warrior was marked for attack; and many times he found himself obliged to accept battle where he had offered none.

It was not possible for any man so to live in the field without striking some undeserved blows. Giddings was not only a hard hitter, he was a reckless hitter; and to this characteristic is due a reputation for inaccuracy which the biographer rather passes over. His controversy with Winthrop, in 1847, illustrates it: Mr. Giddings made statements, which probably seemed to him true, about Winthrop's zeal in the Mexican war; Mr. Winthrop, with apparent candor, denied absolutely the charge as made, and never could be persuaded that Giddings was an honest man. In the Seminole speeches and writings there is a rhetorical exaggeration which deprives them of much of their natural force.

Yet that Giddings usually had hard

facts behind his speeches is shown by the efforts made to silence him. He was ostracized by Southern men; they brought against him unfounded charges, such as that he had franked a calico dress home to his wife. Twice, at least, in his place on the floor, he was threatened with violence by bullying Southerners. His well-known physical strength and skill as a shot were of great service to him in his steady refusal to accept provocations to fight duels. The resolution of censure of 1842 succeeded principally because Giddings was not permitted to say one single word in his own defense; but the Southern members saw their own mistake in admitting that they dared not permit a man to explain his own conduct, and Giddings's tongue was never again tied.

The manner of this long warfare with the slave power is, after all, of less importance than its effect. Giddings taught the country three lessons which were of inestimable value in bringing about a right sentiment among Northern men. In the first place, he had a constitutional theory which enraged his enemies by its aptness: he accepted the Southern doctrine that slavery was a matter of state law, but insisted on the corollary that the States must protect it themselves, and could maintain it only within their own limits. The converse of the doctrine was that the United States government had no constitutional power over slavery, and hence could not establish it anywhere. This was so plain a contradiction to the practice of the government, both in the District of Columbia and in the Southern territories, that Giddings overshot the mark.

Giddings's second characteristic was his independence of party discipline. Although he remained a Whig till 1848, he committed the unpardonable sin of bolting the party nomination for Speaker in 1846; and he led the Whigs who went into the Free Soil party in 1848. It was the same independence which led him to walk out of the Republican convention in 1860, when his Declaration of Independence plank was voted down. Throughout his life he helped to teach the wholesome lesson that principles were more than parties.

Finally, Giddings was gifted with a rare foresight. Not only did he predict the tightening of the slavery chain on the necks of the two parties; he foresaw the armed struggle. "And here I will take occasion to say," said he in June, 1852, "that if this law continues to be enforced civil war is inevitable." A still more remarkable prophecy is one which had indeed been uttered by Adams, but which Giddings amplified and several times repeated. It is quoted in the biography in a singularly suggestive extract from a speech of 1854: "When that contest shall come, . . . we shall then have constitutional power to act for the good of our country, and to do justice to the slave. We will then strike off the shackles from his limbs. The government will then have power to act between slavery and freedom; and it can best make peace by giving liberty to the slaves. And let me tell you, Mr. Speaker, that time hastens." Throughout his public life, Giddings, as a political abolitionist, sought to hasten that time by using the power of political organization.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Bernard of Clairvaux, the Times, the Man, and his Work, an Historical Study in Eight Lectures, by Richard S. Storrs. (Scribners.) This book is the first adequate study in English of the man who, more than all others, represents what was noblest and most spiritual in the Europe of his time. Those who were so fortunate as to hear these lectures will not easily forget the profound impression made by the speaker — almost the last of our orators in the great style — upon his audience, though an inexorable time limit caused them to lose much that was admirable in illustration or elucidation, which, now that we have the lectures in their complete form, we feel could ill be spared. The work is not a continuous biography or history, but a series of studies of Bernard in the different relations and events of his life, fitly introduced by a picture of state and church in the tenth century; and surely that horror of great darkness has never been more graphically set forth. It is done in a few pages, but every touch tells. Equally vivid is the sketch of the revival in the succeeding century, with its superb portrait of Hildebrand; and then follow the studies of Bernard in his personal characteristics, and as monk, theologian, and preacher, in his controversy with Abélard, and in his relations to general European affairs. Dr. Storrs brings to the work not only wide and accurate knowledge, a keen and highly trained intelligence, and sympathetic insight, but, in an exceptional degree, that rare gift, an historic imagination, and an enthusiasm for his subject which the reader needs must share. Nothing could be finer than the tone and temper of the work, its impartiality and large tolerance. Peculiarly interesting is the masterly and eloquent exposition of Bernard as a preacher, for that he was preëminently. It is no slight matter to give to nineteenth-century readers, as Dr. Storrs has done, a vivid conception even of the greatest preacher of the twelfth, so that they feel in very truth that he stands before them, not “the supreme philosopher of his time or its most untiring acquisitive scholar, but as noble an exam-

ple as that time offers, or any time, of the power which intensity of spiritual force imparts to speech; of the power of that speech, as thus vitalized and glorified, to control and exalt the souls of men.” — Sir Henry Maine, a Brief Memoir of his Life, by the Right Hon. Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, G. C. S. I.; with some of his Indian Speeches and Minutes, selected and edited by Whitley Stokes, D. C. L. (Holt.) It is now five years since the death of Sir Henry Maine, and yet that great jurist has found no fitting biographer. The first notice of his life, since the newspaper and magazine obituaries that appeared in the spring of 1888, comes to us from the pen of Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, a man well fitted, on account of his personal and official relations with Maine, to form a true estimate of his character. But, instead of a biography of his friend, he gives us only a short memoir. Although the work that the author set out to accomplish is well done, we cannot help regretting that he did not see fit to admit us to greater intimacy with the personal life of his subject. The eighty-three pages of the memoir contain little more than an account of the various steps in the official career of Maine, interspersed with short but able descriptions of the works of his pen. It cannot be denied that the life of the Anglo-Indian jurist would be a difficult one to portray on its more personal side. Reserved, almost unresponsive, by temperament, the bent of Maine’s mind was almost entirely to the abstract and the impersonal. It was this very tendency that gave him that power of seeing the general in the particular which is perhaps the most prominent feature in his work and the foundation of much of his fame. It is this which makes his deductions, whether on ancient law or modern government, so clear and so convincing; and this also made his sphere of practical usefulness so great in the Indian empire, that wonderful land where alone abstractions seem to have more reality than facts. But, on the other hand, Maine was a man of wonderful quickness of apprehension, and was also possessed of very great powers of persuasion. He was not a popular orator, but for the power of

convincing qualified minds he had no equal among his contemporaries. The knowledge of this side of Maine's character stimulates our interest in what may have been his relations with his fellow-men outside of the court and the council chamber, but of this no word escapes the author of the present memoir. The selection of the speeches is made from those least accessible to the public in other forms, and they treat of a variety of legal subjects. The layman cannot but be impressed by the keen logic and the wise judgment they contain, but their interest is almost exclusively for the professional lawyer. — Moltke, his *Life and Character*, sketched in *Journals, Letters, Memoirs, a Novel, and Autobiographical Notes*, translated by Mary Hermis. (Harpers.) A *mélange* which has considerable ingenuity in its composition. No editor's name is given, but the sources from which the material is drawn are indicated. Moltke was expert with his pencil as well as with his pen, and there are reproductions of sketches by his hand. The somewhat scrappy character of the book gives it the air of being a temporary substitute for a formal biography; but until such biography appears the reader will get through this a good many cross-sections of the Moltke edifice. — *Itinerary of General Washington from June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783*, by William S. Baker. (Lippincott.) Mr. Baker is well known as an enthusiastic collector, especially of Washington portraits, and in this handsome volume he has made what is in effect a compact diary of Washington's movements from the day he was made commander in chief to that when he surrendered his commission at Annapolis. The spirit of Washington surely must commend this orderly, workmanlike book. Much converse with the great general has imbued Mr. Baker with the same temper of account-keeping which characterized his subject. — *The Duchess of Berry and the Revolution of 1830*, by Imbert de Saint-Amand; translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) M. de Saint-Amand has given an account of the Revolution of July and its immediate causes, which, though written from a frankly Legitimist point of view, is in the main fair and candid. The social jealousies that were undoubtedly an element in the prevailing discontent are of course not overlooked. One

sees again how little the people were at first concerned in the uprising, and how, even after the signing of the Ordinances, a moderate degree of wisdom, or even of prudence, might have saved the throne of the elder branch of the Bourbons, for the time at least. The Duchess of Berry scarcely appears in the narrative, though there are charming glimpses of her children; the king being naturally the central figure. The volume ends in the not unimpressive departure of himself and his family for what was to prove a lifelong exile; for Charles X., however weak and wrong-headed as a sovereign, lacked neither patience nor dignity in misfortune. — *Abraham Lincoln*, by Charles Carleton Coffin. (Harpers.) Mr. Coffin has had much experience in writing, for young people, narratives of the war for the Union, and this book, a large-paged, profusely illustrated volume, is built upon the same pattern. It is anecdotal, warm-hearted, sometimes, one is tempted to say, unctuous. The reporter, eager to introduce as many telling incidents as possible, is at work rather than the cautious historian; but the young reader will hardly fail to be moved by the florid treatment, since it is genuine, and a hero worshiper like Mr. Coffin may be forgiven many sins.

Poetry. *Fortunatus the Pessimist*, by Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.) A drama in five acts, in which the contemporaneousness is vouched for by many realistic touches, though the scheme is romantic. Mr. Austin has a facile pen, and his condemnation of pessimism is quite thorough and proper. His poetry and his philosophy are of a cheerful, ready-to-hand sort, and both deserve a reward-of-merit card. — *Eleusis, and Lesser Poems*, by William Rufus Perkins. (McClurg.) The main poem necessarily leads one to think of Tennyson; for not only has the author used the measure of *In Memoriam*, but the speculative, brooding temper of the verse, the search which the poet makes for definite and secure ground on which to rest his philosophy, recall the great poet of nineteenth-century misgiving. *Eleusis* is well modulated; it starts many thoughts; it is choice in diction. The reader listens attentively; yet, somehow, he cannot escape the feeling that it is reverberation to which he is listening, not an outright voice. — *A Country Muse*,

New Series, by Norman R. Gale. (Putnam's.) Mr. Gale clearly has a genuine love of country life, but there is a thin veil of historical poetry through which he sees it, so that his verse, with all its grace and vigor, has also a delicate borrowed charm. The rhythmical beauty is always there, and the poet sings as the thrush sings; but it is the tamed thrush; the wild wood note has passed into a tone which is well trained. — Some Rhymes of Ironquill of Kansas. (McClurg.) Some fourscore fables, lyrics, editorial articles, anecdotes, poems, all in verse: many of them keen, witty, and vigorous, some of them touched with a restless melancholy, a few illumined with fine thought and bold with a free expression. The author moves easily in numbers, and he makes his muse undertake a good deal of homely, honest work.

Fiction. A Born Player, by Mary West. (Macmillan.) Matthew Hare has grown up among the rural Nonconformists of two generations ago, and his personal and oratorical gifts are supposed by those around him to peculiarly fit him for the ministry, his destined calling; but, secretly, the boy has a passion for the stage, and the discovery of his stolen visits to a theatre brings matters to a crisis. Filled with shame at thus yielding to what he has been taught to regard as a temptation of Satan, he burns his play-books, devotes himself to theological study, and finally preaches his first sermon. But the consuming desire is only smothered for the time. To the horror of his friends, he becomes an actor, and dies untimely, at the moment when brilliant success seems assured. It is a touching and, in the main, well-told story, though one must mildly protest against the writer's occasional asides to the reader. Some of the character sketches are excellent, notably those of the gentle, scholarly minister, Matt's guardian, and his harassed and plaintive wife. — Time's Revenges, by David Christie Murray. (Harpers.) Mr. Murray is by no means at his best in this novel, in which character and incident are alike conventional. We have the innocent convict transported to Tasmania, who, after his sentence has expired, finds a cinnabar mine on his land (not to mention silver), and so grows rich beyond the dreams of avarice. After the lapse of twenty years, the English-bred son, brought up in ignorance of his parentage, so that

no stain may rest upon his name, appears among the guests at his father's house in Sydney, to which city he has accompanied the proud soldier who was in a way the cause of all the father's woes, and who, it is needless to say, has a charming and high-spirited daughter. Then there is a foreign adventurer, a good specimen of the type, and his criminal satellites, and, naturally, theft, forgery, murder, and suicide. The experienced reader can easily construct the story from these hints. It is, of course, a readable tale, but the judicious cannot fail to draw comparisons between the author's latest and some of his earlier work. — Catherine, by Frances M. Peard. (Harpers.) The heroine whose loss of beauty is the test of the quality of the rival heroes is a familiar friend of all novel-readers, but in this pleasantly written story the situation is treated with considerable freshness. Catherine, despite her youthful vanity and thoughtlessness, is charming and lovable, and her history is told with a refinement of tone and manner which is in itself attractive. The action occurs during the closing years of England's long struggle with Napoleon, and the contrasts of the time, the peaceful English life and the ever-present shadow of the great war, are not unskillfully indicated. — A Moral Dilemma, by Annie Thompson. (Longmans.) A dying man, who has been falsely accused of theft, entrusts to the hero the papers by which his name may be cleared, and the guilt brought home to the true criminal. The latter has now become rich and penitent, and is the accepted lover of the girl whom the hero loves in vain. For her sake he spares the culprit, and destroys the incriminating documents. For the moral question involved in this action the reader will probably not be concerned, for the story will claim his interest rather than the characters, though one or two of these have some show of vitality. This is not the case, however, with the heroine, for whom so much is done and suffered. Her childlike softness, innocence, ignorance, and obtuseness quite pass the limit permissible even to *ingénues* of her type when they have reached five and twenty. — Among the volumes lately added to the new and revised edition of Mr. Black's novels (Harpers) are, Sunrise, the interesting if rather sensational tale of an Englishman's experiences as a member of one of those se-

cret societies whose aim is to revolutionize and reform the world, but which, pending that consummation, exemplify in their own council the most ruthless of tyrannies; the more characteristic and agreeable if lighter story, *White Wings*; and *The Beautiful Wretch*, one of the author's minor tales. — The charming novel *A Roman Singer*, to which readers of *The Atlantic* need no introduction, has been issued in the Messrs. Macmillan's attractive uniform edition of Mr. Crawford's works.

Economics and Sociology. The *Unseen Foundations of Society*, an Examination of the Fallacies and Failures of Economic Science due to Neglected Elements, by the Duke of Argyll, K. G., K. T. (Imported by Scribners.) It is not often, in these democratic days, that we are favored with a free discussion of economic questions by a person occupying the peculiar position in relation to such matters held by the Duke of Argyll. But in this volume we have a profuse discussion, in fact almost a polemic, on the various credos of the Schoolmen, Old and New, and on the social laws and conditions which they represent, or, as the duke would say, misrepresent. Rejecting nearly all the definitions of the Old School, as forming a sort of artificial skeleton specially constructed for the support of an Economic Man, both impossible and unnatural, the author also attacks the New School through many of its members. In his opinion, these definitions are largely to blame for the little honor which is at present allotted to the science of political economy; and if, in the war of words against words, the victory is to be with the heaviest battalions, the palm undoubtedly goes to the author. The cause of failure to reach the root and essence of things by the economic writers of the past is due principally to "neglected elements." In their theories and definitions they leave out some important constituent part, or fail to reduce each element to its lowest terms, and so their conclusions will not stand the severe test of economic experience. Natural laws, and not artificial ones, can alone be considered in the field of economics, and they are always the most simply expressed in terms free from the jargon of the schools. In the discussion of rent, the Duke of Argyll should, if anywhere, be on his own ground, so to speak; and when, in the progress of a

fierce attack on the Ricardian theory, he asserts that there is no such thing as rentless land under cultivation, his Scotch holdings should give his words authority. But whether in eloquent appeal for more consideration to be given to the unseen agents of production as against the material ones, to mind as against matter, or whether in bitter denunciation of the "profligate conclusions" of all who would attack the established ideas about property and landholding, we recognize the spirit and the state of mind of a prominent member of those *fruges consumere nati*. Much useful historical information is scattered through the work, and there are some shrewd remarks on municipal government. The book is of interest because all economic questions must be considered from different standpoints, but its deductions will never bear the weight of those of a master. It brushes away some cobwebs, but adds little to the economic building. — *The Children of the Poor*, by Jacob A. Riis. (Scribners.) That an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and that the future of every nation lies in the hands of its members under twenty-one years of age, are a couple of truisms so true as to have become proverbs. But, perhaps on account of their very simplicity and incontrovertibility, they are too often neglected by even the most practical. They are brought home to us in plain but forcible fashion by the series of object lessons contained in this work. Starting out with the idea that the most accessible solution of the question of the so-called "submerged tenth" lies in the regeneration of its progeny, and in the using of them as the most effective missionaries to introduce a leaven of healthy life into the mass of corruption from which they spring, the author shows, in a simple, practical way, the results which have been and which may be achieved by such a method. Let the kindergarten and the primary school seriously attack the street and the tenement, and there will be little doubt of ultimate victory for the forces of law and of industry. Using New York as the best, or rather the worst, example for analysis, Mr. Riis justly recognizes the differences between the problems presented by the slums of an American city and those of the Old World. For here the life and the energy of a country still young are felt even to the cellars and attics of its darkest slums,

and the proportion is comparatively small of those whose hopeless apathy extends over more than one generation. The proportion borne by this element, among even the helplessly poor, is the first problem to be attacked by social regenerators, and to diminish it their first object. In addition to this, immigration and other causes produce a continuous process of change and unrest in the most thickly settled portions, and in the struggle for room more are forced up than are driven down, as the greatest competition is for the lowest and cheapest scale of living. In these very facts lies the principal strength of the case presented by Mr. Riis. It is in making the children good men and women, and consequently good citizens, that society is to be repaid for the losses occasioned by the social condition of the parents, and to be protected from further losses in the future; and the peculiar conditions of life, even for the poorest in American cities, render this the easiest solution of the problem. Save the children, and each one removed from the street to the school is not only a brand snatched from the burning, but a missionary sent among the heathen at our own doors. It is the opinion of an optimist; but if a man with the practical experience in such matters that Mr. Riis has had still remains an optimist, who shall cast the first stone? It is good advice to grapple with an enemy that is hard to beat by the most accessible part first; and the facts given by Mr. Riis are an encouraging proof that this course is being pursued by many noble men and women to-day, in the city of New York and elsewhere. — *Proceedings of the Tenth Annual Meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian*, edited by Martha D. Adams. (A. K. Smiley, Lake Mohonk, N.Y.) The difference between this and most annual reports is that it is readable, and represents a genuine conference, not a perfunctory meeting. There are certain great, fundamental questions affecting the welfare of the Indian; to the solution of these questions, the lawyer, the publicist, the man of business, the teacher, the minister, the observer, all bring their separate contributions, and the outcome is in a programme upon which all practically agree. The student needs not only the programme, he needs the inspiration which comes from the earnest minds of the contributors; and there is a satisfaction in con-

sidering that the opinions here recorded are operative opinions; that the conference is a great moral and political instrument, unselfish and forcible. — *Amor in Society, a Study from Life*, by Julia Duhring. (Lippincott.) A series of essays on woman in her relation to man in American society. The writer assumes Amor to be speaking, but there is not much consistency in the carrying out of this illusion. A good many vigorous things are said, rather more commonplace ones, and perhaps somewhat unnecessary ones most of all.

Books of Reference. A Supplement to Alibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, containing over thirty-seven thousand Articles, and enumerating over ninety-three thousand Titles, by John Foster Kirk. In two volumes. (Lippincott.) The original Dictionary, which was completed in 1871, not only required the addition of these volumes to bring it to date, but necessarily determined the general plan of the Supplement. This plan calls for a brief biography of the author, if it is nothing more than the dates of his birth and death, a chronological list of his writings, and comment from critical sources upon his work, if it is important enough to demand it. The fullness of the treatment makes the work both biographically and bibliographically significant; and the drag net has gathered a vast school of minnows as well as more edible fish. It is to be noted that the editor draws for his comment mainly upon a small number of critical journals, and but rarely cites individual authorities. His authorities are indeed those of weight, but there is a certain narrowness of judgment in consequence. We are not disposed, however, to regard this feature as one of great value, and we suspect it is introduced more for the sake of consistency than from a regard for its intrinsic importance.

Military. The Armies of To-Day, a Description of the Armies of the Leading Nations at the Present Time. (Harpers.) A composite volume, in which General Merritt treats of the United States army; General Viscount Wolseley, that of Great Britain; Lieutenant-Colonel Exner, that of Germany, as well as of the military situation in Europe; and other competent officers treat respectively of the armies of Italy, France, Russia, Austria, and Mexico. General

Lewal, who writes of the French army, is the only one, apparently, who takes his subject other than very seriously. There are some good illustrations, and if one can regard war as a game of chess, he can get a good deal of intellectual excitement out of the book.

Travel. Morocco As It Is, by Stephen Bonsal, Jr. (Harpers.) This is an interesting little volume, describing the Morocco of to-day. The writer accompanied the English embassy, with Sir Charles Euan-Smith at its head, which was sent out to try to obtain from the Sultan his signature to a commercial treaty with England. The attempt was fruitless, but the opportunity to see something of the country was unusually good, and Mr. Bonsal describes it in a lively and vivacious style. His ability to speak Arabic enabled him to take a nearer view of Moorish life than foreigners can often do, and one gets a good idea of those ancient inland cities which still live the life of past centuries. He speaks of the climate as being, from May to November, the finest summer climate in the world; and he might have added, from November to May, the best winter one. — Road, Track, and Stable, Chapters about Horses and their Treatment, by H. C. Merwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) Readers of *The Atlantic* have enjoyed the greater part of this book already; but its value is increased in this final form, not only by revision, by illustrations, and by three new chapters on Trotting Horses, Saddle Horses, and the Care of Horses, but by the comprehensiveness which the subject gets in this orderly group of topics. The writer brings keen observation, sympathy, wide experience, and sound judgment to his task, and he writes throughout as a gentleman, and not as a horse-fancier.

Books for the Young. Typical Tales from Shakespeare's Plays, edited by Robert Raymond, A. M. (Fords, Howard & Hulburt.) This work contains *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, and *Julius Caesar*. It is an attempt to bring these plays nearer to the comprehension of the child by explaining the plot in prose, interspersed with the text of the plays. We are disposed to think that any child of intelligence enough to wish to read Shake-

speare at all would be able to puzzle out the story for himself, and that it would be good mental exercise for him to do so. But the volume is unobjectionable in style and manner for those who wish to read it. — *Three Vassar Girls in the Holy Land*, by Elizabeth W. Champney. (Estes & Lauriat.) Mrs. Champney has more of the novelist in her than most of the school of book-makers to which she belongs. Her girls go to Palestine with that ease which characterizes all these book travelers. They see everything of which a picture exists that can be reproduced, and some member of the party is always prepared with the necessary historical and archæological information; but, in addition, a story of character and adventure is cleverly worked out, and the reader feels that he or she has taken in ever so much information through the pores of the fiction. — *Prince Tip Top, a Fairy Tale*, by Marguerite Bouvet; illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong. (McClurg.) A bit of fancy, in which Milton's "blue-hair'd deities" are made to suggest a race of blue-haired beings. Blue also suggests water and the sky, and we are bound to say that a fantastic idea is not often more diluted or made more vaporous by thin language. — *Short Talks on Character Building*, by G. T. Howerton. (Fowler & Wells.) A series of well-accepted truths expressed in colloquial style, and enforced by reference to the system of phrenology. — *The Midnight Warning, and Other Stories*, by Edward H. House. (Harpers.) Half a dozen well-told stories in good English. Gracie's Godson makes a somewhat heavy demand on probability, but *Try Again* Trescott's *Wager* is capital, and the goodness of the book is most proper.

Music. Sound and Music, by the Rev. J. A. Zahm. (McClurg.) An octavo volume of four hundred and fifty pages, devoted to a careful analysis of the relation of acoustics to the art of music. Helmholtz and Koenig are the author's chief authorities. The treatment is comprehensive and detailed. The author is professor of physics in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and his book is the substance of lectures delivered by him at the Catholic University of America.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Social
Heresy.

ONE of the great heresies — or perhaps more correctly, fallacies — of modern times is the notion that a man ought to work steadily all day long. It seems to be taken for granted that any person of regular occupation who fails to "keep a-moving" (I shall explain the origin of this phrase presently) during business hours is recreant to himself, to his employer, if he has one, and to society at large. Thus, a great deal of work is done that ought to have been postponed, or never performed at all; and thus, also, men are encouraged — nay, forced — to prevaricate and to dissemble. My attention was lately called to an illustration of this necessary hypocrisy. The reader will doubtless remember that often, traveling by railroad on a wet day, he has glanced through the window of his Pullman car (I always go second class myself), and observed, as the train dashed by, a small group of section-men, or track-repairers, standing outside their hut, with shovels, pickaxes, etc., in hand, all ready to resume work, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, so soon as the road should be clear again. "Hard, indeed, is it," mentally ejaculates the kind-hearted reader, "that these faithful men should have to face so pitiless a storm!" and he goes back to his novel. But, between ourselves, the little scene which I have just described is purely theatrical, — a bit of comedy which the track-repairers perform out of deference to that pervading, remorseless theory that a man ought to work steadily through the day. To put the matter more concretely, the section-men reason thus: "The boss" (meaning the division or general superintendent) "may be on board of this particular train, and so it behooves us to make a show of industry." As a matter of fact (I have it in a confidence which will not, I trust, be violated by any member of the Club), these track-repairers spend most of the time, when it rains, very snugly in their little house, and it is only when they hear the premonitory roar of a passenger train that they grasp their tools and form a picturesque group outside the door.

However, I am not chiefly concerned

with the hypocrisy entailed by this vicious notion of working every day and all day. What troubles me most is its ill effect upon the health and spirits of the community. It is a notorious fact, proved many times by statistics, that the longest-lived persons are ministers; and we all know how spasmodic their habits are, — how they write their sermons in a hurry on Saturday, are busy with their various functions on Sunday, and then laze about for the next two or three days. This system is a wholesome one. On the other hand, laborers' lives are comparatively of short duration, despite their work in the open air, and freedom from intellectual or spiritual wear and tear. The reason is that their labor is regular and constant, and thus, having no long intervals of repose, they get stiff, and wear out before their time. The weekly debauch of many mechanics is a protest — not, I admit, a well-chosen one — against the theory in question.

The spasmodic method of the clergyman is the natural method. The beast of prey, for example, does not spend his whole time, day after day, pottering about the forest in a routine manner. On the contrary, he goes off for a vigorous, well-sustained hunt, and then, having gorged himself on the proceeds, he lies down to repose and meditation, until some further and pressing necessity for action arises. Great men — who are always much closer to nature than ordinary men — follow the same plan. Daniel Webster, for example, never constructed his stupendous legal and forensic arguments by so many "days' work," as the phrase is, duly separated by eight hours' sleep every night. His habit was, after preparing himself by a slight dose of medicine, a long nap, and a moderate repast, to perform his task by one mighty and continuous effort. And Mr. Webster's capacity for loafing between whiles was as monumental as his intellect. Extraordinary tension cannot, indeed, be endured without an antecedent period of repose any more than a tiger can spring without first crouching.

This is true of physical as well as of intellectual exertion. Dr. Sargent, of Har-

vard College, who recently examined a successful prize-fighter, stated that there is about him a certain inertia, or instinctive husbanding of resources, which characterizes, as the doctor justly remarked, all men capable of great deeds, physical or mental.

It is a remarkable fact, too, that, as civilization advances, the spasmodic instead of the routine system of labor begins to recur. English professional men of the present day work very hard while they are at it, but they take long vacations. In this country, — in Boston, for instance, — it used to be the custom for a lawyer to arrive at his office by nine o'clock, and to stay there, with an hour out for dinner, until six o'clock. It was wittily said, many years ago, of a prominent member of the Boston bar, who spent part of the year in a remote suburb, "——'s notion of life in the country is to go home late, and pick up apples in his orchard after dark by the light of a lantern." Nowadays, the lawyer gets to his office at half past nine or ten o'clock, and leaves it by four in the afternoon. In the summer he takes a long vacation. More work is done now than formerly, but it is done with a rush, and the intervals of repose are longer. Thus extremes tend to meet; and the typical man of two or three centuries hence will doubtless approximate still more in his habits of exertion to the lion, the bear, and the fox.

But at present we must look to certain communities which are primitive, or at least comparatively so, for examples of properly ordered labor and rest. In the British Provinces, for instance, if a man has a piece of work to do, he accomplishes it; and then he sits down to rest, to meditate, and to confer, instead of turning his hand immediately, in a perfunctory way, to some new task. It is a common saying among farmers in the neighborhood of Boston that a laborer from the Provinces is "no good" until he has had a year or two of breaking-in. That is the length of time, as they reckon, which is required to transform him from a lordly, natural, spasmodic man to a docile, automatic, laboring machine. In Maine the farming class have the same healthy habits of work, — or rather of rest; hence their ruddy complexions, their infinite humor, the ripe development of their social faculties.

Sometimes, the two forms or stages of

civilization, the spasmodic and the automatic, come in conflict. Thus, some years ago, a man of property from Connecticut, a "hustler," in the slang of to-day, settled in a small Maine town, with the intention of "booming" the place. One morning he directed his newly acquired "hired man" to perform a certain piece of work. The employee complied with alacrity. He finished the job, and then — why, then he came into the house, sat down in an arm-chair, and crossed his legs, with a view to a little rational conversation with his employer. But the latter was astounded and outraged by this conduct, new to him, and implying a new conception of an employee's duty. He was a tall man, having extremely long arms, which, in moments of excitement, he was accustomed, after the fashion of Dominie Sarpson, to wave with the sweep of windmills. "I pay you," he exclaimed, flourishing his arms in this manner, bending and contorting his whole body, "I pay you to keep a-moving, to keep a-moving!" This was strange doctrine for that town, and happily, so far as I have been able to observe, it failed to take root there. The inhabitants, whether hired or otherwise, have never learned to "keep a-moving."

A Mood of
Weariness.

— I have never been able to discover what power sways the tide of moods and times, whereby we are given rich or beggarly days without respect to the day's events. I take for granted that other human nature is subject to the same caprices as is that of which I am allowed the closest and most unsparing inspection. For myself, then, I find some days most bountiful to the spirit (though they bring no obvious gifts), while others, not tangibly adverse, affect me with a sense of sorrowful penury and foregoing. It is at the close of such beggarly days that there comes to the surface of consciousness a feeling which (at the risk of increasing the vocabulary of emotional pathology) I would call *life ache*, — the altogether unrelieved fact of identity acutely shared alike by mind and body, — felt occasionally in childhood itself, and distinguishable even through joy. It is at such times that I am reminded of the little child who, when his mother lay dead in an adjoining room, met all efforts to soothe him with these words of pathetic half-comprehension, "I'm not quite happy enough to go to sleep yet." In

a similar mood of unmeasured, discontented, and watchful weariness, it has often seemed to me that I should like to have some kind and huge Brobdingnagian nurse, who would take me in her arms and swing me slowly between the two poles of the summer arch of the Milky Way (no moon in the sky). I should not wish even to see her features or to hear her voice, unless it were like the surf on a far shore; and I should prefer that she should be black, — Prince Memnon's sister, or perhaps Περνία Νύξ herself.

Shield me, dark nurse, outworn, defeated, and undone!

Shield me from memories, sweet or bitter, 'neath the sun;

From glance of scorn, from love's long gaze, from pity's tear,

Shield me alike; from blame, from praise, from hope, from fear,

Shield me, dark nurse; with charm and woven pace surround.

Shield me from sight, from sound, — from dream of sight or sound!

Or, in default of such a wise and beneficent sky nurse, I should be satisfied with the services of the magician to a certain insomnious king of China, who devised for his monarch a tent the curtains of which were woven mist fringed with lashes of rain; the whole quite impervious, and flowing with faint musical cadence around the sleeper.

— I knew him in the army. Although among the youngest of our young officers, he was married, which fact gave a certain weight to his actions and opinions in the eyes of his brother officers, he having passed by one of the three epochs that mark our progress through life.

It was the custom of our brigade commander, old Tecumseh Sherman, to order out, every few days, a scouting party; less, I fear, for any immediate results than with the hope of keeping "the boys" out of mischief, — a consideration which, I am told, is, in many sections, the sole reason for sending children to school! After designating company and commander, the order invariably read that these must proceed "in light marching order;" and while all thus designated obeyed said injunction to the best of their ability, there was but one who obeyed it literally. I must here mention that "light marching order" implies that a soldier may carry upon his person only a few of the more obvious necessities of life, and no lux-

uries save tobacco. In the long life-and-death struggle which may last from one to three days, the contestants must strip as nearly as possible to the skin; what with the heat, the dust, and the hurrying to and fro, a man in gymnasium costume might be only too glad to drop out, finding refuge in a faint or swoon. But a soldier must be clad even to sixty rounds of ball cartridge. Small wonder is it, then, if only the lightest toothbrush, drawn through the button-hole of his blouse, must suffice as an epitome of the refinements of life. Many of the victories of our adversaries were fairly attributable to the scantier attire and lighter marching order of the men.

The officer of whom mention has been made had lived abroad. Rumor said that, as a student, he had walked through Europe, after the fashion of Bayard Taylor (but without the knapsack); and so this young officer's resources, in the way of a condensation of his appointments, had been enhanced by much practice. The lightest of razors (Swiss); a shadowy sponge, not too large for one hand; castile soap, by preference, as being lighter than toilet soap, — these signalized his outfit. Towels there were none, and our daintiest knights-errant had to content themselves, like the guests of Cedric the Saxon, with drying their hands by gracefully waving them through the air. But one superfluity accompanied the subject of our sketch, a blue-and-gold Shelley, which, carried in his breast pocket, to his admiring men masqueraded as a New Testament; for, in the eyes of the average country boy, those about to die had scant need of secular literature. But one superfluity did I say? Perhaps I should mention also an old camp-kettle pierced with many bayonet holes, which, when suspended from the bough of a tree and filled with a bucket of brook water, afforded the luxury of a shower-bath. But it was in the charming *ménage* which we observed in camp, when this officer was joined by his wife, a country girl, that the best proofs of portability in household utensils were exhibited. What marvels of cookery were achieved with a sharpened rod for a toasting-fork, and an empty tomato can for a stewpan! Four bricks sufficed for stove or oven, and a fragment of shelter-tent for the roof of the cookhouse, oftener affording protection from the sun than the rain. Of course, in a

"In Light
Marching
Order."

— I knew him in the army. Although among the youngest of our young officers, he was married, which fact gave a certain weight to his actions and opinions in the eyes of his brother officers, he having passed by one of the three epochs that mark our progress through life.

permanent camp, in winter quarters, ovens and similar necessities of living were provided by the department, while the officers took their chance of death from indigestion by "boarding around" at the various farm-houses in the neighborhood. Many, indeed, although their lives were spared, brought home no eupeptic zest, but an irritable Carlylean temper, the bane of their nearest relatives. Not so the two of whom I have spoken. Granted the ability to use them, almost every country place abounds in the materials of good cookery; and certainly it would have been a barren land where these two could not have thrived luxuriously. The ingenuity which, on campaign, could split a tin canteen into two frying-pans, and make a tumbler and a goblet of a bottle by dividing it in the middle, was never at a loss in utilizing raw material of whatever sort. I half suspect that the frequency with which this young officer's name was mentioned in general orders was due not wholly to soldierly deserving, but in part to the frank delight of his colonel in the breakfast sure to follow, prepared by the hands of the officer's wife, — this court lady who was something more than a giver of bread in those hungry times.

One day a negro appeared in camp bearing a handsome guitar, which he insisted upon laying as tribute at the feet of the young officer, whom he dubbed his rescuer. As no plantation house likely to contain such an instrument was to be found within a day's march of camp, there might have been some truth in the negro's story that he had received it as an offset to unpaid wages. At all events, this guitar was added to the *ménage* we are considering, and thenceforth it furnished the slow music for the domestic drama daily enacted in that tent, the cynosure of many homesick eyes and hearts. Not only did this instrument "raise the note" in the patriotic chorusing of the soldiery, which on moonlight nights would fill the camp with clamor, but it also atoned for such secular sins by steadying the voices of those who sang hymns on the Sabbath evenings. The respectful regard in which this frail almoner of sweet sounds was held is further attested by the fact that it winged its lightsome way, unbroken, and with no least rift in its palpitating sides, through all the confusion and tumult of army wagon life, of reckless ad-

vance and headlong retreat; and so, on it fared, accompanying the singing soldiery of the regiment, until the surrender of Appomattox turned all music into thanksgiving, all singing into the refrain, "My Country, 't is of thee."

And now, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, this officer, — who, like fresh-hearted Gamelyn, "yonge was of old," — alive and pensionless, in his home in the North, remains as unchanged, both to outward and inward consideration, as the behests of time will allow. He lives in a dwelling scarce worth the modest insurance which spans its helplessness, and this same dwelling is furnished with a frugality that is wholly consistent with the fortunes of the average veteran. Like the Irish liveryman who economized in whips by feeding his horses so well that they needed none, this veteran saves himself the expense of a lock to his door by leaving nothing in his house, when he is away, that any tramp would carry off. Hard by, a garden supplies many of the needs and luxuries of life in the way of food; and the owner further economizes in time and labor by declining to weed the garden, on the theory that "the weeds carry off the bitterness of the soil"! Sooth to say, the fruits of the garden, though small, are of uncommon sweetness.

There is a lady of my circle who, though most tenderly reared and wealthy, having married a cavalry officer, preferred to live with him in a wall-tent carpeted with army blankets, and ornamented with his sabre and spurs. He was killed, but to this day his widow sleeps in a small apartment of her sumptuous house; and the apartment is carpeted with the same army blankets, well cared for, and is ornamented with the same sabre and spurs. In a like manner, the frugality of the hasty march is kept up in the household I have been describing. The camp-kettle has been rendered unnecessary by the near presence of the Atlantic Ocean. The tomato can and split canteen have been replaced by articles scarcely more expensive, although more conventional. The content of mind and the characteristic enjoyment of all the free-will offerings of nature still continue, and with good reason; for in that enchanted region of the New England coast where this officer resides the fields are a wilderness of wild flowers, and Heaven is their gardener. On the wall of his cottage

of content, in perfect preservation, and in sweet survival of all that was harsh and bitter in the past, hangs the old guitar which made the tour of the South in the darkest days of the rebellion.

The Accolade of Democracy. — How much will you endure for the sake of a principle? I am bent on enlisting volunteers in a new reform. It is, you may think, a very trifling reform, but I assure you it will demand some of that indifference to convention which is the lowest phase of heroism. Perhaps you will say that the aim is not worth the effort. Well, then, cling to fashion, and be no reformer.

The matter is briefly this, whether to address John Smith as "Mr." or as "Esq." Fashion promptly replies, "Write 'John Smith, Esq.,' of course!" But it is *not* "of course;" there are distinctions; we must discriminate; not everybody is to have the title "Esq." Your butcher is "Mr. J. Smith;" your lawyer or broker is "John Smith, Esq." The rule, as it was given me long ago in England, when I was a boy, is to address a "shopkeeper" as "Mr." and a "gentleman" as "Esq."

For some time I followed the rule without question; then I began to have doubts; finally I abandoned it altogether, and now I write only "Mr." I found it, in the first place, a great bother, in many cases, to have to decide whether my correspondent was worthy of the alleged higher title. When my tailor, for example, moved to Beacon Street, and when, as reported in the society newspapers, he actually had a dinner from time to time, I could no longer deny him the "Esq.;" and yet he was still "in trade," and to admit him into the select circle of those who were not was to encourage him to think more highly of himself than he ought to think. On the other hand, by addressing as "Mr." some poor but haughty do-nothing scion of Mayflower stock caused him pain, as he thought that I was trying to snub him on account of his poverty. At last, as I have said, the bother of classifying became too irksome, and I took refuge in uniformly using plain "Mr."

But there is a deeper reason for abandoning this English custom: it is snobbish, it is undemocratic. In England, while society was constituted according to blood, and while each family's position on the social scale was regulated by official decree,

"Mr." meant one definite social rank, and "Esq." another. In this country, however, such distinctions were obliterated on July 4, 1776. We have no authorized Knight of the Social Yardstick, no recognized Analyzer of Blood. Fashionable society is based on money, and not on pedigree. But money, as we know, is the most unstable of objects, rolling from pocket to pocket, and slipping from family to family; and so the man whom you addressed as "Mr." last year may require "Esq." this year. For a busy person to follow these fluctuations of fortune is intolerable; for a democrat to cringe to a plutocratic custom is inconsistent: therefore I have dropped "Esq.," and shall write plain "Mr." to the end.

Surely we ought to insist that in all things a symbol, or title, shall keep its distinct meaning; otherwise, we shall be overwhelmed by shams; and since "Esq." no longer carries with it the original connotation, we may well abolish its use. If our society, based on plutocratic principles, wishes to indulge in titles, let it adopt those which are appropriate to a plutocracy. Any business directory will furnish information as to Brown's or Smith's wealth recent enough to be applicable. Instead of either "Mr." or "Esq." we might use the dollar symbol (\$), with the further advantage that by one stroke, or two, or three (thus, \$, \$, \$), we could differentiate simple millionaires from those of larger wealth. There would be no doubt about this method, no horrid qualms as to whether you had given your correspondent a higher or lower title than he deserved. If he made any fuss, you need simply refer him to Bradstreet's. Moreover, this system would be an honest product of our plutocratic conditions and ideals. It is not honest, nor is it convenient, to go on using "Esq.," an appellation borrowed from England when England was aristocratic.

'Tis a small reform, but will you join it? Some courage you must have, or you will not persevere in it. One does not like to be thought ignorant of social usages; but if you refuse "Esq." to certain persons, you will certainly have to bear that imputation. It happens to be my duty to correspond with eminent persons, to whom, if to any, "Esq.," or a higher title, might be given, and whom I should like so to honor, were it not for the scruples I have stated. Some of those emi-

nent persons, whether to heap coals of fire on me, or to teach me subtly by example, reply to me as "Esq.;" others, after trying "Esq." on me, and finding that I do not reciprocate, drop to "Mr.," and then I know that they have written me down in their books as one unfamiliar with society's delicate shades. Not to be *comme il faut*, much more to appear to be disrespectful, may cause even a reformer to wince; but is not the gain in consistency and in the abolition of snobbishness more than worth the pain? If you think so, join me; the social pillory ceases to be a pillory as soon as a few resolute persons, by mounting it of their own accord, make it an honorable station.

Poise in Criticism. — From time beyond which the memory of man runs not, the criticism of art by men not artists has been resented by the latter, who, however, have rarely undertaken it themselves with more satisfaction to their brethren. Yet the literary critic of art has one advantage over most artists, — he is not enamored of one class of truths, as any artist but the greatest must be of those that give him guidance and inspiration in his own work. Mr. Brownell, in his recent book on French Art, — a book, it seems to me, that gives us more clear seeing, sound thinking, and accurate as well as charming statement than any other of its kind since Fromentin's *Maitres d'autrefois*, — describes the attitude of the critic in words that give the spirit of the whole volume, and disclose what I conceive to be the essential advantage of the literary art critic: "Catholicity of appreciation is the secret of critical felicity. . . . In criticism, it is perhaps better to keep balancing counter-considerations than to determine brutally by excluding a whole set of them because of the difficulty of assigning them their true weight. In this way, at least, one preserves the attitude of poise; and poise is, perhaps, the one essential element of criticism. In a word, that catholicity of sensitiveness which may be called mere impressionism, behind which there is no body of doctrine at all, is more truly critical than intolerant depreciation or unreflecting enthusiasm."

But for the qualifying term "unreflecting enthusiasm," this would come perilously near a defense of that phrase which is the red flag to the artistic temper, "I do not know art, but I know what I like;" and,

after all, is not the difference between the critic and the *bête noire* of the artist, not in following one's "likes," but in knowing the sources and reasons of them? One cannot read — much less study, which is better — Mr. Brownell without seeing that his doctrine is as painfully costly as conscience usually is, and as richly rewarding. The patient and courageous fidelity with which he uses the complex and delicate instrument that furnishes criticism is apparent on every page.

What I should like to note, however, is, not the very valuable results attained, but the ethical nature of the principle applied. Sincerity in the expression of one's opinions is not always hard; it is to some temperaments easy and pleasing. Even the reflection required to be sure that the opinions expressed are yours is not the most trying part of the work. Behind all lies the supreme task of open-mindedness, the preservation of that "catholicity of appreciation" which so many and such obstinate forces — vanity, laziness, contentiousness, to mention only the coarser — are constantly tending to undermine and destroy. The mind nature has given you, be it rich or poor, many-sided or limited, strong or feeble, will do the work for which it is fitted only at the price of carefully respecting it; respecting it, if possible, as in time it becomes possible, habitually. Granted this, and you may dismiss anxiety for the result. It may be worth much or little, but what there is of it is real. You may not be proud of it, but you will have no occasion to be ashamed of it. And though, in Mr. Brownell's case, I think that it is relatively worth much, very much, it is its absolute, not its relative quality, that gives the deepest delight.

Compatriot. — It is said that one is most patriotic in a foreign land; and to the inhabitant of the Abruzzi, for whom Florence lies in the same unknown and nebulous region as San Francisco, Rome is a remote country. Possibly for this reason, the Abruzzesi, who come down to the capital for work during the winter, herd together like a flock of sheep, and stand by one another through thick and thin, deeming the name "compatriot" a bond binding in every need. They cherish a profound contempt for the manners and morals of the Romans, and are perhaps

themselves a sturdier stock. The women are superior to the men in ability, and often of a better physique. In fact, the wife is usually the managing partner, and often considers her husband as good for little but keeping sheep. Among them a woman who can knit is the exception, as most of the stockings are made by the men while tending their flocks. A father knits his daughter's hose until she marries, and then they are undertaken by her spouse. In Rome, one of their rallying-points is by the fountain of the Pantheon square, which is used by them as a kind of intelligence office. All day they gather there, rain or sunshine, in groups of short, sunburned men wearing gold earrings and faded homespun, and women in full, coarse dresses reaching barely to the tops of their hobnailed shoes. The latter centre all their vanity in their hips, endeavoring by gathers, rolls of goods, and circular bolsters to make them as large as possible.

My first introduction to the world of compatriots was a few years ago, when we needed a servant, and, after several weeks of family martyrdom, were informed by the smiling youth who delivers the daily milk flask at our door that he knew of one.

"Is she honest?" queried I, grown wary by one experience.

"She is a pearl," asserted my friend.

"But do you know her?" persisted I dubiously.

"Do I know her? The devil! I should say so. We are compatriots!"

Little knowing how thenceforth that word was to be interwoven with my daily life, I told him to send his woman, and he departed in high feather. She came, and, with courage born of desperation, I engaged her on the spot, and have never had reason to regret it.

Agnes is forty, tall, dark, and awkward, with the saddest of faces, which, however, breaks into most luminous smiles. No power could transform her into a stylish maid,—pride of hips and gaunt countenance forbid it; but when her olive skin is flushed with excitement, her dark eyes shine, and the friendly face lights up, some might prefer her to the proper, becaped English nonentity.

Our household is run on patriotism. Wine, formerly purchased at the shop be-

fore our door, is now bought of a compatriot a mile off; a compatriot supplies us with eggs; compatriots escort Agnes while she does the marketing; and compatriots present my family with creamy sheep's-milk cheeses, which, eaten with powdered coffee and fine sugar, are considered a *bonne bouche* by them. When Agnes sprained her ankle and was laid up for three months, a venerable compatriot filled her place; but she became so attached to the situation that it took influenza and all her patriotic loyalty to make her yield it up again. For this old woman petroleum lamps were what the heel was to Achilles; so that during her reign lights flickered or blazed, and stains on carpets and dresses still testify to drippings from ill-screwed lamps. This incumbent opened up another ramification of compatriots. Her daughter, married to a wandering packman, was her pride and delight, and, being red-headed and rather blonde of complexion, the mother considered her a refined, superior being, often exclaiming to my pretty sister Susy: "Eh! my daughter is really a signorina. *She seems thee!*"

Unlike Agnes, whom a long experience of Rome has civilized into the use of the respectful third person, she still clung to the *thou* for every one, as is customary in the mountains; and it was comical to hear her address my dignified father, whose deliberate ways make him the awe of servants, with this familiar form. Susy was her guide and comforter in all culinary difficulties; and no matter who was calling or dining at the house, Costanza would come to the door and beckon imperiously, saying, "Thou come here and show me;" but, on the other hand, she considered her *the* personage of the family, and the rest of us were contemptuously spoken of as "those others." Setting a table in our symmetrical fashion was to Costanza an intricate puzzle, and the drinking of *raw* milk and that *decoction*, tea, a mystery and a scandal.

The week before Christmas Agnes asks for an afternoon, and sallies out to purchase presents for the compatriots up at her village. These gifts are for the big supper on Christmas Eve (which corresponds to our dinner on the day itself), and consist of cheese, oil, lemons, cod, and a section of *pan giallo*, Rome's equivalent for our plum

pudding and mince pie. The Abruzzesi speak of Christmas as the *ceppo*, which recalls a kinship of custom with that of the Saxon Yule log; for *ceppo* means "trunk" or "block of a tree," and in the Abruzzi, where the people stay up all night Christmas Eve, it is customary to save their most glorious log to have a jolly fire for the "big supper;" and consequently *ceppo* has acquired the generic meaning of Christmas and Christmas gift. The priest, too, sends round his mountain parish to collect wood and brush; and a colossal fire is lighted, so that the peasants, flocking through the frosty darkness over the snowy paths to the midnight mass, find a hospitable blaze awaiting them before the church.

All the other compatriots in Rome purchase presents, too, and they are sent home together by carriers, who travel the mountain ways at night to avoid the police. Scores of letters are entrusted to these men, who charge only a trifle, and cheat the government of the heavy postage. Agnes and her friends tell with glee of the narrow escapes they often have from the carbiniers, and how the letters are frequently smuggled in the boots or trousers lining of the contraband postman.

Agnes, of course, can neither read nor write, and the neat account she brings me each morning proves to have been cast up "at the *caffè* by a compatriot, — a brave youth, the nephew of our curate, who is studying medicine at the hospital here." This same *caffè*, in our family, goes by the name of "the Hôtel de Rambouillet;" for art, religion, and politics are nightly discussed by the Abruzzesi who gather within its hospitable doors. Naturally it is kept by a smiling compatriot, and our Agnes, who washes up the cups and saucers for her in the evening, reports the next day many a juicy comment on "those that command." A heated discussion, lately, at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, as to whether, when it is day here, it is night somewhere else, was closed by Agnes with a decisive "My signorina said so!"

Agnes loves her husband, but has an affectionate contempt for his powers of self-preservation, and takes care, on the 1st of May and such perilous days, to keep him out on the campagna weaving osier baskets. We had him for a time to do chores, and addressed him constantly as

"Battista," rather dwelling on the name to make him feel at home. After about ten days of this he came to me, and said meekly, "Signorina, Battista is not my name; but if you like to call me so, please do it."

"Why, what is your name? I thought that was it."

"Oh, it is no matter. My name is Domenico; but it makes no difference, — no difference at all. Call me whatever you prefer. I just thought I would tell you." Whereupon he retired quite sheepishly, leaving me to remember that Battista was the matchless spouse of a former servant.

There is nothing Agnes so much disapproves of as that either of us should go out to dine or lunch, leaving the other alone. The one at home generally has the meal quite spoilt by her restless patrol and ejaculations of "Hè! of course you can't eat, alone like that. You can't do without your sister. You seem to me a little lost sheep, — exactly a little lost sheep!"

Towards the end of May Agnes grows restless, and speaks of cleaning this or that for the last time this season; and though we do not go to our several summer resorts until the middle of July, she keeps us in a perpetual ferment about leaving. The truth is, the Abruzzesi do not like to travel the lonely mountain roads without company, and to be in a party lessens the expense; so Agnes wishes to join one of the companies of compatriots which, from early in the spring until the beginning of July, start every few days for home, writing on before to have "beasts" sent down to meet them at Terni or Antrodoco, to which places they are conveyed by the railway.

It was once my good fortune to have for traveling companions two compatriots, returning home after their first visit to Rome, two women in much-worn Abruzzese dress, who made the journey animated by half-delighted, half-awed interest in the motion of the train.

"It takes diabolic art to make one travel so," was the grave opening remark of the younger one. This being answered by a sympathizing smile, she continued: "They say that he who invented it made a great fortune, and that he was from Africa. It took somebody from another world to do such a thing!"

Every start was greeted with childish screams of excitement, and the question, as

they pointed to the stationary cars, "Are they going, or are we going?"

It was easy to beguile them into telling of their visit, for they were full of gracious confidence and devoid of prying curiosity. The elder, whose face was really sweet and strong, had a daughter in service in a Roman family, and their husbands had sent them down for a pleasure trip to see the daughter and the wonderful city.

"It is said, 'Naples for beauty, and Rome for holiness,'" ejaculated one, "but how anything can be more beautiful than Rome I don't know!"

They had been wondering how they should find their way about; but one compatriot had met them at the station, and had taken them home to dine, and another compatriot's little girl had been their constant guide during the three days of their stay. This wonderful child responded to all their admiring compliments to her power of finding her way about the great town, "Eh! I don't lose myself, I don't confound myself."

Everything had been charming. The daughter's mistress had presented the mother with four pauls; the little maid herself was looking as "fresh and beautiful as a sweet strawberry;" and they had a

basket of rolls to carry to the little ones in the mountains.

"How pleased they will be with little breads, they who have never seen any but big ones!"

Here they drew out their own lunch, a hunk of dry bread and a piece of oily hoe-cake, and offered us a share with the pretty, hospitable word "*favorite*."

We were told the legend of Santa Filippa, and all about their own village, with its big convent, kindly nuns, and splendid waxen image of the Madonna borne in procession on feast days, which in their minds seemed to rival many Roman glories. Their talk was often interrupted by exclamations of delight in the boundless campagna. To these denizens of the heights its flatness was rare beauty, and they were constantly exclaiming: "What beautiful plains! How flat and lovely it is!"

By the time we took our leave at Cino Romano they were growing quite nervous as to how they should know their own station; but a man in the next compartment of the third-class car, overhearing their distress, called out: "Don't take pain to yourselves. I am a compatriot of yours. I will tell you when to get off." Whereupon they relapsed into beatific content.